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Borgia

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

MARFA MANCHESTER seems to bring evil to those she loves. Yet every one forgets or forgives her because she has her beauty. "Borgia" is the remarkable story of a soul in conflict—with itself, with its own small place in the world. This story marks a new phase of the work of Zona Gale. Heretofore she has interpreted with quiet sympathy lives seemingly uneventful. Her characters have for the most part been mature people. Her portrait of Marfa is a penetrating study of a girl of to-day.

Miss Gale is one of the most distinguished of American writers. "Borgia," the third serial presented in the eight months of the New SCRIBNER'S, follows the tradition of masterly treatment of an unusual subject established by "The Greene Murder Case" and "Seven Days Whipping." It differs widely from them in subject-matter. It will have, we believe, an even wider appeal. In this study of human motives and the reactions of people upon a sensitive girl, Miss Gale, as never before, reveals her nice sense of discrimination and her ability to make the reader see beneath the surface. The characters are unforgetable. The high moments are vivid and poignant.

"Borgia" will be completed in the November number.

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MARFA said that she had killed Paul Barker, and when her friends murmured polite oh, noes, she insisted: "I did. Just as much as if I had stabbed him." But her bewilderment seemed not so much to be that Paul was gone, killed abruptly by the antitoxin which was to have healed him, as that she, Marfa, had in some way failed. She meant to be so right.

She sat with her mother in the screened porch and waited for Mr. Bartholomew, whom her father had gone to meet at the railway-station. "Mother," she said, "I keep thinking of the night he first came here." "Mr. Bartholomew?" her mother asked. Marfa allowed her eyes to rest on her mother, held them there expressionless of reproach, then dropped them expressionless of patience. "He came in that door there . . . good-looking, good clothes. He had so much hope, mother." When her mother besought, "Marfa, don't dwell . . ." it hardly rippled her daughter's gaze, who continued: "And it didn't just happen—had you thought of that? It isn't as if he had happened to meet Stella through me. I deliberately took him there." Her mother said: "You didn't give Stella's children diphtheria!" Marfa permitted a hollow pause, round which her mother's words rolled, and found no level. "He caught diphtheria in the house where *I* took him," Marfa insisted monotonously, "and died." "But it wasn't you who gave him the antitoxin," her mother persisted. "And it was the hypodermic that killed him." "It was I who killed him," said Marfa, almost proudly.

The hollow porch, curved in its hollow of leaves, of lawn, of calm afternoon air, looked inward on a room fashioned in some expectation of beautiful living, where now her words ran grotesquely; looked outward upon a border of pavement where the neighbors passed faithfully—no one suddenly going mad or naked or affirming that he had killed anybody. Mis' Armes and Mis' Mears were in blue serge, Everett Mallin went in pepper-and-salt, nine years old, and Toddie Dexter, imbecile, wheeled his cart of soap and shoe-polish. No one else appeared to have murdered; but Marfa said it over, quite loudly, "It was I who killed him," so that her mother exclaimed: "Marfa, please!" But Marfa looked at her for a space, then turned away without winking. The girl raised her eyes to the encompassing hollow of silken sky, beautiful wilds of light. "I shall never be the same," she said.

Her mother moved with an air which Marfa had seen her assume when she mentioned her own name to strangers. "My dear child," she said, "I have borne you. Are you going to ruin my work by regret for something you couldn't help?" "Mother," said Marfa, "you bore me once but not since. I've borne myself every day. I don't want to ruin your work or my own either. And here I go and kill this nice young man." "Marfa," cried her mother, "I believe you like to say that!"

Luna came to the porch. She was older, her color more amber. She sat down, her hands tense on her lap; asked "Where's father? Did Mr. Bartholomew come?" was told that it wasn't time yet, and gazed round with a tor-

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tured air. "You look so sad and so smart," Marfa said, and Luna, her hands tense, murmured, "How can you? How can you think of any one looking smart"; but Marfa cried: "Absurd! It's as disrespectful to Paul for you to look smart as it is for me to *say* it." Mrs. Manchester interrupted: She should go insane if Paul Barker was mentioned to her again. Luna moved her tense hands and said: "Mother, *you* didn't kill him. While I . . ." With a sharp air of indignation Marfa inserted: "You! Why will you insist like that, Luna—when you had nothing to do with it?" But Luna said, monotonously, as if she had said it a great many times: "It was I who mentioned him to Stella. That was why she asked you to take him there. . . ." "You're both entirely too sensitive," said Mrs. Manchester. "I might as well say Paul's death was *my* fault because I gave birth to the two of you." Marfa murmured distastefully, "The two of you," shot a look at her sister, who met it stonily, as in a mood of fixed loyalty to their mother—but she could not have been thinking of their mother, for she dropped her look to her knees, passed her hands tensely along her lap, and said quite loudly: "It wasn't eleven o'clock, because I had to go for a fitting at eleven. But it was nearly time and I was hurrying . . ." Marfa murmured, "Luna, please . . ." but Luna went right on: "In the window at Salters' I saw an orange bathing-cap—think of Paul's death depending on an orange bathing-cap. . . ." Marfa cried: "Luna, you simply had nothing to do . . ." Luna pressed a tense hand along her cheek: "I went in at Salters' to buy the bathing-cap. And there was Stella at that counter. And I told her about Paul—how stunning he was, how clever, what a dancer . . . and of course when she saw you . . ." "I should have taken him there anyway," Marfa said violently; "I'd been intending to take him there. . . ." Luna pressed her tense hands together: "But not so soon, but not so soon," she said. "What do you make of a world like that—to kill a friend by buying an orange bathing-cap—and I didn't even buy the cap. . . ." Marfa laughed, barely heard Luna's "How *can* you?" and went on: "But, Luna, if I hadn't had my new green georgette and wanted to show it off to Stella, I wouldn't have suggested going there when I did . . . oh, it was all I. Paul was my friend, Stella is *my* friend, it was I from the first . . ." Mrs. Manchester cried: "Are you girls going through this every day of your lives?" And Luna said: "But, mother, Marfa seems to *want* to be the one who killed him . . . just to protect me." Mrs. Manchester repeated in exasperation: "Well, she seems to want to be the one." Marfa said: "I *was* the one."

The porch ran round them. Its copper-wire screens shone in the sun, a thin wall of webbing separating a trial eternity from eternity. Here the fluent green, running facilely from plant to plant, and a pulsing yellow-winged thing in a copper cage seemed skilfully drawing through from some inner area measure of both color and song most certainly risen elsewhere, most certainly not having had their birth there on that porch. The light reed furniture, hollowed in expectation of the human body, faithfully fashioned to follow the curves of the human body, wore an expression of expectation which amounted to positive motion; but the shaded tile lay, the latticed ceiling spread, and the screens of copper wire rose in indifference to the beings who had thus seized upon pure surface, pure direc-

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tion, and made them their own, for earthly uses.

Marfa had been a glorious child, but by the time that she was twelve the glory had left her. She had become vain, critical, complaining. Her voice had developed a cadence of grievance. Everything that she said moved to the measure of, "Well, I don't think she ought to have done that—" the tone running up and down, up and down. This grievance she applied to persons, events, anticipations. She became intolerably sensitive to everything that might wound herself, but she was astonished when she had wounded others. Her beautiful neck and her fine eyebrows had a waving motion as if she were about to say: "I should think it might have been done in another way."

Yet she had been a glorious child, sensitive, abstracted, with no knowledge that others existed. When her sister Luna was already skilled at dusting and bed-making Marfa would be unaware of either, would be preoccupied, idle, or ferociously engaged in spilling perfume or pasting her hands with lotions and powders. When they were given sweetmeats Luna would run to her mother like a little demon, hoping to win favor by asking if they might have some, but Marfa would eat at once, and forget. When she saw the lights of the town at a distance she would say, "See the Christmas-tree"; but Luna would say no, that those were the arc-lamps. When it was related that a little boy had "broken his legs, both legs," Marfa suddenly giggled — a giggle compounded of a desire to escape from this knowledge and a sense of the ludicrous leg repetition. But Luna looked indignant and said: "Marfa! The poor little boy." Marfa could not be "punished" by the bureaucracy—deprivations, denials, early-to-bed, these she seemed not to notice. She was thinking of something else.

By the time that she was twelve, however, she was thinking much of others as they affected herself, and usually adversely. . . . Passing on, as she was, in search of tighter standards of the fitting, the agreeable, the beautiful, her first technic was that of perpetual rejection. This technic endured for a long time.

And now it was observed that almost everything that she did turned out badly. She walked off the end of the veranda, as if she were treading the air, and struck and lamed the dog lying beneath. By accident she tripped others, destroyed their property, broke dishes, lost heirlooms, tore the frocks of her playmates, tumbled babies about and set them screaming. She accidentally pinched fingers in doors, let objects fall on feet, tore precious books, marred furniture, and wounded every one with whom she had anything to do. She caused endless annoyance by forgetting to deliver messages, by bringing wrong articles from the shops. Mud puddles round which Luna daintily stepped, Marfa plashed through, wetting every one. As she grew older these accidents increased in violence. Indirectly she occasioned the death of the house-dog; she drove a pony which ran away, injuring her mother. She set a jack-o'-lantern in a neighbor's window and burned up his porch. She dressed as a ghost and frightened a pregnant woman, whose child was born dead that night.

But every one forgot and forgave her, because she had her beauty. Of her glorious childhood beauty remained to her. Not a formal beauty, but an indescribable air, as if light and fragrance pour-

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ed from her; or poured upon her, moving with her. No one succeeded in putting this in words. One looked at another and said, "Isn't Marfa . . ." and the other agreed. Something faint like smoke, or clear like light, or dry and cloudy like pollen, seemed to move with her, not palpable but powerful. Perhaps an energy, perhaps a perfume. For some this was too intense, and these disliked her with violence. Her family masked their love with disapproval.

Marfa Manchester, that little point of being in a sea of being, regarded herself as an island of being in a sea of non-being. She was a tiny unit of sensation, violently functioning and finding herself the centre of an almost empty universe. She struck out violently, hurt herself, hurt every one else.

Now the list of the devastations of her twenty-four years had culminated in the death of Paul Barker. She nursed this horror as she sat on the screen porch, waiting for Mr. Bartholomew.

Mr. Manchester and Mr. Bartholomew alighted from the limousine, came into the screened porch beyond the *porte-cochère*. Mr. Manchester's trim long legs bent visibly at the knees as he stepped, and his spine curved stiffly backward, so that his figure would have been markedly full in front had there been any figure there. His presentation of Mr. Bartholomew was leisurely and sane . . . no jest, no assumption of lightness, no excitement, no desire to impress this guest, no "side." Marfa and Luna smiled and murmured, Mrs. Manchester said with enormous distinctness, "We are very glad to . . ." and let it go. She rose; her fresh coloring, grayish hair, and tortoise spectacles suddenly emerged; she looked at chairs.

Marcus Bartholomew, his feet nicely together, bowed with gravity, his eyes, as his head inclined, not leaving the ladies, so that, by reason of strips of white showing beneath the iris, his expression was one of unmoved sadness. He looked about, selected, with an air of considered choice, a chair, and said: "This is very delightful." His voice was low and not only had been electrically charged by nature but seemed to have picked up innumerable iron filings and thus to have a surface surpassing fur by many grades of substance. He drew a deep breath, and it was as definite as words—the slow intake, the cæsura, the velvety recessional. It was to be seen that it was his breathing which surcharged his words. And when he looked about on every lady in her turn, his considering gaze, a leisurely tribute, bore that same current of both breath and words. Short, thick, sad, contained, he was a vortex. The Vortex said no more.

The summer afternoon flowed round them in a moment's silence: wind, voices, wheels, chirp of English sparrows, gush and whir of a sprinkling-cart. Into various geometrical patterns occasioned by invisible containers the sun poured, and shadows raked the road. In the beautiful hollow of the afternoon the four sat, while powerful currents of relationship and of unfamiliarity beat upon them all. Among the family there played currents of the associate, the recognized; but upon and from the stranger there rayed the unknown, the potential, the enchanted. And there was in his chin a deep cleft, and his hand upon his knee was brown and powerful.

Before any one had shattered the moment by an image Marfa rose. She crossed the porch, passed Mr. Bartholomew's chair, and touched the electric door-bell. The sound stirred in the

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depths of the crouching house, like the purr of a tiger; and while she waited for the maid Marfa returned, stood before Mr. Bartholomew, and asked him: "Will you have tea, orange-juice, grape-juice, lemonade, or something forbidden by the law?" He rose, bowed, met her eyes, said, "Tea, please," and continued to look at her mildly, adding: "Though I don't, you know, insist on anything." To these words he brought the concentration of one addressing an audience, so that Marfa had an impression of looking at him very near at hand. She stood still and caught a dilation of the pupils of Mr. Bartholomew's eyes, as if he were frightened. The negro maid came; Marfa sat down and said, "Tea, Erralee"; the exotic name sounded on the air unrelated like a bell, and Mr. Bartholomew observed: "You have named her for an apartment-house or for a princess. Was that so that you may have something unreal about your home?" There was an instant of silence; then Mrs. Manchester, who had been reabsorbed by her surroundings, said distinctly: "What was that?" Mr. Manchester said: "No, no. That's her real name." Luna laughed and cried: "How quickly you found us out!" And Marfa met Mr. Bartholomew's eyes and smiled and said nothing. She was thinking: "Now, in that minute, he knows us all. But he knows me best."

Luna served the tea, not as the eldest, but because her mother asked every one many times about cream and lemon and sugar. Marfa helped, played the accompaniment, as it were. Her hat was off, she knew that her smoky hair, her pallor, set off the amber and black of her sister; only, she thought, Luna had no body, or no more than one that was tense and that never moved save as a unit. But Luna had once observed of Marfa that she handed tea with her whole body, made of the cup a signal, of the lemon an invitation, of a second cup an intrigue; and had looked puzzled when Marfa looked pleased, until Marfa explained: "I feel so remote and detached that I'm happy to know I ever seem human!" Luna had stared and said dryly: "Human. That's not human. That's the point." Marfa now served Mr. Bartholomew from a silver tray, and as he took lemon and two lumps his eyes fell on Marfa's hands on the tray's edge of silver roses and acanthus leaves; hands slender, fragile, ringless, inconceivably small; not helpless, but quick, firm, directed. "My God," said Mr. Bartholomew softly, "look at those hands!" Marfa was startled, gave the tray to Luna, sat down without her own cup. "What's the matter?" Mr. Manchester asked, and Marfa looked at Mr. Bartholomew as he apologized. "I've done something with photography," he said; "I never saw such hands. Has she had her portrait painted?" . . . as if, by this third person, this addressing of the male head of the house, his apology was made valid. "Don't apologize," said Luna; "every one praises Marfa's hands. They're not human hands at all." Marfa now raised her eyes to their guest. "They're horribly hard to find gloves for," she confessed, and took a cup from Luna, who did not take tea but held her own hands tensely on the arms of her chair. Marcus Bartholomew said, "No one would ever forget those hands," and Marfa thanked him and looked down with an air of embarrassment which she did not know whether or not she felt. Into the pretty moment Mr. Manchester crashed, saying roundly: "These cakes are too rich for me." As in a fixed loyalty to their father Marfa lowered her eyes.

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It was Luna the faint detached amusement of whose glance crossed the expressionless look of Marcus Bartholomew.

Not until Erralee the exotic had taken the tea-things did Louis Manchester burst out, as if he had been dreading to do so: "You know . . . I can't take it in. Bella . . . girls! Mr. Bartholomew wants me to join the Field museum expedition." "To China," Mr. Bartholomew explained, and Mr. Manchester looked as if this word had been produced too soon. Marfa, bending forward with an ash-tray, laughed indulgently. "What use would you be there, darling?" she said. Her father's unresentful eyes looked through the screen to a distant place. "Not any," he said; "but, Lord, what it would mean! . . ." "Don't younger men usually go?" Marfa next asked Mr. Bartholomew, who said without expression: "I'm forty. Your father's not fifty." "Three years past," said Louis Manchester heavily. "Mother," said Marfa, "fancy father galloping off to China." Mrs. Manchester, frowning, trying to take this in, at once fancied as far as she could. "He'd get the fever," said she, but manifestly did not entertain the journey's possibility. Luna alone let her look dwell on her father. "All your poor little specimens and fossils . . . up in your room. Wouldn't it be strange if they'd led to this?" "They've been enough trouble to dust to lead him *some*where," said his wife; "but not to China," she added, suddenly growing as positive as if she had just measured the distance.

Louis Manchester sat forward, his knees extending at an acute angle well beyond his chair. His hands with their prominent thumbs thrusting out squarely from their joints, tortured each other loosely. His staccato was pitched a little high, fell a little loudly: "I'd give anything . . . anything. I've been collecting such stuff for years . . . it was my hunting . . . my holidays. At school it was the same. . . ." "He takes three geological magazines now," Mrs. Manchester bore witness. "Such dull pictures!" "I've had years of correspondence with Garvin, who heads the expedition. . . . And ten years of correspondence here. . . ." "When Garvin found I knew you in that way, he sent me down to suggest . . ." Bartholomew told it. "It's not the usual expedition . . . it's Garvin's idea. Every man pays his own . . . I've a rough estimate of that . . . we'll be for a year in the interior . . . the objective is beyond the Gobi Desert—some untouched stuff, they tell me. I hope you'll decide to do it." "I don't think papa could stand it," said Marfa thoughtfully. "Hardly anybody could!" Mrs. Manchester cried, defending her lord. "But papa," Marfa reminded her, "always goes beyond his strength . . . does too much. . . ." Mrs. Manchester found herself forced to the other side, declared that he was as strong as anybody, could stand more than most. Mr. Bartholomew said that there would be horses, camels, mules . . . not sure quite what there would be, he mustered the fauna of Asia to make it easy. "Of course, Marfa," said Mrs. Manchester with hostility.

Marfa continued: "And won't it be horribly expensive? And how long will it take? A whole year! What should *we* do without papa for a whole year?" Luna reminded her: "We were away at school for four years and he did without us." Louis Manchester passed his hand back over his sleek thin hair. "Not to sell a bathtub for a year," he said, but if he was aware of any humor

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in this he gave no sign . . . could not, in fact, since Bella, Marfa, and Luna Manchester now uttered together what only now presented itself as a consideration: What would become of the business? Louis Manchester said, with a harried look at the floor edges of the porch, that he would have to get some one, have to get some one. "This appeals to me like anything"; he confessed that which was no less apparent than was his head. "I . . ." He drew breath deeply, looked through the screen at a far place, and said no more.

To relieve him, Marcus Bartholomew now began to talk. He had been on one such expedition; two of his men had died and the others had mutinied, but the five white men had controlled eighteen Africans. . . . "What courage you must have had!" Marfa breathed, and in the same breath: "Papa couldn't stand it. Give up the idea, darling." Detecting signs of strain on Louis Manchester's face, Marcus said: "Manchester, think what it means to have three women care what you do. Not so many care whether my bones bleach in the Gobi Desert, or where." Again the white strips showed beneath the iris of his eyes. Luna's tense hands smoothed at her gown. "No matter how much I cared what papa did," she said, "I'd want him to settle it himself." "So he will," said his wife proudly. Marfa's head dropped; her smoky hair falling about her face she said: "No . . . I love him too much for that. I want him to do the wise thing, the safe thing, the thing for all our happiness. I couldn't bear to have you go, darling," she said to her father. He muttered: "I can't tell . . . I can't tell." He looked about as if he wanted escape. "I've some maps in my bag . . ." said Marcus alertly. The two men rose, Marcus bowed, and they went indoors with an air of saving themselves from some ambiguous bombardment.

The three women stared at one another. "Let him be, Marfa," said Luna, "and I don't think he'll go." "You can't depend on that," said their mother anxiously. "He used to do a thing anyway if I opposed him. When I found that out I agreed with him. When he found *that* out he didn't pay any attention to me any longer." She sighed, and suddenly flashed at Marfa: "You mustn't think *you* can run him." "But," Marfa cried, "he must *not* go off to China; he must not!"

Luna rose, her arms held strangely at her sides. "After what happened to Paul Barker through us," she said, "I should think you'd hesitate about arranging things for somebody else." With a manner of breathlessness: "That's just it! We mustn't *let* papa go right into danger." Luna stood tensely, that rigid figure in queer contrast to her relaxed tone—a tone which appeared to acknowledge that it had never convinced anybody. "Papa's never had very much . . . never had anything that he wanted, really. . . ." "The idea!" cried their mother. She took off her tortoise-rimmed spectacles and with both hands loosened her hair about her face. Five years dropped from her, another five fell as she flushed. Her outraged wifehood seemed to bloom. Papa *had* had something. "Bathtubs," Luna went on. "What does he care, really, about selling anybody bathtubs and lavatories? What could anybody care about that? Who wouldn't rather dig for anything, anywhere? . . ." "You don't think of the danger to papa, Luna. . . . It isn't as if papa were a young man. . . ." Again the outraged wife spoke out: "Papa *is* a young

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man. At least papa's not old. . . ." "Do you *want* him to go?" Marfa flashed directly at her. Mrs. Manchester's flush deepened. "I don't want him called too old to go. And I guess I'm capable of seeing to things here. I don't want him run by his own daughter. No, of course I don't want him to go." These conflicting utterances lay on the air together, mingling with one another as associatively as wind, voices, wheels, the gush and whir of the sprinkling-cart on its return. "He won't go," said Marfa only. She sat looking down at the tile, the tip of her tongue teasing at her lip. Indignant rejoinders from mother or sister she nullified by an upward look to the wire screening, a look held there, her teeth catching her lower lip; she had, it seemed, dismissed papa. "What's Mr. Bartholomew's first name?" she asked.

These three, whose thought had been flowing out fluid from the form of them, as if form demanded again to express itself in essence, even as it had moved before breath had received form, these three fell silent, sank back into form alone. But the thought of the three went on, phials of the unexpressed, of the "inactual," pulsing in separate centres. The walls of the flesh rose up round the three, and two had once been enclosed within the walls of the mother. Now she was one, and they were two, and she seemed less than either. All were intent on little sacs of being in which floated—differently evoked, differently combined, differently touched with life—the images of papa, China, camels, fossils, and Mr. Bartholomew's first name; perhaps too the pale image of Paul Barker.

Marcus Bartholomew stayed for dinner and at dinner he mentioned his country place, spoke of it deprecatingly but tenderly, said that he must either sublet or sell. Marfa and Luna were listening—but not Louis Manchester, whose gaze, wandering and punctuated by swift winking, denoted its inward paths; and not Mrs. Manchester, to whom the offices of hostess meant no more than a running questionnaire on supplies. Marcus said, in his sad, fixed way, that he had a garden, that he had a grove with a little native growth of pine, that the old house was not bad. "You'll hate giving that up," said Luna. She was looking well in green muslin, who was still young enough to be by green vividly enhanced and not merely restored, or even repaired. Marcus said gratefully yes, but after China he might go on around, spend some time in the British Museum, and drop down into Italy and Sicily; had never had the time for archæology and might "get into some tomb-work." Marfa shook back her smoky hair and asked: "Why dig down like that? Aren't we enough for you—we others, above ground?" Marcus tapped the tablecloth with his powerful brown fingers and after an appreciable pause observed: "How very small you look in white, Miss Marfa!" She caught again that old dilation of his pupils, as if he were frightened. She wondered: "Has he never then cared for any one above ground?" As if the thought rushed from her not invisibly but in powerful obvious currents, she felt her face flush, the air about her change, and some bright frail bridge span the space between her and him. But of this bridge he appeared unaware, merely went on eating an unconscionable number of salted almonds, but not as if he saw them. "A dollar a pound," Marfa thought indignantly. "*I* shall feed him

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salted peanuts." And at this thought, which had so lightly run across the bright bridge lately woven between them, she felt a pang of intense excitement, as if some inner wall had caved in at the touch of a wrecker. Salted peanuts! Was it possible?

"Of course," said Louis Manchester, "anybody could sell bathtubs. But it needs somebody to go in there and take hold."

"I've been thinking, papa," said Luna, "that I could do that."

"Luna, good heavens!" said Marfa.

"I know the stock," Luna went on. "I really know the business pretty well. I could go in, papa, till you got back—I know I could."

"Do you know," Marfa asked, "that you're encouraging papa to risk his life?"

She looked anxiously at their father, as if visibly his life were suspended there at the table by a web. Luna looked at him too. "That lets you out," she said low.

Louis Manchester regarded his daughter Luna with excitement. "I'll bet she could do it," he addressed some invisible power, and muttered: "That'll settle the whole thing." "Mama," said Marfa, "Luna is going to *push* papa down to China." ". . . can*not* get her to chill the plates for the salad," Mrs. Manchester went on with her giant preoccupation. She made room for China finally with: "Well, papa isn't going." Bartholomew led the talk away from Manchester, and back to that country house of his. "Some fine old woodwork. I'd like it," he added shyly, "if you'd all come down and spend a day with me there. Like to show you about . . ." he tapered off, with the engaging manner of the strong and confident creature abruptly assailed by the fear that his suggestion is untimely. Marfa saw his suggestion bleeding briskly in his face. "Papa," she said, "to-morrow is Sunday. Couldn't we drive Mr. Bartholomew home?" Her brazen directness appeared to charm the guest. He said nothing, even kept his look turned from Manchester, regarded Marfa with those uplifted eyes, the chin lowered as in listening. "Why not?" said Louis Manchester; "then we can thresh this thing out. Can you go, Bella?" "Yes. Where?" said Bella. "*Not* those forks, Erralee." "Papa, darling," Marfa cried, "do give it up to-night. I can't sleep with this hanging over us." Louis Manchester looked over at Bartholomew. His look seemed to say: "I doubt if I make it." "I'll have to try to convince you, Miss Marfa," said Bartholomew.

And when they returned to the screened porch he sat beside her on the willow couch and said: "Now, Miss Marfa, you convince me first." Luna said: "Papa, I have it all planned out . . ."; led him aside; and he put his arm about her. Mrs. Manchester unfolded the evening paper. "I'll see," she said, "if I can't find him another revolution over there. That ought to settle this." Luna looked over her shoulder: "Whose side are you on anyway, mama?" she inquired. "I'm on my own side," said Mrs. Manchester. "Papa's not going." "Papa might," said Louis Manchester gravely. He cleared his throat, settled his shoulders, and the staring, babylike abstraction of groundless defiance arched his eyebrows and slanted his gaze—gaze without seed. Night with a thousand eyes went on indifferently about them—the rush and wheel of motors, planets, passion, bridge parties, domesticity, crime. Of all these Marfa was unaware, as she was unaware of the caldrons that were her

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father and her sister, and the quiet caldron of her mother. But Marcus Bartholomew, was he, her intense passivity seemed to say, was he a caldron?

Luna and her father playing with the idea, and Bella Manchester finding a revolution, left the two on the willow couch in public seclusion. Marfa thought: "Forty. But I've never seen a man so . . ." While he talked of his former expedition she pictured him: not in a helmet, riding a camel, not clinging to a burro outlining a precipice, not waist-deep in green water and seeking something unpronounceable; but otherwise she pictured him: twitching a chair into place before a hearth, opening letters in slant morning sunlight, brushing his hair. "Don't you see," he said, "the expedition isn't the thing, really? There are a lot of hard days and nights to that. It isn't even finding anything that matters. It's going after something that one has always wanted . . . and it's . . . it's getting away. *You* ought to see that. How'd you like to get away?" "Oh, I intend to get away," said Marfa. "Well, can't you see that your father . . ." "But dad did get away. He married and got away. . . ." "Don't you know that life is just getting away, one time after another . . . and always getting back in. Or getting in again." This she did not weigh. "It's not the same," she affirmed, "when you're not young." "But your father is young. Don't make him old." "He's fifty-three," she confided, the heightened arch of her eyebrows measuring it off. He squared about and looked at her, his eyes showing their thin white half-moons as he dropped his head and studied her. "You're not very modern, are you?" She lifted an eyebrow: "Why aren't I?" "You don't see adventure as a legitimate part of everybody's life." She was nettled, took refuge in: "I love my father." "That's nothing to do with it." "Yes, it has!" "If you love him, let him be." "Is that a proof of love?" He replied leisurely, "That depends," and suddenly seemed to lose interest in her, turned to listen to Luna and her father. Marfa made another bid to rescue the minute from the slough of general conversation. "Sometimes you have to protect the person you love. A man ought to know that." He presented his profile, took on a bored abstraction, said: "One reason love's rather sick is that there's been too much protecting." "*Is* love sick?" Marfa pursued. "*You* ought to know," he explained, his eyes on her father. "Did *I* make it so?" "You're in a fair way to, if you insist on being one of these protecting women. Women who are constantly protecting their men from getting their own way. . . ." "Do you think I'm like that?" "I think only what I see." "Be honest! Do you want father to have his own way, or do you want him on the expedition?" He brought his attention back to her, considered her boldly from head to foot. "Why don't you join the expedition too?" he said, rose, strolled across to Mrs. Manchester, sat down by her side, and inquired whether she had found a satisfactory revolution. She said: "No, but I see that the best thing for cleaning mirrors is clear water."

Marfa noticed with interest that she was trembling; thought, "I've never felt exactly like this for any one"; thought that she hated this Mr. Bartholomew. Who was he, anyway? If the rest drove him to his home the next day, she should make some excuse. He didn't appreciate her, hadn't an idea what she was like, was wrapped up in

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his old expedition, wanted to sacrifice father. And Luna egging father on. Could it be that Luna was trying to please this Mr. Bartholomew? Desiring to hurt some one, Marfa rose and strolled into the house. They could fight it out, she was going to bed. She saw the piano, with one lamp burning above it, turned to the music-room, touched the piano, and her notes went calling and calling. . . . Without even a decent interval, she said to herself, he followed her, came and sat in a deep chair at the end of the piano, did not look at her, but sat with his head held forward and with his air of listening. She was playing a Rachmaninoff prelude, but when she had finished Marcus said: "Don't you know anything farther back? Don't you know Schubert's 'Serenade'?" She watched her hands running over the keys and said: "You're not modern either, then." He didn't trouble to answer, said impatiently: "Go on, go on, please." He listened in the most flattering fashion, the tips of his fingers moving a little on his closed eyes, and he did not change this pose when she had finished and he said: "Could you possibly do that right over again?" She played the serenade again, thought proudly: "I *am* trembling, and I thought I was so . . ." He rose and walked out of the room, went back toward the porch, saying only: "Thank you. There's nothing better." She played on for a time, thought better of going to bed, made some drinks, and rejoined the others.

Before they separated for the night it had been arranged that they should drive back with Mr. Bartholomew next morning. Mr. Manchester cried, in a manner of escaping, that they would go. Mrs. Manchester breathed that she didn't know, really. Luna said tensely that she ought to stay at home. Marfa thought: "He wants me to go, so he asks us all!" Mr. Bartholomew observed that he was sorry they would be too early for the peonies.

It was ninety miles to Mr. Bartholomew's home and they were to reach there for lunch. They were well on their way when he said: "I took the liberty of calling Mrs. Bartholomew from my room this morning. She's expecting us at one. That'll give us time to call on Garvin first—he's at his summer home at Nashotah." He went on talking about Garvin.

Marfa thought: "Mrs. Bartholomew. I hadn't thought of her. I don't know why I should think of her now." She looked down at Bartholomew's hand on his knee—an insensitive hand, save for the sensitive finger-tips, as if nature had done badly by him and then had repented. Beyond his hand on his knee were Luna's hands, tense on her lap, hands long, loosely gloved, as stiff as the hands of the dead, arranged by another. Luna was saying nothing this morning. And also in the dress which she wore there was the despair of knowledge that it was Marfa and not she who had been chosen. "And yet she agreed with him," Marfa thought, "sided with him from the first. And I fought him. . . ." Why had she done that? Did she care whether papa went to China or not? She looked at papa's narrow head, his ears flaring out beneath his brown cap, his high spare shoulders and his manner of driving with his elbows, and she knew that she did not care in the least whether papa went to China, or anywhere. Not that she didn't love him. She merely didn't care whether or not he went. She had been fighting not papa but this stran-

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ger. "Careful, Louis, there's a curve," said her mother for the thirtieth time. How wonderful, Marfa thought, it would be if mama would go to China too! Mama was thin. Her eyebrows were lifted in perpetual deprecation. She was constantly saying that something might be better. What ailed mama? She used to be so round and plump and thick and smooth and pink. And Luna—Luna looked terrible today. Not amber, but a dense buff. "Why don't you go to China with papa, Luna?" Marfa asked. Luna looked straight ahead, those motionless hands brazed to her lap. "I haven't been asked," she said, and puckered her mouth unbecomingly as a sign of coquetry. "The expedition would be delighted," said Marcus Bartholomew.

Marfa felt his arm against her arm, as he sat there between them. How warm and vital and present he was. She would have liked to think, and did not know how to think, that he was as if innumerable cells of being had come flowing together, every one separately charged, and the explosion had wrecked nothing but had instead produced him, whole, who kept on in a series of gentle explosions as his way of life—soft exhausts, like an engine. No one could be near him and not be shaken by his pleasant violence. Yet he sat so quietly, saying little, hardly moving, his hand resting on his knee for miles and miles. Why did he want to go away off to China?

Having thus disposed of all her family and of Marcus Bartholomew, Marfa came to Mrs. Bartholomew after all. Why did there have to be one? Yet of course one wouldn't like him to have lived unmarried until he was forty—one couldn't have felt toward him the same. Forty. He must have been married for fourteen years . . . he was the sort that marries young. She wondered if he had children, who were in the room when he drew up his chair, opened his mail by breakfast-light, or sometimes even when he brushed his hair. Well, he would be charming with children. "Father . . ." they would say, and he would bend his head stiffly and say "M . . . m," without any expression. . . . Marfa was aware of a deep inner glow; she traced it back, beyond his possible children, to her recognition of the fact that he must have been married for, say, fourteen years. "Time enough to have tired of her," she brought out her thought nakedly. She felt new energy, a tremor of pleasure in the rushing road, the thick, rich green of the boughs, the blue of the sky drawn upward to some undivinable core. She thought: "How nice this is! And I'm so able to handle it—get the most of it. I can handle him, too. He'd do anything for a woman—give up anything and not even know he was giving it up. He doesn't need to sit with his arm like that. There's plenty of room. I don't believe he's crowding Luna." She tried to see. Luna was sitting with her chin lifted, her eyes on the road. "Poor Luna," Marfa thought. She breathed her deep content.

Mr. Garvin's stone house lay in a sleepy valley on an alert little lake. While Manchester and Bartholomew went in, the ladies sat in the car. "Remember, papa dear, to tell him you're not going," Marfa said, and looked at Bartholomew, but he gave no sign. Marfa now said rapidly to her mother and sister that these grounds were as neat and clipped as tapestry, that the pergola and bridge looked cut from wall-paper, and that the flowers were

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incubator flowers. She wished that she had waited to say all this until Bartholomew came back, wondered if she could say it again without prefacing it with "I just said," decided that otherwise her mother would unconsciously give her away, and cried: "Mama, darling, you're looking beautiful." "What makes you so nervous, Marfa?" Luna asked gravely. Marfa said that she was not, she was not, nervous. "Well, I couldn't see why you would be," Luna said. Marfa murmured, "Papa . . . China . . ." and sighed. Suddenly Luna's expression became one of intense tenderness, as for a little child, and she leaned forward and put an arm about Marfa and murmured: "Sister." Marfa's body was tense, as if she suspected compassion. "Do call me by my name," she said frowning, then relented and patted her sister's hand. "I wish I'd used fox instead of squirrel for my collar," said Mrs. Manchester. Marfa cried: "Mama! When papa may be in there doing the most foolish thing of his life. . . ." "Papa's not going," said Mrs. Manchester.

They waited for half an hour. Then the two men reappeared and with them Max Garvin, a man with arms, shoulders, and head all a little blunted, a little worn down; and the edge was gone too from his glance. But he was smiling, was presented to the ladies, his smile widening, and said impressively:

"I am delighted that Mr. Manchester has decided to join us on our little trip."

Unaware of the utter devastation caused by his casual announcement, Mr. Garvin regretted that his sister was not at home, that he had not known that they were in the car, that there had not been more rain. . . . "I'll leave you those volumes when I'm driving through next week," he said to Manchester, and was left saluting as the car took the drive.

Marcus Bartholomew leaned toward Marfa, laid his hand for a moment over hers. "Let your father be," he seemed to say. Luna sat quiet, her hands stiffly rubbing together. Mrs. Manchester began a rushing stream of speech, directed at her lord.

Hills lifted and fell, carrying with them their gray roads and tossing the motor like a boat on lifted and lowered water. The air went in gentle volumes driven by no wind. It was true that air, motion, green, blue, and distance were intoxicants, but the true intoxicant was none of these. It was rather that which lay within all: the core of the color, the face behind the distance, the resolving of movement into rhythm, and that mysterious entrance of life, naked and nameless, through the lungs. The five in the car partook of all this unconsciously, after the manner of men, and concentrated on the fact that Louis Manchester, very red in the ears beneath his cap, was about to go to China. Mrs. Manchester's words could not be heard on the back seat—save jagged jets of "widow," "wild," and "when we were first married, if I had known . . ." Mr. Manchester merely permitted the speedometer to mount, but once he said: "Wheee!" He might have been experiencing the threshold of freedom, as one who has just died.

On the back seat Marfa sat silent. She was thinking: "Why doesn't he look at me?" She was thinking: "I wish I'd worn my green crape." She was thinking: "The back of mama's hat is wrong." Aloud she said: "A

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whole year! Mama and Luna and I may be dead for months when papa comes back—oh, look at the rabbit!" She bit her lip. "You aren't thinking of him," said Marcus shortly. "And is Mrs. Bartholomew," Marfa outrageously asked, "thinking of you?" The face of Marcus Bartholomew did not change. "Are not wives," he advanced, "always thinking of husbands?" "And husbands? . . ." she said, but he said didactically: "Your thought makes a jest by parallel, but such jests are not so good as jests by contrast." He was absent, unsmiling, said immediately that real-estate values about the lakes were criminally high, and talked about these uninterestingly. They plunged between hugely columned trees and among hills chiselled against a sky already whitening to noon.

Order—flawless order. Looking about Marcus Bartholomew's home Marfa thought that she could never compete with its flawless order; thought that order in the homes of the poor might merely stress the stiff, the scant, but in a stately home it shared the beauty of order in a grove, on the sea, on a sky of clouds meticulously composed.

They were waiting in the drawing-room. Mrs. Bartholomew had not yet appeared, but her aroma had entered before her. In an interior which seemed to concentrate light, vigor, gaiety, there was a certain nobility, less of a room than of a garden, everything still, low, dreaming; and this air must come, Marfa decided, from Mrs. Bartholomew. But when that tall woman, laughing at nothing, entered her own drawing-room, Marfa could not combine her with the room. "So good of you to come," Mrs. Bartholomew incredibly said, "on my husband's invitation. I'm delighted." "So good of you to be delighted," Marfa said, and presented her mother and Luna, and thought: "Mama ought to have done this, mama has no idea of what . . . and how stiffly Luna holds her hands!" Mrs. Bartholomew began to talk about her cook. Marfa thought: "This tall woman, laughing at nothing, talking about her cook—poor Mr. Bartholomew," and felt monstrous elation.

That same spacious air of a garden lay upon the dining-room, large, light, tended, the plates like flowery patches, the *épergne* a flowery fountain, both table and room formal and planted and unconfused, all airy and colored and allied to space. They sat down, Mrs. Bartholomew still talking about the cook, and breaking off to ask: "Why doesn't she . . ." "I told her," said Mr. Bartholomew, "to make fruit cocktails." Instantly Marfa thought: "The rooms, the table, the house express *him* —not her!" "It isn't as though I hadn't trained her," Mrs. Bartholomew was saying. Her husband interrupted her as if he were always obliged to do so in order to insert speech at all: "Garvin has a wonderful collection. I wish there'd been time . . ." "He's crazy about geological specimens," Mrs. Bartholomew explained Mr. Bartholomew to the table. The fruit cocktails came in. "So sorry they weren't on the table when we came out," she pursued. "This cook is the slowest creature imaginable. . . ." She laughed heartily and pursued the cook.

Marfa looked at Mr. Bartholomew, sitting at the head of his table, his head low between his shoulders, strips of white showing beneath the iris of his eyes. "Poor dear," she thought, "it's plain why he's going to China." "I always tell Mr. Manchester," said Mrs.

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Manchester, "that Erralee—that's our maid—colored—*so* pert . . ." "And *that's* why papa's going," Marfa thought. The talk raged on. Mrs. Bartholomew obliviously addressed Mr. Manchester, Marfa did not listen to him, and Luna, one long hand laid on the table's edge, ate, her downcast lashes laid stiffly on her cheeks. If a huge hand could have thrust through the walls, picked up the table in a vast pink palm, and if great eyes could have looked down from the immeasurable height of a giant head, six small centres of emotion would have been visible, pulsing like boiling jelly, and no thought would have been manifest. Strange, pale walls of being, flow of color in cheeks, flutter of breath, stream of words so recently devised by the lips of the animal—and not a thought yet visible. Any giant would have dropped the little table in distaste: "What! All these years and still so few thoughts, and none of those few evident, none of them flooding out in airy shapes and colors from those round heads with their moist and moving eyes, their red and mobile lips? What a backward system! . . . Thought, the dynamic of the planet, and none of it to be seen!" A more patient giant might have reflected that electricity delayed for eons to be visible save as it shot through the clouds; and it might yet be that thought, emerging from the formless, and even through such dynamos as those six heads, would radiate visibly upon a world.

Meanwhile no thought was visible, nor was it audible save in such a word as "fossil." One thing more Marfa needed: was there the bond of the child? "Your children?" she said tentatively to Mrs. Bartholomew. Mrs. Bartholomew diminished. "We have had none," she said, with the flame of her quenched. Marfa thought: " 'We have none' would wring one's heart. 'We have had none' sounds gross. Mrs. Bartholomew would say: " 'We have had none.' " Marfa murmured. Momentarily Mrs. Bartholomew gazed wide-eyed into her finger-bowl. The only time, Marfa felt, that Mrs. Bartholomew's spirit ever came briefly to its window was to say so grossly: "We have had none." Marfa thought, "He should have had a son," and felt her monstrous elation.

They went into the garden, and with no circumlocution Marcus walked by her side. He said nothing, merely paced there, hands in pockets, head lowered, eyes level in that passionate sadness of their white half-moons. Marfa thought, "Already he can keep still with me," and herself kept still. They paused before a Judas-tree in its fine, thin soprano of bloom; he glanced sidewise at her, smiling; she met his eyes, smiled too, said nothing, looked. Noting that neither meant to speak, the Moment assumed the burden and pulsed between them. She caught its pulse, in its rhythm moved on up the path. They took the turn of the whole garden without a word, and she was feeling some irritation lest, after all, he was thinking about the expedition, when he said: "There'll be some matters about the expedition to settle. I may be obliged to run over a time or two to confer with your father. Shall you be there?" She said: "I'm sorry that I can't be sure. . . . I have some visits planned. . . ." She thought: "Liar. And fool. To want to be chased. . . ." Marcus observed: "We shall have no hollyhocks this year. They were killed out."

(To be continued.)

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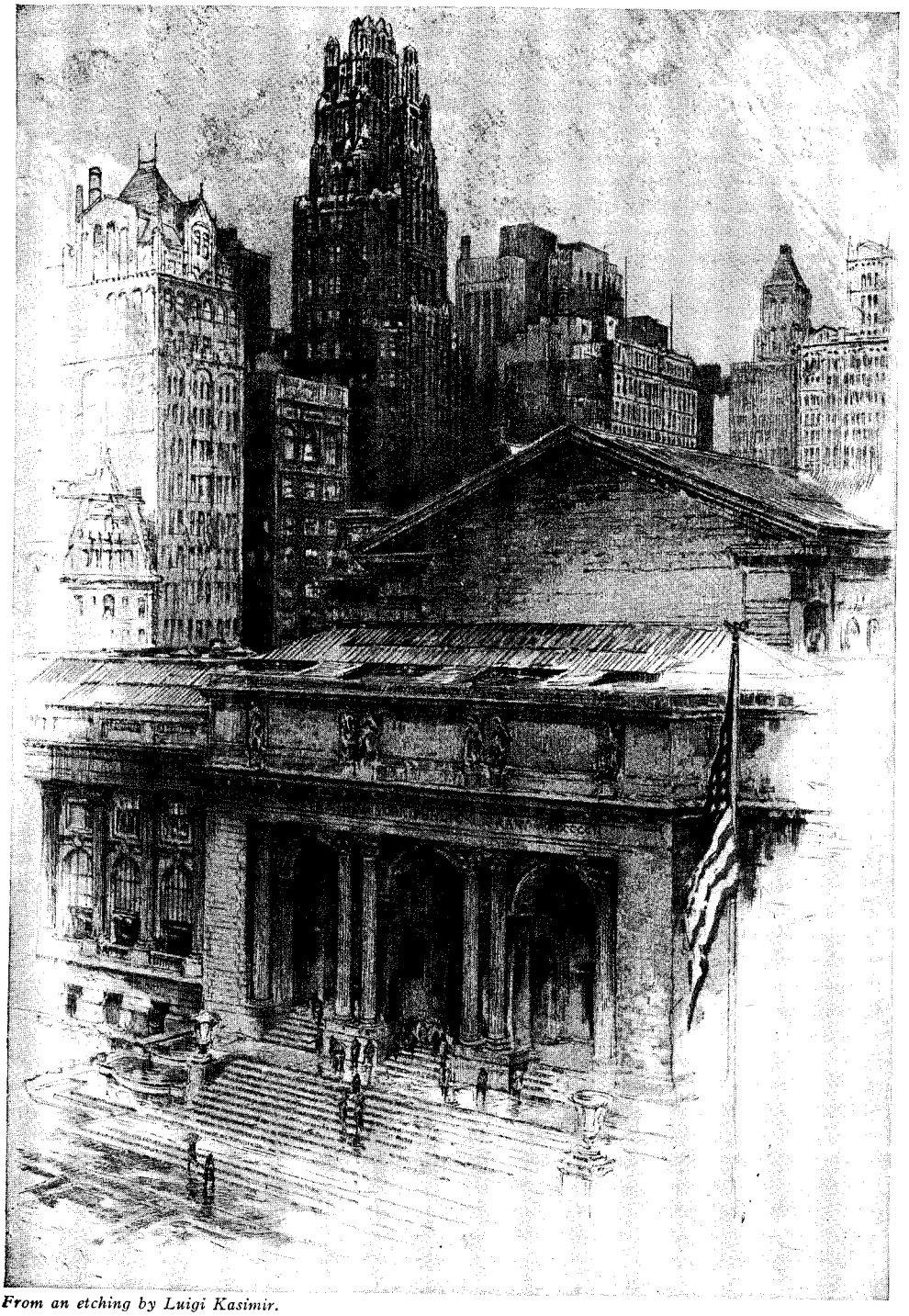

From an etching by Luigi Kasimir.

The New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

The American Radiator Building towers in the centre background.

FOUR VIEWS OF NEW YORK BY LUIGI KASIMIR

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From a drawing by Luigi Kasimir.

Up-town New York—Looking south on Fifth Avenue.

The tower of the Sherry-Netherlands on the left. The Hecksher Building on the right in the distance.

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From a drawing by Luigi Kasimir.

Down-town New York.

Looking across Bowling Green and up lower Broadway from the entrance to the Custom House.

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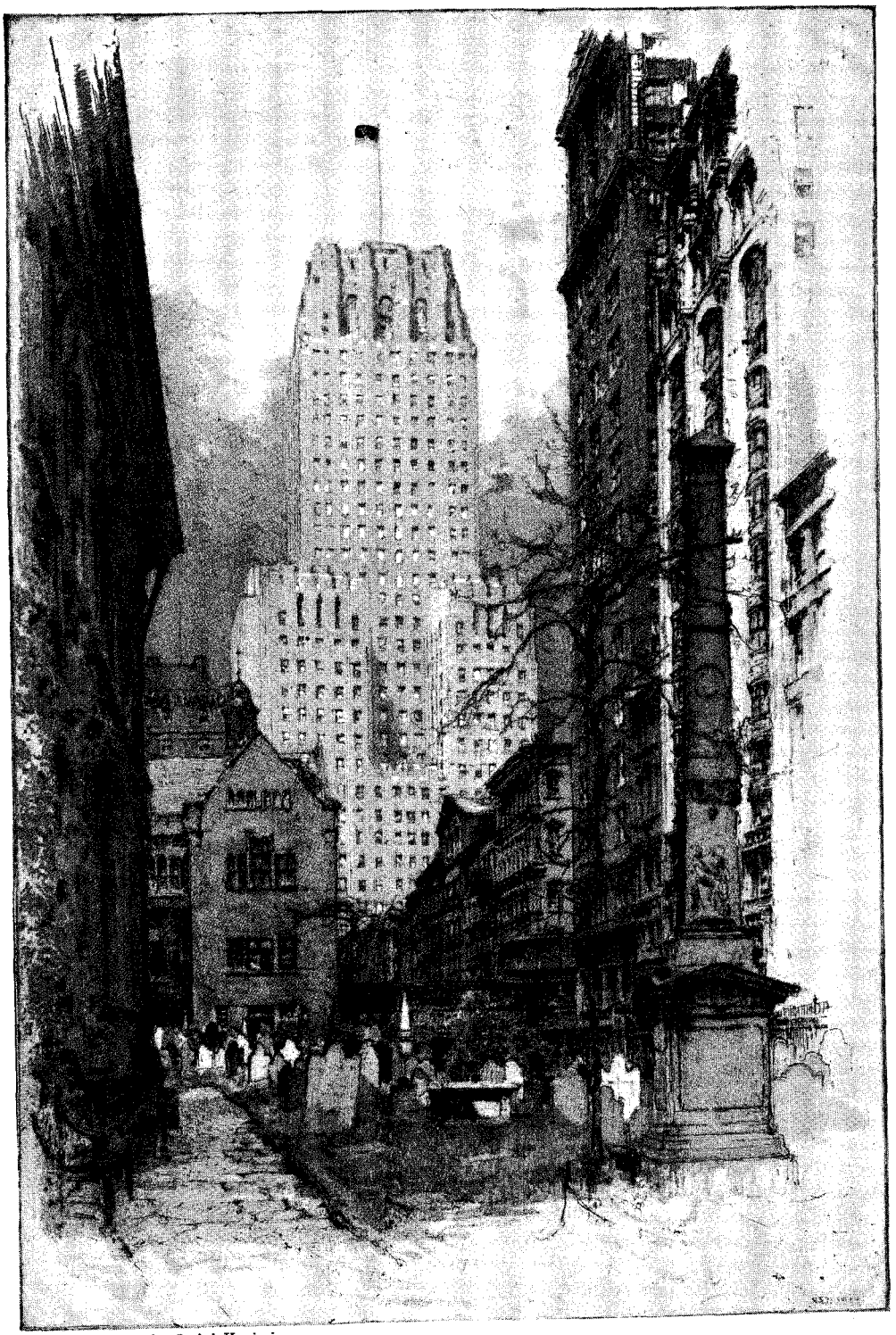

From an etching by Luigi Kasimir.

St. Paul's Churchyard.

The New York Telephone Building, on Vesey Street, in the background.

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God Rest You Merry Gentlemen

BY STRUTHERS BURT

Are the moving pictures an art, without artists? Mr. Burt questions whether the "boob audiences" to which the movie producers cater hypocritically and cynically are not smarter than Hollywood and New York suppose.

Not long ago the head of a great motion-picture company called his staff together. "I have brought you here," he said, "to dictate to you your relative positions. Most of you are fairly essential, you camera men, you actors, you directors, but we can get on without any damned author alive, and if you scenario-writers don't do what you are told, out you go."

Good! And with that as a fixed point in a reeling universe we can attempt to unravel the imbroglio.

That something is wrong even the motion-picture people themselves are beginning to suspect. They suspect this because the motion-pictures are losing money, with the result that their credit in financial circles is not as good as it was; they suspect this because in large towns for a long while now symphony orchestras, ballets, and vaudeville have been needed to prop a tottering edifice; they suspect this because out in "the sticks" murmurs of discontent are increasing from what are known as "boob audiences." Suggestions such as mine, therefore, coming from some one outside the business, may not be as impertinent as they seem and may be far from theoretical. Indeed, they may be grimly practical. Moreover, even if I am not actually engaged in making motion-pictures, I am actively engaged in a related and frequently interlocking craft.

Now, to begin at the beginning and to arrive at any logical conclusions concerning the motion-pictures, you must begin by accepting certain premises long since denied by the majority of the intelligent and cynical, and for the most part scorned by those engaged in making motion-pictures. You must go far back and accept as the first premise the premise that the motion-pictures are an art, and, after that, you must accept the inevitable consequent premise that you must approach the motion-pictures from the point of view that they are an art unless you wish pretty soon to find yourself up a blind alley.

You must start with those two premises as a basis, no matter what else you do.

If something is an art, then it must be treated as an art, or else every move you make concerning it will be wrong.

First and foremost the motion-pictures are an art, although more than any other art they are also a business. But, as is always the case with an art, if you subordinate the essential artistic side to the business side, you not only lose eventually your authority as an artist, you also lose money as a business man. This is due to certain mysterious laws of nature and human psychology that cannot be explained but are none the less inevitable.

If you debase or deride the essential quality of anything, business or art or sport, you are performing a dangerous feat. Such debasement produces even-

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tually its own especial Nemesis. When you build a house, save your hypocrisy, your ginger-bread ornamentation, if you must have them, for the upper stories, but do not disregard or play with the foundations.

The motion-pictures are an art, and cannot be anything else, because they appeal primarily to the emotions and represent a creative effort of the human will. A news-reel, for example, no matter how beautifully taken, no matter how stirring the scenes depicted may be, can never be art, for the simple reason that no photograph in itself can be art. Something that depicts only an actual person or an actual event, valuable as it may be, is not art. In order to create the latter the human will must select, combine, comment, and interpret.

But this at once postulates a certain attitude on the part of an audience and a certain responsibility on the part of the creator. It exacts certain penalties. It is a position as dangerous and focussed as that of a tight-rope walker. No one has asked the creator to rearrange or interpret nature, and if he essays so to do the consequences are upon his own head. In short, if he does so you expect certain things from him. Among these things are sincerity, no matter how mistaken, some degree of logic, some degree of decency. This applies to every other art, why shouldn't it apply to the motion-pictures? In every art there are thousands of bad artists, but they do not break the fundamental laws of art without in the end, despite whatever their temporary success may be, meeting a sure punishment. The successful bad artist is always sincere, always, within the circle of his stupidity, logical. He may be a fool, but invariably he is an honest fool. The clever but dishonest artist lives for only a short while, for a paramount law of every art is that you can laugh with your audiences but not at them. At least, you cannot laugh at them for any length of time. Even the stupidest audience discovers sooner or later the tongue in your cheek. That is the most fundamental law of all. For example, audiences demand nothing from a news-reel except a reproduction of life, which, however ordered it may be in reality, to our limited visions seems disordered and frequently illogical—there is no attempted arrangement here; but the moment a man sets out to tell them a story, the moment he chooses the audacious rôle of story-teller, then that man must follow certain rules of the art of story-telling or he is lost. And, above all, he must not look down on his audiences.

First, therefore, you must admit that the motion-pictures are an art. But after that you must take into consideration an odd and exceptional fact; the reason for most of the bewilderment now shaking the motion-pictures.

An art, the motion-pictures have had a curious and paradoxical history unlike that of any other art. They are the only art that, discovered by scientists, fell, due to the cost of reproduction, immediately into the hands of business men, and not very intelligent business men at that. Not yet have they come under the control of the only people capable of understanding them. Perhaps they will never come under this control. Painting was discovered by men who could not help but draw buffaloes on the walls of caves; the original singers to the harp sang because they had to; and although the descendants of both have frequently shown themselves susceptible to bribery, their arts, none the less, have remained in their possession, and those who come

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to bribe must exhibit at the worst a show of respect. They know, if they know nothing else, that the seat of production is in the brain of the artist. Only the motion-pictures believe that by money, cameras, by midwives such as actors, and so on, they can create life out of nothing. Everything is there but the child itself. Like a crazy bride, they continue to parade the world all dressed up with no place to go. They do not even know the direction in which they are going in order, in the end, to find nothing.

The motion-pictures are not only an art but they are a graphic art. They are not primarily a pictorial art, although the pictures are an important adjunct. They are not primarily an interpretative art, although the actors are also necessary. They are a story told by pictures and actors, just as a play is a story told by scenery and actors. And therefore, we come once more to an essential premise.

At the back of both play and motion-picture sits an author, and if he is no good, then neither is the play or the motion-picture. A fairly wise man once said something about the play being the thing. There is not the slightest use of the motion-picture people sitting about discussing in intricate terms, nobody understands, the problems that confront them until they squarely face essential facts. The motion-pictures are an art, they must be treated as an art, and the particular artists who have the first—and also, last—say about them are, by the very nature of the motion-picture, writers.

The motion-pictures have numerous problems, but the first one, once it is clearly understood what motion-pictures are, is for them to catch their authors.

How do you catch an author?

At this point you laugh, especially if you are connected with the motion-pictures. Here, you say, we have at last the particular axe that is being ground. Here is the old complaint of the writing-man who wants to sell his stories to the pictures. Without being rude, I would like to inform you that you couldn't possibly be more wrong. For one thing, I cannot conceive of any normal author, making a decent living, wishing to have anything to do with the motion-pictures under present conditions. Even if the conditions were changed, I do not see why any novelist or short-story writer should wish to leave his particular craft for another different and difficult one, however fascinating, under proper conditions, that craft might become. Indeed, I regard the present divorce of the author and the motion-picture as the happiest divorce that has ever occurred in artistic circles. If nothing else, for the author a vast new field has been opened up. No one yet has written a proper satire on what is still the bathhouse Muse. As she now exhibits herself, she is much funnier than the Kiwanis clubs —which are not so funny after all— and much more powerful and sinister than Elmer Gantry. But a real satire will have to be as fantastic as the "Arabian Nights," as savagely comic as Rabelais, as incredible as Marco Polo, and as sharp as Dean Swift. The necessary regret will be implied from the fact that such a rigadoon could be danced in the face of an uneasy world; that such a great potential art and power still goes a-begging. Given complete control of the motion-pictures, in ten years a man could stop war.

But that is not the major point of excellence of this excellent divorce. Until the novelist and short-story writer, even

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the dramatist, were removed from the scene, there was no hope for the motion-pictures at all. The legitimate drama would fare badly, indeed, if it depended on translations of novels and short stories for its productions.

The motion-pictures are not only an art but a separate art; a very intricate and difficult one. On the mechanical side immense progress has been made, experiment and originality have been fostered; on the creative, and fundamental side, practically nothing has been done. To understand even in the least the art of the scenario a man, or a woman, should spend all of his, or her, time, strength, patience, and inventiveness. One does not write novels merely as a side-line. To have scenarios, you must have scenario-writers; not short-story writers, or novelists, or dramatists who occasionally write a scenario.

In their infancy the motion-pictures, still humble, did recognize, somewhere in the darkness of their minds, black as the pit from pole to pole, the author. They vaguely understood that he had something or other to do with their proceedings. Repeated failures convinced them that there was a mistake abroad in "the lot," and so, eventually, they came to the earth-shaking conclusion that scenarios should be written in the studios. Had they known anything about the genii they were letting loose from the bottle, they would have known this in the beginning. But now, having decided that scenarios should be written in the studio, they are no better off than they were before. They are just about where they started. They are at the beginning of the right road, but they have no idea how to proceed along it.

Not only should scenarios be written in the studio, but—once more—they should be written by people capable of writing them.

Not only is it necessary to state how a thing should be done, but it is necessary, that is, if the thing is going to be done, to set about it. And, most important of all, in this world where humanity is still the essential factor, is the person doing a thing. You must somehow, somewhere get hold of him or her before you take another step. Just to announce that scenarios should be written in the studio means nothing. You first have to know what a scenario-writer looks like; you next have to know how his mind functions. All the paraphernalia of fox-hunting amounts to little if your hounds can't tell the difference between a fox and a rabbit. And the proof of this shortsightedness lies in the fact that terrible as the ancient translation of novel or short story used to be, the present home-made article is even worse. It is not only worse, it is becoming increasingly so; it is becoming unbelievable. Not long ago I saw a picture written by Elinor Glyn and acted by Clara Bow, and if, in your moments of wildest delirium, you can conceive of anything more chimerical, you are wasting your talents outside of a strong-walled institution. Here was a perfect example of the scenario at its worst, also a perfect example of what the two races the most capable of vulgarity can do when they put their heads together. Some one may object that "Madame" Glyn is a professional writer. No one but the motion-pictures has considered her as such for the past twenty years. Incidentally—a not unimportant point — from the present-day home-made scenario the small words "as if" have almost entirely disappeared. One never sees them any more. Note number one is that great writers, scenario-writers or

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otherwise, have always had a distaste for the locution "like you were so and so, etc." I don't know why this is true, but it is, and until I see "as if" restored once more to the picture made in the studio I will continue to remain sceptical concerning the people who make them. No real author, however poor, but has a love of words. Why should the public schools teach grammar when "the movies" unteach it?

The motion-pictures are an art. At the base of them is the scenario. The scenario should be written by people devoting their lives to scenario-writing. Splendid, as far as it goes. Now let's see what sort of people can write scenarios. Let's ask again how do you catch an author? Why, you catch him as you do any other sort of self-respecting artist and the scenario-writers should be exactly the same sort of people as those who are now writing novels, short stories, and plays. But the motion-pictures will never get these people until they perform a gigantic spiritual feat and until they revolutionize utterly their present structure. They now represent a pyramid upside down. In their arrogance they consider the author, whether he be writing scenarios or not, as some sort of second-rate prostitute, whose only standard, like their own, is money.

That isn't the way to bait the trap for scenario-writers.

The author, being an artist, is perhaps a trifle more sensitive than the ordinary man. He wouldn't be an artist if he wasn't. And yet, I doubt if he is any more sensitive, except in ways peculiarly his own, than the average decent citizen. Few average decent citizens would write scenarios under present conditions if they could do anything else. At all events, sensitive or not, you have to accept the author on his own conditions, or you won't get him.

It is obvious that the motion-pictures will not be able, except sporadically and temporarily, to recruit their ranks from the present generation of established writers. Their hope lies in the building up of a future generation of scenarioists, in the persuading of talented and intelligent young men and women to turn their energies to the screen instead of the novel or the short story, and that the motion-pictures realize this fact is shown by the numerous schools of scenario-writing now being established. But schools, wages, and systems mean just so much and no more, and to the real artist they mean comparatively little. Why should any intelligent and talented young man or woman abandon the prospects of what can be a dignified, fairly unhampered, fairly well-paid career for the absurd and insulting status of those who write for the motion-pictures? Why should they want to deal with motion-picture people when they can deal with editors and publishers for the most part honest, well bred, and well educated? The answer is they won't. Meanwhile, the motion-pictures will continue to recruit for scenario-writing only the sweepings of the talented; the lower orders of each generation of intelligent young men and women. The venal, the ignorant, and the vulgar. And meanwhile, the scenario will grow steadily worse until those who produce them are forced to reform because of bankruptcy.

The question is largely a psychological one, as most questions are. Before they can get anywhere those now in control of the motion-pictures — the producer, the director, the actor, the myriad smaller fry, each one holding his job through bluff and solemn stall-

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ing—will have to eat dust and throw it in their hair. Merely on the business side they will have to learn four things that every other business in the world has now learned—courtesy, fairness, a sense of proportion, and a willingness to listen to the truth. In their swollen pride they have not even learned as yet the value of goodwill. They are building up around them a vast army of bitter and contemptuous enemies. Who has had anything to do with the motion-pictures without being insulted and humiliated in some foolish and easily avoided way? What author, for instance, has not had his time wasted, his patience exhausted, his decency and amour propre offended? Is anything so powerful that it can continue to behave in this fashion? I think not. Certainly no great corporation, certainly not even the government of a country. And conveying all this is a rodomontade, an hysterical exaggeration of purposes and accomplishments that even the advertising agents of cigarettes now know better than to use in a period steadily growing more discriminating. Nor is this rodomontade altogether the deliberate distortion or cynicism it would seem; the motion-picture people are as sentimental about themselves as they are disdainful of their audiences and the rest of the world.

Listen to this. It is the answer of a great motion-picture producer—perhaps the greatest—to a critic who has sent him a letter written by a young man who asks how to prepare for a life in the motion-pictures. The first question the young man asks is whether he shall remain at the university where he is now an undergraduate.

"I should advise your correspondent to finish his course at Princeton and get his degree. He should take thorough courses in literature and drama. He should learn the rudiments of art and architecture. Engineering will make him exact. Finance will give him respect for a budget. His life at Princeton should give him taste, a sense of values.

"But even with all this he must learn life itself and how to put it on the screen. More and more the studios are throwing off the shackles of hokum, the imprint of the stencil. The successful picture of to-day has some relation to reality. [I have just seen Douglas Fairbanks's last picture, "The Gaucho."] The people you see on the screen are becoming more and more like the people you see in real life. [God forbid!] The stories they enact are escaping from the formula and are becoming like the stories of the daily newspaper, fresh, vivid, true. [Sic!] The same cool wind of hard, realistic thinking that is sweeping over the world, over the stage and the book-stands, is blowing through the studios. [Page *College Humor,* please!] It is blowing away the rubbish, and it is leaving the scene to the quick, eager young people whose minds are original, plastic in fitting new situations, yet hard in facing facts."

Gentlemen, hush! This has the ring of a commencement oration, and, in the words of Li Hung Chang, after the young questioner has completed his Machiavellian education of a prince, "what next?" What will all this exactness, sense of values, and good manners do for him on a present-day movie lot?

But you cannot understand the motion-pictures at all unless you take for granted the Alice in Wonderland atmosphere that pervades them—the quaint, unbelievable Alice in Wonderland, Mother Goose, atmosphere. Red queens live there, white rabbits, beauti-

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ful ladies who turn to air, Humpty-dumpties who fall off walls. And over all broods a rarefied, blue sky of unreality, a Maxfield Parrish sky, grave and unwinking. You must realize that although the motion-picture world is a fantastic one, it is also a very serious one. That is what makes it even more fantastic. Numerous fine and intelligent people are drawn into it, but almost at once they, too, lose their sense of proportion. Sitting about solemnly they debate what is wrong. According to the habit of humanity as a whole, they walk wearily ten miles in a great circle only to arrive back at the point of confusion where they started. You can see them doing it, and unless you are very careful you, too, will be unduly impressed.

I am well aware, of course, that the motion-pictures are a great and complicated business. Because I have not the time to go into them fully, I do not minimize the questions of expense, of world-wide audiences, of censorship, of a dozen other complexities and perplexities. I am merely saying that, as a rule, it is best, as I have said once before in this article, to begin everything at the beginning. For example, on general principles I am against censorship in any form, but there is no doubt that the motion-pictures have brought censorship upon themselves, and there is no doubt that most of those who might be their best friends do not care whether they are censored or not. In fact, some of the most liberal thinkers would like to see the present-day motion-pictures censored out of existence. If the motion-pictures would concentrate a trifle more on the interest of their scenarios, they might not have to concentrate, let us say—picking out one of many obvious interests—so much on the interest attached to the more intimate portions of young women's anatomies. The legitimate stage, by and large, has managed to combat censorship fairly successfully; so have publishing houses. But then, every one knows that the intent of the legitimate stage and of publishing houses is on the whole honest and decent, while, to the contrary, every one knows that the intent of the motion-pictures is neither the one nor the other.

Nor am I, to take up briefly another grave perplexity of the motion-pictures, so greatly impressed by the talk about "boob audiences" or the difficulties of producing for a world that speaks countless languages. The latter is easily disposed of by the fact that, together with music, the motion-picture is one of the few universal arts. It requires a minimum of words. Naturally, China does not care for American-made pictures which are indicative of the American attitude toward the Orient, but that is another question. As to "boob audiences," they have never existed except in the minds of New York and Hollywood. By a process of action and reaction the average provincial audience is always just about ten feet ahead of those who are catering to it. This common mistake is what in the end defeats not only the motion-picture but the politician and the metropolitan critic as well. The average provincial motion-picture audience goes to its motion-picture theatre because it has nowhere else to go, and because, on Tuesday, let us say, it has the habit of going. But it is becoming restive. Recently a "boob audience," of which I happened to be part, burst into laughter at the amatory passages in "Old Ironsides," a picture that would have been a great and moving epic had its author, Mr. Laurence Stallings, been left alone.

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Again, and like every other art, the motion-picture has many sides to it and must appeal to many different audiences. In music there is room for chamber music, symphonic music, popular orchestral music, brass-band music, dance music, jazz music, and so on, and it is only the stupid critic who fails to find good in all. But in music there is no room for bad music, especially bad music which is sinister, and bad music dies. Merely because certain sides of an art are broadly popular does not mean that those sides are necessarily cheap. Much popular music is both extremely good and extremely clever, and a great deal of difficult music becomes in the course of time both easy and generally beloved where the slightest attempt at intelligent education has been made. It is a universal rule that if you appeal, not too dictatorially or snobbishly, to the better side of almost every one, you will receive an encouraging response. This is certainly true of books, of the theatre, of everything else in life you can imagine. Low as the level of intelligence still may be, on the whole there are more people to-day reading good books, listening to good music, and buying honest goods than ever before in the history of the world. When a modern grocer wishes to sell ham, he does not cheapen his product, he attempts to better it while at the same time reducing the cost of production. The motion-pictures alone, and that only because they are still new and in the hands of a few people, persist in marketing carrion hoping that a touch of benzoate of soda will conceal the real taste.

The statement, so often heard in motion-picture circles, that "art does not pay," that it has been tried and found wanting, upon investigation is discovered to mean nothing. What is meant is that some book, or play, admittedly first-class and successful in its own sphere, has failed in the motion-pictures. So naïve and uninformed is the average motion-picture mind that it is incapable of understanding the catch that is contained. To begin with, as has been said, there is no reason why a successful book or play should make a good motion-picture. Indeed, as a matter of fact, the better anything is in its own medium, the less likely is it to be good in any other medium. To end with, added to the difficulties of translation from one medium to another there is, in this case, a hundred-to-one shot that the translator isn't first-class himself. Moreover, a time element enters in. Why should a book by Sir James Barrie popular in 1910 make a good scenario in 1928? To do that it would have to be a very universal book, a very great one. I am not disparaging Sir James Barrie, I am merely saying that, like every other author, in all his long life he probably has not written more than one or, at the most, two books the appeal of which by any possible chance is universal and perpetual. But let the motion-pictures try producing art that is also interesting, that has, it should go without saying, although it doesn't, a sufficiently wide and simple theme. This has been done, and is being done, in a few isolated cases, and I see no signs of the adventurous ones landing in the poorhouse. Charlie Chaplin is a sincere artist, so is Douglas Fairbanks, so is Emil Jannings, so is Florence Vidor, so are half a dozen more. They seem to be doing fairly well financially, although they make occasional mistakes.

The motion-pictures are an art. They are the newest and the most powerful of the arts. They are the first art poten-

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tially and completely democratic. They are a fulcrum that can move the world. Through them the world can be made more universally beautiful and wise than our present-day minds can conceive.

The motion-pictures are a graphic art. Their basis, therefore, is the scenario. But the motion-pictures, alone of all arts, were discovered by scientists and fell at once into the hands of business men. The only people capable of saving them cannot even knock at their doors, or, if so foolish as to knock, so foolish as not to heed the warnings at the threshold, are liable to lose utterly their humanity once they approach the Circe within.

To save themselves by their own efforts will require on the part of the motion-pictures a spiritual and actual revolution so gigantic that it is hardly likely to occur short of the millennium. Therefore, as I said before, the only immediate hope that I, for one, see is bankruptcy.

Meanwhile, I can go back to the title of this article. Possibly you have been wondering just why I chose it. If you remember, the first two lines of the old and gracious carol are:

> "God rest you merry gentlemen,
> Let nothing you dismay."

Well, what could be more appropriate, especially the second line, for the heading of an article on the motion-pictures?

Soldier Harmon

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

THERE were twelve pool-tables in the club, a shaded pyramid of white light over each one of the tables. The corners of the room were shadowed. On a bench at the wall four fellows in peak caps and one in a hard hat were watching a game and spitting alternately at a spittoon near an end of the table. It was ten minutes to seven, Saturday evening.

They were watching Joe Harmon, a big man with a slow grin and a dark smudge under his left eye, and his manager, Doc Barnes, a small, neat man with shiny black hair. Doc Barnes, concentrating, looked carefully at three balls on the table, then looked at them from another angle, and finally, with his hip on the end of the table, leaned over the green baize.

"All right, one foot on the floor," Joe said.

"It's there; keep your shirt on," the doc said, feinting with his cue.

"On the floor, doc."

"I got it on the floor, I tellya."

"Yeah, if your leg was three inches longer, doc."

Doc was indignant, but before he could answer some one yelled, shoes scraped on the floor near the door, and he sat on the table, his mouth open. Joe turned. The young men on the bench got up and moved over to the door. The club bouncer had grabbed a wide-shouldered man in a tight overcoat. "Throw him out!" some one yelled. The bouncer, pressing his head against the man's chest, tried to swing him off his feet toward the open door.

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A fat man in his shirt-sleeves was holding the door open. The wide-shouldered man, breaking away, pulled off his overcoat quickly, swinging it at arm's length, and draped it over the bouncer's head; and, laughing, jabbed at the head under the coat while everybody laughed with him.

Joe Harmon watched it, one hand on his hip. In his other hand he held the cue, the handle-butt on the floor. He cleared his throat loudly, aiming at the spittoon. The cue fell against the table, he took two slow steps toward the crowd, his heavy red face wrinkling at the mouth and under the eyes, and lines on his forehead. Doc Barnes jumped down from the table suddenly, grabbing Joe's arm.

"Lay off, Joe," he said coaxingly.

"Sit down, doc."

"Don't get in it, Joe. Come on; get out of here."

Very angry, Doc Barnes jerked him around. "You big sap," he said. "What do you want mixing up in that stuff? Come on, you thick head." He grabbed Joe's vest from a peg on the wall, then held his coat for him and his overcoat, trying to keep him from looking at the fight near the door.

They went down the back stairs and out the lane to the street. Snow had gone from the streets by the middle of March, though ice was close to the curb. They went into the chink's at the corner. The doc ordered two hot roast-beef sandwiches, pumpkin pie, and coffee, and, leaning back in the chair, watched Joe, his elbows on the hard white table, a stubborn expression on his face.

"It simply don't do, Joe," he said.

"No."

"Absolutely no. Who the hell's going to pay to see you fight if they just have to hang around a pool-room and get it for nothing? It's not business. Don't give your stuff away."

Joe grinned. "A guy's got to have a little fun now and again. That stuff up in the club there's real. The other ain't. The other's just motions."

"Not when you're in the mood, Joe. Not on your life, old boy, when you're ready to let them have it." He reached over and slapped Joe on the back. The chink brought the hot roast-beef sandwiches with lots of gravy.

"We could have been up there for half an hour yet," Joe said, sticking his fork in the sandwich, "though I guess it's time to eat anyhow."

"What do you care? Go on and see Molly."

"Maybe I might as well," Joe said. He ate the sandwich rapidly.

Joe got on a street-car after leaving the chink's, and went eight blocks east to Leslie Street to see Molly Turner. He had been going with Molly for four years and would have married her, but was uncertain of himself since taking up boxing professionally. She was so eager for him to work hard at training he often imagined he really liked it, though he had explained to her he got tired of sparring and road-work and even watching bouts, because he was interested in the big moment in a fight and everything led up to it.

She had a room in a house two minutes' walk from the car-stop. He went up-stairs and into the room without knocking. She was sitting in a rocking-chair near a floor-lamp, reading a paper and eating chocolates. The box was on the arm of the rocking-chair. Joe saw the chocolates and looked at the box deliberately, but didn't actually suggest having one because he didn't want to argue for five minutes about training

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before eating it. The chocolate wasn't worth it. She had on a black skirt and a neat gray sweater. He kissed her and looked thoughtful; then kissed her again.

"You're a little early, eh, Joe?"

"Maybe a little, but the earlier the better; we won't have to line up for the show."

He watched her putting on her coat and pale-blue hat, having only pleasant thoughts, and wondering why he had expected some kind of an argument.

On the street-car she asked questions about Doc Barnes. He answered agreeably, so she kept on asking questions till he said, irritated: "Molly, you know how this bothers me." She was sullen, and in the show looked directly at the picture, pulling away her hand whenever his fingers groped for it, though sometimes letting him hold it just long enough to realize he had it.

They didn't openly quarrel, and for the rest of the evening talked politely, but when he had left her he felt unhappy. He lived with his father and mother. He opened the door and his bull pup, coming clumsily along the hall, jumped at him and he tapped it lightly on the skull and slapped its back, going on through to the kitchen, the pup still snapping at his heels and ankles. His mother and father were in bed. He sat down at the end of the table, biting his nails and worrying about Molly. Then he pushed the chair back from the table and faced the dog that jumped eagerly while he swept the legs from under it, rolling it on the floor. Molly wanted to talk about big purses, opportunities, contenders, and hard work. Her ambition bothered him, since he was making good money fighting preliminary bouts at the Coliseum and main bouts at the Standard Theatre—Soldier Harmon, a favorite, a reliable fighter. The engagements at the Coliseum were more profitable, but he preferred the Standard; the crowd was friendly and close to the ring, his style appreciated, they cheered every time he climbed through the ropes. He was earning a living and was satisfied. Molly was not satisfied. Doc Barnes wasn't satisfied. His father and mother weren't satisfied. He got up, gave the dog something to eat, put it in the cellar, and went to bed.

In the morning he put a chain on the dog and walked as far as the church with his mother. Every Sunday morning he and the dog walked to church with his mother. At the church he left her and stood on the curb, urging the dog to become playful, while kids going into church looked at him respectfully, noticing the dark smudge under his left eye, and older fellows said distinctly: "There's Soldier Harmon." Many men had seen his picture in the paper. He stood near the curb, dressed smartly in form-fitting clothes, a purple handkerchief tucked carelessly in his breast-pocket, and he snapped his fingers at the dog, but it wasn't feeling playful.

On Sunday evening he walked with Molly in University Park, and, though it was chilly and frost still in the ground, they sat down in the shadow of a university building and she carefully avoided asking any questions that would irritate him. She sat close to him on the bench, a plump and pretty little girl in a dark-blue coat, and sitting there he was so pleased and good-natured, and she was so intensely interested in his work, he seemed to be asking himself questions. He kissed her and told her he was matched with Harry Greb, the middle-weight champion, in September, out at the Coli-

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seum. She was enthusiastic, but it was too cold to be sitting on a park bench. Her nose was red, her feet were cold; so they got up, both shivering, to look for a café where they could get coffee.

He remembered that Sunday evening, because he had felt like definitely suggesting they get married, but was glad he had hesitated, for, in the hot summer months, every time he saw her she seemed to be looking at him critically, ready to ask about training and road-work. At times he wished she didn't know so much about fighting. She was working at a notion-counter in a five-ten-fifteen-cent store, and in the afternoons he used to go in and see her.

One afternoon, leaning against her counter, he said: "I think I'll get a real job, Molly."

"My heavens, man! What do you mean?" she said.

"I'm getting tired of doing nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Sure; I don't think much of workouts and sparring and all that stuff."

Her boss came along the aisle and Joe left. He walked all the way home. He had intended to tell her how eager he was to get a job and just fight when he felt like it. She wouldn't listen seriously. He had had an argument with doc, who was trying to teach him footwork, and he had said to Barnes: "Look here, doc; I'm a fighter, not a boxer. I don't ever want to be a boxer." The doc had told him he had a thick head —that was the trouble. For the first time he had been disgusted with Barnes and the idea of being a professional fighter. He understood finally that he was a good business proposition for Barnes.

In August he fought twice at the Standard Theatre and he wasn't interested in his opponents. He beat Indian Sam Burns because the Indian was afraid of him, and the other man fouled him. Joe told his father he was losing interest in his work; too many things were getting on his nerves. His father suggested that he get married and settle down, and Joe felt unhappy.

"I think maybe Molly's a little too much for me," he said.

Alone in his own room he felt sorry for Molly and disappointed in himself. He had been going with her four years and knew he ought to marry her. He liked her, but felt it would be unfair to marry her, knowing he would only disappoint her. She was a good business woman and a lovely girl, but too determined for him.

For two weeks he trained seriously for his fight with Harry Greb. Greb was smaller than "the Soldier," and a crowd always enjoyed watching his arms moving like a windmill while he pounded a heavy, awkward man. Joe was eager to meet him, so he could try to knock him out. Only good men beat Greb.

After training an hour at the Adonis in the evening, Joe took the street-car down-town to Molly's house and together they went out to Sunnyside, the amusement park on the lake-front. They had two hot dogs and stood on the board walk listening to the orthophonic victrola. Joe wanted to buy some French-fried potatoes, a few glasses of pineapple juice, and some toasted waffles, but Molly insisted it would be hard on his wind. They argued. She was considerate, understanding, but firm. She reminded him how important it was for them that he should knock out Greb, and when he stood in front of the waffle-stand, arguing, she took him by the arm and they walked out of the park, along to the road that leads into

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High Park, a natural park with hills, a pond, many bridle-paths through trees, and benches in unexpected places.

They sat down on a bench in a hollow between low hills. There was a moon. Molly looked pretty, her clothes seemed to fit her, and she was neater than when he had first met her. He was silent a long time; knowing she was feeling irritable and anxious to have her feel good-humored, he began to talk about the big purses he would get if he knocked out Greb.

"What do you think of that?" he said.

"You know what I think."

"Yeah?"

"Sure; I suppose we'll get married at once and take a trip," she said.

"Sure we would, Molly."

"Yes, we would." She looked very sad. He felt uncomfortable; it was a time to suggest getting married at once, but he could only stretch his legs, feeling unhappy. Then he felt that he owed a great deal to her, a sincere feeling, and his thick fingers were running through her hair, but he couldn't bring himself to speak. Her silence embarrassed him as he watched automobile headlights on the road that dipped out of sight.

She got up and said angrily: "You're an old slow poke, Joe; that's all there is to it."

They walked back the way they had come.

When he left her, later on in the evening, he kissed her roughly, but within himself he was unsatisfied because he couldn't think of a satisfactory solution. Instead of going home he went into a drug-store at the corner and had two chocolate sodas, sitting on the high stool, his elbows on the counter, trying to feel good. He wanted to marry her. Sooner or later he would marry her, and then she'd see that he got many bouts and good purses. He decided to tell her that he had no use for boxing-matches and would rather have a job, getting into a fight occasionally, because he rarely got the right feeling out of a boxing-match.

On Saturday night Harry Greb beat Soldier Harmon out at the Coliseum. The Soldier fought with such distinction his name was in all the papers. He knocked out Greb in the third round, but the bell saved him; his seconds worked over him so he could stall through the fourth round; and for the rest of the fight he hit the Soldier so often he got tired and laughed out loud. The Soldier's face was badly marked, but on Sunday morning he walked with his mother to church.

Molly couldn't understand why Joe was so pleased with himself.

"I hit him dead on, didn't I?" he said.

"That's not the point."

"He was really out, wasn't he?"

"But if you could have finished him."

"It was wonderful, really wonderful," he said.

The third round was the only part of the fight he seemed to remember distinctly. Many people talked to him about it—Doc Barnes, his father and mother, sporting writers, and he reminded them of the third round, grinning happily. Doc Barnes was so impressed by Joe's durability he consented to a bout with Tommy Goldie, a graceful heavyweight, whom he had carefully avoided because of his speed.

Joe shook hands with Barnes when he heard of the match with Goldie. He was interested in meeting the negro, not because of local rivalry, although Goldie

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had been jeering at him for months; but he had watched him working out at one of the gyms—a big, graceful body working smoothly—and had been aware of a nervous eagerness, the old feeling that came to him when watching a man he wanted to knock out. He rarely saw a man who was to be his opponent until they met in the ring. He liked the surprise and satisfaction of looking across the ring and seeing some one who excited him. Some of them were disappointing. He knew instinctively that Goldie would be satisfactory.

Two weeks before the fight he quarrelled with Molly. She had become nervous and irritable. In a temper she had used some words that had surprised him. When his father and mother stubbornly insisted that he was being unfair to the girl he tried to make it clear for everybody concerned, explaining carefully his feeling that marriage with Molly would mean a long, tiresome effort to make money, till he had lost all interest in fighting. They were sitting in the kitchen. His father had his feet up on the stove.

"You're lazy, Joe; mighty damned lazy," his father said.

"You're all wrong, pa; I'll get a job to-morrow, but that won't please anybody."

"But, Lord, Joe, what about the big money?"

"It just don't appeal to me. I want to fight when I feel like it," Joe said. "And I can't do it and get married."

Three days before the fight with Goldie he developed an unusual interest in road-work, jogging along five or six miles a day. Doc Barnes, becoming enthusiastic and eager to encourage the Soldier, talked about the absolute necessity of strong legs and good wind, and offered to accompany him. But Joe went alone, leaving the Adonis at two o'clock in the afternoon, running unevenly with a clumsy, jerky stride. He had never done much road-work. He jogged up Broadview Avenue, slowing to a walk occasionally, his eyes always on the ground. The steady pounding of his feet as he ran helped him to think clearly, and he had long imaginary conversations with Molly. Outside the city limits there were more trees and open fields, and he lay down on the bank at the roadside, his hands behind his head, his eyes closed. He wondered if Molly would be at the fight.

He felt strong and very confident the night of the fight. He was sitting in the dressing-room talking to Doc Barnes, waiting for the last of the preliminaries to finish, and the doc, wearing a new silk shirt, was leaning against a table, giving him advice. Barnes always gave him advice before a fight, though he knew it didn't help him. The Soldier was more interested in his bull pup, which he was holding on the table and regarding critically. Many thoughts had been bothering him all day, but now he was worried because it looked as if the pup's legs weren't going to bow sufficiently to give him a really ferocious appearance. He grabbed the legs at the joints, hunching up the shoulders. He pulled down the lower lip, showing strong teeth. The dog liked it and looked splendid as long as he could hold the position. Doc Barnes went on talking. The Soldier studied the dog carefully. They could hear the crowd shouting.

Doc Barnes stepped out of the room. He came back quickly and said: "All set, Joe."

"Yep."

"How you feelin'?"

"Fine as silk, doc."

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The Soldier wrapped his green dressing-gown tightly around his waist and they walked down the aisle to the ring. A crowd of nearly eight thousand was in the Coliseum, an arena with tiers of seats around a level tan-bark surface sometimes used for horse-shows. The ringside seats were on the tan bark. Before the Soldier reached the ring Goldie climbed through the ropes, both hands held high over his head. The crowd cheered. The cheering was louder when the Soldier skipped along the ropes. Then the crowd laughed and kidded him.

When they were being introduced he glared at Goldie. He waved his hand three times at some one calling to him, but concentrated on Goldie's black body, glistening under the arc-lights.

The crowd yelled at the sound of the bell and Joe walked slowly from his corner, staring intently at Goldie's chin. He crouched, his head forward, most of the weight on his right foot, his right hand held steadily at his hip. He rocked gently back and forward on the balls of his feet. Goldie danced in, hitting him twice with his left, once on the side of the head, once on the chin. Joe grinned. He stood up straight and grinned. He hadn't touched the smooth brown body that slid by him. He settled back to the crouch, sticking his chin out farther while he pawed with his left hand; then he laughed, and the crowd yelled, and Goldie got sore, smashing him over the eye with his right hand. Joe shook his head. He swung his right hand for the first time, but didn't really expect to land, or get the old feeling, the emotional release. It would come later, everything working up to that point, the inner excitement growing but not yet strong enough. The brown body, glistening with sweat, swung in close, and the Soldier flailed it with his left hand. Goldie hit him six times in the body, twice just over the solar plexus, and he felt sick. The crowd laughed.

"Oh, you Soldier!"

"Take aim, Joe."

The Soldier half turned his back on Goldie and stuck out his tongue at the crowd. Catcalls didn't bother him; they warmed him up. Goldie, slightly puzzled, stared at him suspiciously, and the bell ended the round. Joe walked quickly to his corner.

He sat on the stool, his gloves on his knees, listening to Doc Barnes talking excitedly. He stared at the arc-lights, blinking his eyes, then at the small yellow lights over the crowd. He wondered if Molly were out there under the small yellow lights, and his mental picture of her seemed indistinct, and the thought of her was utterly unimportant at the moment. He couldn't be bothered thinking of her.

In the second round he shoved Goldie against the ropes, but he swung back on the rebound before the Soldier could adjust himself at the new angle, swinging both hands to the head, jarring, jolting, till the crowd yelled for a knockout. The thud and slap-thud jarred the Soldier, his knees sagged, and, dazed, he stood up straight, dropping his guard and despising the crowd and Goldie's smart work. He swayed, shook his head, and crouched, rocking gently on his feet, his big body tense, as Goldie, grinning, jabbed prettily. Goldie jabbed, the Soldier took it on the chin, but he swung his right hand from his hip. He felt the impact stiffening his arm, his heart pounding, his breath held in, the emotion quickly carried to a peak, then slowly subsiding, as Goldie fell, his head banging against the canvas, his right leg twitching, trembling.

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The Soldier waved to the crowd. He ran to his corner. The crowd kept on roaring as he tried to climb through the ropes and his seconds pushed him back. The referee had counted six when Goldie rolled over and got up on one knee. The Soldier saw Goldie trying to balance himself on one knee. Slightly bewildered he watched him, then rushed across the ring and pushed aside the referee, eager to hit Goldie. The timekeeper stopped counting. The referee held on to Joe, trying to push him away. Joe could think only of Goldie attempting to get up after he had landed satisfactorily and knocked him down.

Goldie had been down for thirty seconds, but the Soldier should have retired to his corner, and there had been no count after six. Goldie got up, staggering clumsily, groping away from the Soldier. The crowd was booing and whistling. A hard hat fell in the ring, then a great many hard hats. Joe did not go after Goldie. He grinned weakly. He wasn't anxious to hit him again. There could be nothing further in it for him. Goldie leaned against the ropes and watched the Soldier, then advanced suddenly. The Soldier crouched mechanically and stuck out his left hand. He puckered his forehead, and with his right glove tried to block Goldie's left swing and counter with his left, but had no further energy. He was just making motions. Goldie came in and the glove came dully against the Soldier's chin and he fell on the ropes and the glove came again and he fell over the ropes onto the knees of reporters. He rolled onto the tan bark. The crowd howled.

They carried the Soldier into his dressing-room. He was heavy in their arms, and aware, very casually, of Doc Barnes swearing rapidly.

Barnes drove him home in his car. Joe sat beside Barnes and rubbed his hand over his chin. He hadn't shaved his chin for five days. Barnes turned corners recklessly, infringing upon traffic laws. Each time they turned a corner Joe knew how the doc felt about it. Twice he opened his mouth to speak and said finally: "I'm sorry, doc, but I guess I'm through."

"Oh, you're all right," doc said generously.

"No, I'm through."

"Hell, man, you can still earn a living at it."

"No, there's absolutely nothing in it for me."

"Well, you'll have to do something."

"I know it."

The doc was driving more carefully. A few drops of rain hit the wind-shield. The Soldier went on rubbing his chin. He had a thought of the fight and tried to forget the disappointment that was heavy inside him.

"Oh, it's not so bad," he said.

"How you figurin'?"

"I'll get a job."

"Yeah."

"Yeah, I've thought about getting a steady job before, doc."

"I know."

"And if I get a job I'll get married, and that's that, and it's all settled."

"Molly wanted you to go across big, didn't she?"

"I know, but mostly she wanted to get married."

The doc, driving with one hand, put a cigarette in his mouth. "Well, it's your funeral," he said.

"I know it, doc, but I want to get it settled. See? And to-night sorta fixes it up for me with her. She won't have no ambitions for me now, see?"

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The Making of a Liar

BY DON MARQUIS

JACK was about five years old, and his Aunt Matilda, who was bringing him up, was greatly troubled at times by the outbreak of a propensity which she found it difficult to account for.

For surely, none of his father's people — none of her people — had ever been a liar!

And yet, it was creeping into Aunt Matilda's mind that Jack was in danger of becoming a liar.

"Aunt Matilda," he asked her one day, "can sweet peas fly?"

"No, of course not. Don't ask such foolish questions."

"Can't *no* sweet peas fly?"

"Say *any,* not *no.* No, there are not any sweet peas that can fly."

"Well, I guess they can, too."

"Jack!"

"Aunt Matilda, can't the *Jones's* sweet peas fly?"

"No!"

There was a brief silence on Jack's part, careful cogitation, and then, triumphantly:

"Aunt Matilda, this morning I seen one of the Jones's sweet peas fly."

"Jack! You wicked child! Don't you know that is a lie?"

"But, Aunt Matilda, I seen——"

"There, that will do! And don't say 'I seen'; say 'I saw.' "

But, up to a certain point, Jack had the courage of his perceptions.

"Aunt Matilda, *you* wasn't there! And it was a *diff'r'nt* sweet pea. And I reached to pick it, and it flewed!"

Perhaps Jack had really seen a butterfly. But before he could develop the idea, Aunt Matilda's God entered the discussion. Aunt Matilda's God was, Jack remarked one time, a great "bovveration" to him. He forgot the sweet pea that flew in listening to what Aunt Matilda's God thought of little liars. Aunt Matilda's God did not think highly of them, it appeared. Moreover, Jack presently convicted himself of irreverence as well as of lying.

"Aunt Matilda, if you please, couldn't we get rid of him, somehow?"

"Get rid of him? Of whom?" asked Aunt Matilda, puzzled.

"Ain't there any way to *change* Gods?"

"Jack!"

"Because if there is a way, Aunt Matilda, I'd like one that wasn't bald-headed."

This called for severe bodily punishment, and Aunt Matilda spanked him. But it was hard to silence Jack.

"He is!" he sobbed, writhing under the palm. "In the Bible he is—I *seen* him bald-headed in the Bible."

All his young life Jack had believed that the picture of one of the Hebrew prophets in the old illustrated Bible was an authentic portrait of Aunt Matilda's God. He had not intended any irreverence. He had not dared to think any irreverence, for that picture frightened him while it fascinated him. It was his custom to drag a chair to the small round table on which the big book lay, stand on the chair, laboriously open the volume, and turn the leaves till he found the picture. He would look at it as long as he could, and it would stare unwinkingly back at him. After a bit Jack would become convinced that the picture was about to speak, and in

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a shiver of panic he would fling the book shut and jump from the chair. He *knew* that picture, and he was *sure* that Aunt Matilda's God was bald-headed. But since he was a liar, anyhow—Aunt Matilda had proved that by the simple process of asserting it and spanking him for it—he might as well lie about this, also.

"Let up, Aunt Matilda," he wailed. "I'll give in—he *ain't* got any hair in front, but I'll *say* he has, anyhow."

Which is not the stuff martyrs are made of; still, at the age of five, too much must not be expected of one. And later Jack, not unlike Galileo in a similar situation, reasserted his original heresies, muttering to himself: "But he *is* bald-headed and the Jones's sweet peas *do* fly. Only I must remember and not say so."

II

In a world dominated by Aunt Matilda and her deity, Jack had discovered there were numerous ideas and fancies which it was just as well for a youthful investigator to keep to himself. But at times his curiosity was too much for his wisdom. Especially his theological curiosity. One does not draw one's blood from generations of preachers for nothing. Moreover, his aunt told him a great many Bible stories, and it would be hard to determine whose interpretations were the quainter, hers or his.

Aunt Matilda spanked him from a sense of duty—not altogether because she liked to—and as she finished spanking him because he had lied about the sweet peas and had said God was bald-headed, she gave utterance, with genuine tears in her own eyes, to the time-honored remark that it hurt her worse than it did him.

The idea was entirely new to Jack, and he brought all the powers of his intellect to bear upon it.

"Aunt Matilda," he inquired, suddenly ceasing to cry, "when you were little did your Aunt Matilda spank you?"

"I didn't have any Aunt Matilda."

"Didn't you have nobody like that to spank you?"

"Say 'anybody,' Jack, not 'nobody.' Yes, my mother used to spank me when I was bad."

"Did it hurt her worse than it did you?"

Aunt Matilda considered. She had no doubt that her mother had loved her. Therefore, it must have hurt her mother worse than it hurt her.

"Yes," she answered.

"And did her mother spank her when she was little and bad?" asked Jack breathlessly, his eyes shining in the quest of these curious truths.

"Yes—loving parents or guardians always do," said Aunt Matilda primly. "The Bible says that to spare the rod is to spoil the child."

"And did it hurt your mother's mother worse'n it hurt your mother?"

"Yes!" Aunt Matilda was losing her patience.

"And did *she*—I mean did your mother's mother's mother——"

"Hush!"

And Jack subsided outwardly; but with puckered brows he painfully and logically pursued the inquiry. He was struggling with the idea that spankings hurt each generation more and more as one went backward toward the beginnings of things. It hurt him bad enough; it hurt Aunt Matilda still worse; it had hurt her parents worse yet; it had hurt their parents still worse; and *their* parents——

"Aunt Matilda," said Jack, intent

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upon this awful ascending vista of pain and suffering, "don't you feel sorry for Adam?"

"Sorry for Adam?" Aunt Matilda hadn't been able to follow. "Bless me, what ails the child?"

"What kind of liniment did Adam use on his wrists?"

Jack arrived at this question quite naturally and directly. Aunt Matilda's wrists, in all weathers, were bony-looking and red. Jack had immediately jumped to the conclusion that when Aunt Matilda spanked him it was her wrists which hurt her. He had frequently noticed that they got redder with the exercise. And if we conceive the wrists of every generation hurting worse and worse, in a regular arithmetical progression, Adam dutifully spanking Cain and Abel does become a touching spectacle, and Jack's solicitude was anything but misplaced. This was the idea that he struggled with, but could not clarify in his mind nor state. But, long after the processes of reasoning had been forgotten, Adam stuck in Jack's mind as a pathetic creature with red, swollen wrists, much larger than Aunt Matilda's, and exquisitely sore to the touch.

Sometimes Aunt Matilda almost determined to tell Jack no more Bible stories; he was so hungry for details which she found it impossible to supply. And he was especially anxious to get a clear idea of the habits and character of angels.

"Aunt Matilda, is my father an angel now?" he asked, after having been informed that Adam, in all probability, knew nothing of Kimball's Spavin Cure for Man and Beast.

"Yes." Then she added: "Your father was a minister of the gospel, Jack. You must never forget that."

"Do all ministers turn into angels?"

"I guess so." It was Aunt Matilda's turn to become thoughtful. *Do* all ministers become angels? She was sure that certain sects will go to hell, Aunt Matilda was. But can preachers of these doomed creeds be really counted as ministers? Aunt Matilda decided that they cannot; for all practical purposes they may be lumped with "the heathen."

"Yes," says Aunt Matilda firmly, "all ministers become angels when they die."

"With wings?"

"Yes—hush up now! You ask too many questions."

"Will Mr. Hamlin have wings?" Mr. Hamlin was the incumbent of the pulpit which Jack's father had filled for several years.

"Yes."

Jack gave serious consideration to the idea of Mr. Hamlin with wings. He wanted to ask whether Mr. Hamlin would wear his wings inside his long black coat or outside. He wondered how they would be fastened on. He would really have liked to know whether Mr. Hamlin would move his arms and flap his wings, or whether he would just sort of sail along like a kite. The latter seemed more likely. The memory of a broken kite that he had seen entangled in the telegraph-wires entered his mind; he was at once filled with vague alarms for Mr. Hamlin.

"But I guess God would climb up the pole and get him down all right if he got stuck," he reflected soberly. For it was all a sober and serious business to Jack. He had heard so much talk about heaven that he was constantly trying to fit the place up with workable details.

Having got Mr. Hamlin out of the telegraph-wires, mentally, he was immediately perplexed by another diffi-

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culty: How do angels roost? Winged things sit on limbs and hold on with their feet. He had tried sitting that way himself, in emulation of the chickens. But he couldn't do it; his feet would not take hold, somehow. Evidently the feet of angels must be different; they must be more like the feet of chickens. But when does this important change take place? Before death? Or after? If a boy is good, so good that it becomes quite certain that he is to be an angel, never telling any lies (even when he is certain that said lies are the truth), might not the change begin on earth? Jack desired ardently to be informed on this point. He tried to repress his desire. But finally the question squirmed itself out of him.

"Aunt Matilda, has Mr. Hamlin got crooked horns onto his feet?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Our roosters and hens has," said Jack doubtfully. "Aunt Matilda, did you ever *see* Mr. Hamlin's feet with his shoes off?"

"*Jack!* If you ask me another single question I'll spank you again!"

Jack and his Aunt Matilda lived in a country town, and she was a dressmaker. She lived and had her shop in the same house, which was situated at the spot on Main Street where the stores left off and the residences began; it was both the last shop and the first residence, and there was considerable ground about the house. Aunt Matilda had a garden and raised chickens, and these chickens were always getting loose. They would wander down to the grain-elevator and eat the corn and oats and wheat spilled about the buyer's scales, and even fly up into the wagons of the farmers waiting to unload. Aunt Matilda could never make them understand that their actions were not honest —that this was just as much *stealing* as if they had gone into people's houses and stolen food. They appeared to have no moral perceptions whatever.

There was a dissolute tinker, who lived in a back room over a hardware-store, which adjoined Aunt Matilda's place, who was also lacking in moral perceptions. This tinker used to angle out of his window for her fowls, with a fish hook and line, using bits of meat for bait. It was his favorite Sunday-morning diversion; but it was not merely diversion. After having caught a chicken and pulled it up to his window, the tinker would kill it, clean it and cook it, adding insult to injury by casting the feathers down into Aunt Matilda's garden.

It was on account of this tinker that Jack was betrayed into his most infamous and notorious lie. It pleased Aunt Matilda to imagine that it was the chickens of the most immoral propensities, the ones that had been the most forward and flagrant in stealing grain, which were caught on the tinker's hook. And she impressed this notion on Jack, and bade him take note how retribution follows crime.

The effect of this was to make Jack watch for the *tinker's* punishment. For certainly this tinker was a thief.

Perhaps, Jack thought, an enormous hook would descend from the heavens one day, and dangle just outside the tinker's window, baited with something appetizing.

The tinker would stick his head out, and "bite"—and the next instant be whisked off the earth, with agonized gesticulations!

This was a spectacle which Jack ardently desired to witness. He was afraid it might happen when he was not about, and he used to stare at the tinker

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with a solemn expectancy which puzzled that gay and grimy dog.

And one day he saw the tinker repairing the tin roof of the hardware-shop itself; he was seated astride the ridge of the sloping roof, when something happened; he slipped and lost his balance, perhaps, and rolled down on the other side.

Anyhow, the effect was startling to Jack. He had been gazing at the tinker, and the tinker was there. A blink of his eyes, and the tinker was gone. In the spot where he had been, there was nothing whatever. Jack continued to gaze, minute after minute, and the tinker did not reappear.

The thing that he had been expecting for so long, Jack concluded, had happened; it had happened so quickly that his eyes could not follow it.

And his expectancy and his imagination got together in his mind; inside of five minutes the child actually thought he had seen a hook descend from the sky, had seen the tinker "bite," and disappear. He remembered, now, all his former inward mental visions of this hook descending and the tinker "biting"; he put this repeated mental vision in the place of what he had really seen, and put it there honestly. He really thought he *had* seen it with his physical eyes.

Still, he might never have said anything about it had he not met the tinker on the street the next day. Jack stared at him so intently that the tinker paused; he remembered that this boy had been staring at him for weeks and weeks, and he wondered why.

"H'lo, Bub," said the tinker.

"I thought," said Jack, going at the heart of the problem directly, as was his way, "I thought you *bit* yesterday."

"Huh?" said the tinker, wondering.

"I seen a big hook come down out of the sky, and you bit on it, and they pulled you up," said Jack.

"Oh, you seen that, did you?" said the tinker, taking off his cap and scratching his head, while he stared at Jack no less interestedly than Jack was staring at him.

"Uh-huh," said Jack.

"*When* did you say you seen it?" said the tinker, his brow contracted with mental effort.

"Yesterday," said Jack.

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the tinker murmured to himself:

"So *that's* what happened to me yesterday, is it?" And then to Jack: "Where was I when it happened?"

"On the roof," said Jack. "And how did you get back here again?"

"I don't s'pose," said the tinker, following his own lines of conjecture, and still staring solemnly at Jack, "that neither one of us could have had too much to drink yesterday, huh?"

"No, sir," said Jack, speaking for himself; "all I had was two glasses of milk for my dinner."

"Well," said the tinker, "that lets *you* out, so if you say you seen that, I guess you really seen it. But I had more'n that, yesterday, myself; I remember bein' on that roof, and then I remember pickin' myself off'n the ground, kind o' lame, but I don't remember nothin' in between, and there must 'a' been an hour or so in between. You tell me again what happened, Bub."

Jack told him again.

"What I can't get into my head," said the tinker, again scratching that part of himself vigorously as if to stimulate thought, "is *where* that hook would come from! Or *why* I would

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bite on it! Bub, could you make out *why* I was bitin' on that hook?"

Jack then told him about his aunt's prophecy of retribution; and how he had been expecting the tinker to "bite" for some time. And, gradually, a light broke on the tinker; he understood. And, being a solemnly facetious reprobate, he carried the thing along.

"How did you get back *here* again?" Jack asked him.

"Bub," he said, "I squirmed loose from that there hook and dropped. I dropped so fur and I dropped so hard that I lamed myself."

And to prove that he was lame indeed, he limped a little. And then, for Jack's satisfaction, he embroidered the adventure with many picturesque circumstances.

Now, in all fairness, could Jack be considered a liar when he narrated the adventure of the tinker to his Aunt Matilda that same afternoon in the dressmaking shop? He had not only been (he thought) an eye-witness to this extraordinary thing but, more than that, the adventurer himself had corroborated him in every detail. He told the story in the presence of several of Aunt Matilda's friends, all of whom were as shocked as she; and all of whom quite agreed with her in thinking that he deserved the spanking which he received.

"You c-c-an g-g-go and ask Mr. Splain if we both didn't seen it ourselves," blubbered Jack — Mr. Splain being the tinker.

"Ask Mr. Splain, indeed!" said Aunt Matilda, implying that she would not speak to that dissipated brute. In truth, she had a peculiar grievance against the tinker. The first time she had caught him angling for chickens she had run out to her porch prepared to give him a piece of her mind. But before she could open her mouth the dog had winked at her, outrageously and audaciously and abominably winked. It struck her dumb; it left her, for the moment, a statue, with raised right arm arrested at the zenith of a condemnatory gesture. Whereupon the tinker maliciously pretended to believe that she had waved her hand in coquettish salutation, and threw her a jovial kiss. Trembling for fear some one might have seen him, and that the village gossips would be at work on the story, she hastened indoors. After that the villain Splain fished for his chickens undisturbed, levying, as it were, a kind of subtle blackmail upon her. But he never knew that she had pricked a little hole in the shade of her bedroom window, and that on Sunday mornings she watched the theft of the chicken through this little hole, with her bedroom door locked. Here were the beginnings of a romance that might have blossomed had not the tinker chosen, as Aunt Matilda saw it, deliberately to encourage Jack in his mendacity.

What she did not know, and what Jack himself understood only many years later, was that through calling him a liar, when he was really speaking what he believed to be the truth, and spanking him for being one, she very nearly made one out of him. More than that, she contributed to a very early scepticism on Jack's part toward the marvellous stories in the Bible—he began to demand proof of them, just as she demanded proof of him.

It is so much easier to put children in the wrong than it is to make a consistent and continuing effort to understand them, to put oneself into sympathetic touch with the way their minds are working on the stuff which is presented to their minds to work with.

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Beloved Wife

BY VALMA CLARK
Author of "The Director's Brother," "Candlelight Inn," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY GENE MCNERNEY

CASEY had not slept. Up-stairs, in their sun-drenched bedroom, she was applying geranium lipstick, orange rouge, and salmon powder to her little pert boy's face, when the front-door bell whirred through the big house. The sound touched Casey off like a waiting current. She was up and out and down—down the front stairs with the snatched melon-colored negligée floating a wake to her little flat-bodied, pantie-clad activity—the same mercurial rush with which the late Dot Casey of Bloomville High School basket-ball fame was accustomed to make a basket. The present Mrs. Matthew Scobie succeeded in beating her elderly and disapproving housemaid to the front door by all previous records. She wrenched open that last barrier in their two days' separation — would have flung herself into his arms——

Only a hold upon the door-knob saved her. "Oh," Casey giggled, "I thought you were Mat!"

Mrs. Crothers and Miss Alice Roche, middle-aged, well-dressed women, reflecting the leisured quiet of the wealthy and aristocratic little town they represented, looked at Casey in amaze. . . . Beyond them, the placid green square with its century-old elms and its mounted cannon reminiscent of Civil War days, seemed to back up their condemnation. . . . While in the exact centre of the square a canvas-shrouded figure stood as the concrete symbol of Greenway's chief objection to the second Mrs. Scobie. The canvas covered a memorial statue to Virginia Scobie, the writer—Greenway's great pride, and Matthew's first wife. To-morrow, at the memorial service, the canvas would come off. To-morrow "V. S.," as she was familiarly called, would have been dead just one year. And already Casey was a bride of five months. . . .

Mrs. Crothers, chairman of the Memorial Committee, said: "We're so sorry to intrude so early, but — Mr. Scobie hasn't returned from New York yet?"

"I'm expecting him this second. Will you come in?"

"Thank you. It's important—last-minute arrangements."

Casey, her little dark head high and her hands jammed into *crêpe* silk pockets, led them into the living-room. This was a long, heavily curtained room, massively dark even on a June morning blown as bright as a bubble. The only light was from the portrait of a woman dressed in sheer summer white and sitting in painted sunshine—V. S., luminous and *living* there. Her pose was easy and relaxed, her dark hair was built high in the old, gracious manner of hair-dressing, and her face—the face was lovely . . . one you would remember always . . . in its purity of outline, its gravity of expression, its dark, haunted eyes. Beside her Casey, standing legs apart in a swaggering pose,

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her body tense, her black hair clipped sharply, her little painted face screwed up as though in a young mockery of some one else's pain—Casey was like the young person on a cheap poster—an advertisement say, of snappy underwear.

She might have dashed upstairs and changed into a frock. But she held her ground. She felt their criticism of her, and she would make no concessions to it. "Something gummed the works?" Casey grimaced.

"Pardon?"

"To-morrow I mean — is there a hitch somewhere?"

"No — no — everything is quite smooth."

"Anyhow," said Casey, "she's got a face that will take the marble."

Miss Roche glanced at her in sharp uncertainty.

"Dear Virginia," murmured Mrs. Crothers to the portrait, and the emotion in her voice was genuine.

"But it isn't a portrait statue," informed Miss Roche seriously. "There's just a small portrait medallion of V. S. at the base. . . . The figure is an ideal one representing *Immortality*——"

"And the inscription," Casey recited glibly, " 'Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost.' Don't I know? I helped Mat choose it. Fact."

Silence. The women avoided her challenge. The eyes of the portrait gazed down at her with a kind of sad pride. They seemed to say: "You little thing—you child! You gnat of a moment! You are nineteen to my thirty-five years. You have lived with him a few mortal months; I lived with him fifteen immortal years. I am with him still, in spite of you. He is mine—forever——"

Or did they say just that? Wasn't there more in them—a reticence, even a veiled pleading?

Mat's step—at last! Casey flew, without apology. "You've been gone—a century! I've aged, Mat—d'you see?"

"Goosie!" He answered with his arms, holding her till it hurt; his quiet face, Casey knew, remained emotionless, schooled to reticence.

Those women—with a full view of the tableau, they ignored it. But now Mat glimpsed them, his arms dropped.

She sauntered into the room after Matthew. He looked back at her with a sort of harried pleading in his eyes. But Casey wouldn't be put out like a child. She would not! She perched herself possessively on the arm of his chair.

"And Mr. McKown's coming down on the six-ten train this afternoon," Mrs. Crothers was saying, "and Mrs. Blair says she'll put him up. But about a dinner——"

"McKown, the sculptor! You mean he's coming here for the—the unveiling act to-morrow?" Casey thrust in.

"Yes. But a dinner-party for him to-night—under the circumstances—?" Mrs. Crothers hesitated.

Casey understood that the "circumstances" were just she herself. "But Mrs. Blair can't have him!" she said quickly. "Of course, we'll take him—won't we, Mat? And of course we'll have a dinner."

She overrode them; agreed only that it should be a very quiet affair limited to the three members of the committee, with their two husbands and Mr. McKown for Miss Roche, and Mat and herself—eight in all. She saw them to the door with her arm through Mat's.

Back at the breakfast-table, opposite him, she tasted, not coffee and tender buttered toast, but his disapproval of

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her in his withdrawal, his absent-minded response to her headlong, trivial confidences.

"Say something!" Casey dropped abruptly.

"I will," he said. "Dear, this *is* a bit thick. Won't you cut it and go home—let Mrs. Blair do the honors? Afterward, we'll go abroad for the summer—anywhere you like——"

"Why?" she jabbed. "To spare you, or to spare me?"

"Don't you know I'm thinking of you?"

"That's what I don't know! Anyhow, I won't! You've asked me wouldn't I go here and there—wouldn't I get a decorator and do over the whole house. . . . Anything to change my environment! I don't want to change it—I want to conquer it! I've got to fit into your every-day life, or it's no go——"

"Did you ring, Miss?" asked Julia. (She had served the first Mrs. Scobie, and carried her resentment of the second like a sodden weight.)

"No, I didn't! And it's not 'Miss'—it's 'Madam'! Julia, do you hear me?"

Matthew's little whinnying laugh was too much for Casey. She burst into tears, fought against him when he tried to comfort her. . . . Then dug her head into his arm, loved him in her violent puppy fashion as the stately V. S. would never have done.

"Miss me? Tell me about it."

"Oh, Mat! Every time the clock struck—and it rained at night. Isn't it funny? Just seven months ago I didn't know you were alive—I was a kid—And now——"

"You're a kid now," he muttered, on a convulsive note of suffering. "I ought to be shot—by a whole firing-squad——"

"Why?" she wondered. "You're not leaving?" But Casey knew why. Mat was so terrified that he was too old for her. . . . Not for any other reason did he reproach himself. . . .

"Golf?" he called back. "At three, say?"

"Oh, yes! I'll stop by for you!"

Her day was set, like a Big Ben, toward the golfing date. Golf was one thing she did which V. S. hadn't done.

She interviewed the cook, and gave very explicit orders about the dinner, pretending to a housewifely knowledge which she didn't possess and fooling no one. She ran up the stairs, flung garments about, and thrust herself into a sports frock of jonquil yellow as though she had a most pressing engagement—which she certainly hadn't. She assured herself, with a glance, that her new yellow roadster—the liveliest yellow which ever blazoned a car, and the scandal of Greenway—was waiting at the curb below. The roadster, color and all, was Mat's thought for her, without any hint from Casey. He had got it for her because he loved her. . . . Or because he didn't love her? . . .

No, no! Casey wedged her sleek black head into a little tight yellow hat, and clattered down the stairs. Slam . . . bang . . . questioning rip of the starter . . . and reassuring throb of the engine. She covered the square, waved a flippant hand to old Mrs. Pitman, who rolled past her in a shiny Victoria behind stepping bays, with a little black lace carriage-parasol tilted to the sun; Mrs. Pitman bowed rigidly. Yes, Victorias still existed in Greenway. The town, which had no slums and no factories and scarcely any business, was in the heart of those rolling green pastures of pure-blooded cattle in western New York. It consisted almost exclusively of the residences of landowners and re-

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tired farmers, and of summer homes. The pride in good horseflesh endured there.

Casey swept down Main Street. There the last of the Normal School girls, a little knot of them, bareheaded and in transparent, vivid-colored slickers on a rainless day. . . . Back home, Casey herself would have been one of that easy group. Here the first of the summer sojourners—the two Royce sisters, smart city girls in a quaint wicker pony-cart, who gave Casey's yellow monster a wide, unseeing berth, and waved tennis-rackets at a youth issuing from Matthew's bank. The pavement was broad and cleared—Casey broke the speed laws without making an impression. A far cry from the traffic-jammed Main Street of Bloomville, where you hailed every passing flivver, and jollied Joe, the traffic-officer, into letting you by with murder! Suddenly Casey was surcharged with homesickness . . . a body-aching nostalgia for the old self-confidence, the summer-dusted streets, the examinations of this June week—the last, they would have been, for her, a senior. Plenty of things for her to do at home! Not a darned thing to do in this groomed, awning-lidded park of a town. Lord, how she hated it—everything in it but Mat—her Mat!

Even V. S. had recognized the snobbishness of Greenway . . . had captured it, for all time, lovingly but humorously in her indelible story, "Tableaux." In return for V. S.'s laugh at the town, Greenway had seized upon that story as one more evidence of its exclusive superiority. Other towns might have better water systems, larger libraries, more beautiful cemeteries—but Greenway had produced V. S. Even in her life, she must have been one of those rare persons who catches at the most sluggish imagination. . . . And in a death made poignant by the bright promise of her literary genius, she gathered legends as velvet gathers lint. . . .

V. S., eternally! Oh, damn—damn! —couldn't Casey ever escape from her? Even out here in the country, where the day was of shimmering, thin gold, stabbed with the silver needle-flash of the Genesee River off there. . . . The color of champagne just opened, and no more still.

Casey fixed her eyes on the hard glint of the State road and on the speedometer. Faster — faster — ! But even with Mat beside her, racing like a speed-maniac, she couldn't drop that other behind. Casey had tried it, she knew. The sequence of their trips: a wild drive, lunch in a wayside tavern, a play-time, a loving time. . . . And never —not when they were closest—were they alone. . . .

Depressed, Casey slowed. She stopped completely at The Blue Goose Gift Shop and Tea-Room. She strolled in, bought hand-painted place-cards for the dinner—were place-cards for just eight people silly? The tea-room was deserted, she could lunch here in peace. But no — mustn't let down — Casey snapped to.

She raced the time all the way back to Greenway, rolled up to the country-club, and breezed into the dining-room the fraction of a second before the doors closed on the luncheon hour. A week day, with the tables occupied chiefly by the wives and daughters of members, in sociable, gossiping parties. Casey paraded the length of the polished floor, smiling brightly and speaking to those she had met when she was with Mat. Would some one ask her to join them? No one did.

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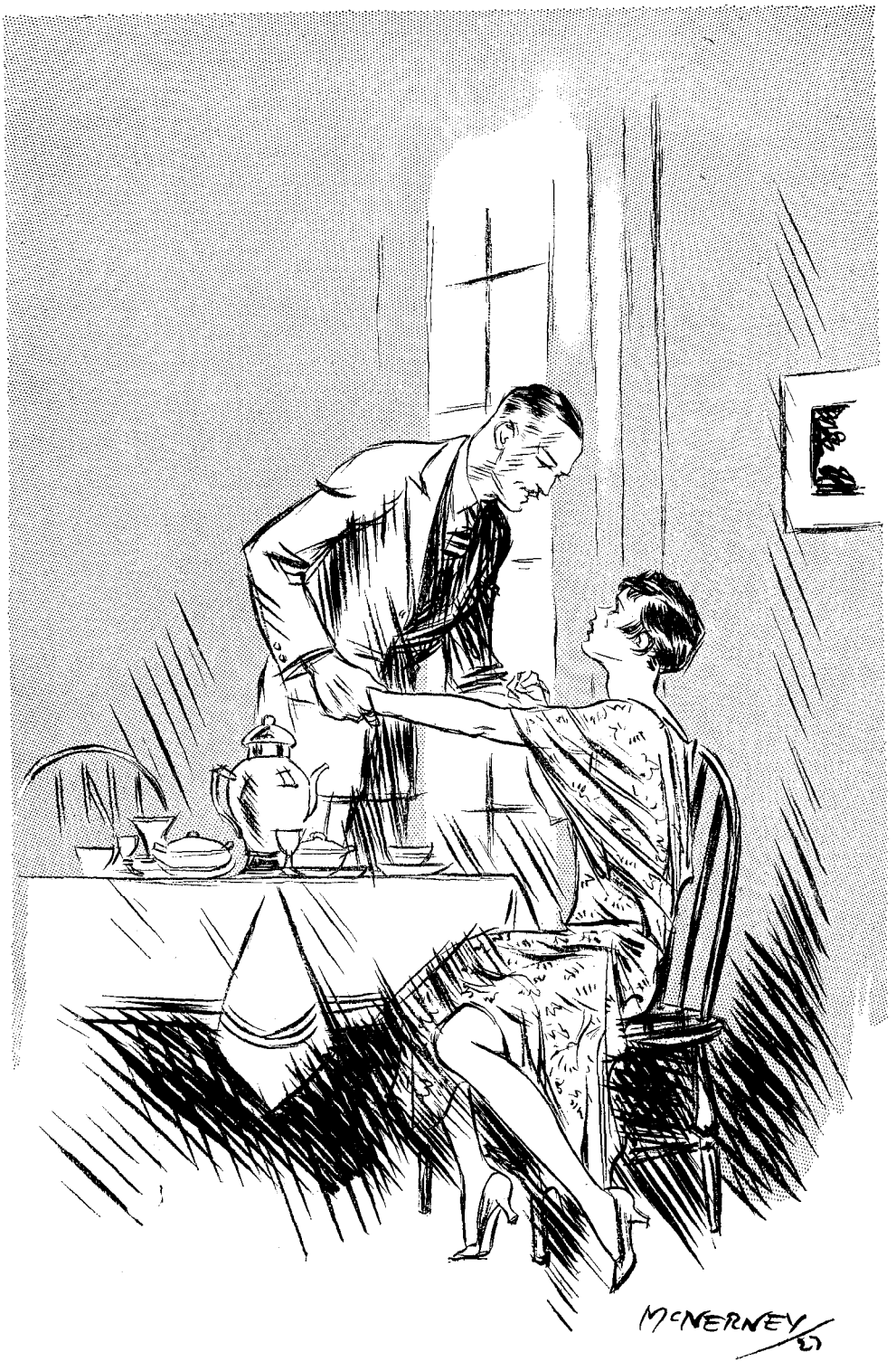

She burst into tears, fought against him when he tried to comfort her.—Page 177.

From a drawing by Gene McNerney.

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She accepted a seat, in solitary state, at a round table laid for four. She was aware of the waitress's impatience with her tardy arrival—was *glad* to annoy her. Casey's chin was up, her little dark face expressed a very fury of bravado. She didn't care—but a thrust of laughter at her right spiked her, brought the dark color rushing. She ordered coldly, ate slowly and fully down through the meal, tasting nothing.

Here at this table, the young crowd to which Casey belonged: the Royce girls, distinguished without effort in their sleeveless, white Helen Wills frocks, lolling after strenuous tennis; Rae Malloy, pretty in a lush way of frilled georgette and too many bracelets. . . . They were talking about some dance. . . . The same laugh which had greeted Casey's entrance—it belonged to the Malloy person! The latter glanced carelessly up, and met Casey's full gaze. Casey, who had been several times introduced to her, put on a tentative smile. But Rae Malloy's gray eyes passed her over—the cut deliberate. The little cheap fluff! Casey knew her type: shadow lace and chiffon chrysanthemums, chypre-in-the-hair, and a girly-girly lure.

There at that table, Mrs. Crothers, Miss Roche, and Mrs. Blair, members of the Memorial Committee. . . . Easy to guess what their talk ran to. . . .

She propped her elbows on the table, and smoked with a leisurely insolence, through her supply of cigarettes. Funny how they blamed *her*, not Mat, for the slight to V. S. of his second marriage. It was a weakness in a popular and influential man which they preferred not to acknowledge, Casey supposed. She *did* interfere with the romantic tradition—she could see that.

Now at last the room was almost cleared. Casey signed her check, and rose. But Mrs. Blair, who must have waited purposely, stopped her: "Won't you change your mind, and let me have Mr. McKown?"

"No," said Casey flatly.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Blair, with a gentle authority.

Without in the least intending to, Casey sat. She looked at Mrs. Blair, across the littered table, with a hard hostility. Mrs. Blair was a large woman with a sagging figure and a softly sagging, kind face; her hair was beautifully silvered beneath the massed purple pansies of her unstylish hat. She had been V. S.'s closest local friend.

"Why won't you let me help you?"

Casey tried hard for control, missed it. "That's it—because it's just 'help'—putting up with me—feeling sorry for me! Charity and tact— Oh, Lord! If you'd just once accept me, and then forget about me—talk about *her* as freely in my presence as you do in my absence— Doesn't it trickle through to you that that's the greatest kindness you could do me? Can't you even begin to believe that I might admire her, too—if you'd give me a chance?"

"You're right," murmured Mrs. Blair. "But allow us time. Meanwhile —Mr. McKown. Matthew, I'm sure, would wish——"

"You'll have to allow me," Casey snubbed her violently, "to know, better than you do, what my husband wants."

Mrs. Blair nodded in gentle acceptance of the reproof. But she continued speaking, as from some core of mellowness, not to the wilful child, but to a reasonable spirit of the child beyond her vision. "Your error, don't you see, is impatience. Don't—*don't*, my dear

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—try to rush the situation. Give it a long, loose rein, and wait. If you could just go away for a little bit——"

"You've been talking," Casey accused her viciously, "to Mat about me!" And saw at once her error. . . . She should never, to a third person, admit a doubt of Mat.

"No, no." Mrs. Blair, with perfect taste, simply dropped away from the argument at this point. But Casey read, mirrored in her dispassionate eyes, the marvel that anything so half-baked, so utterly *raw* as the schoolgirl before her, could so quickly have supplanted Virginia Scobie in a man's life and—affections?

Casey scratched back her chair. "I suppose," she laughed harshly, "you'll tell me now that you won't come to my dinner to-night!"

"Oh, no. I'll come."

"Well, then—" But now Casey was impelled. She leaned sharply toward the other, jerked out: "Nobody has ever told me about her—really, I mean. You knew her best of all. Was she so—so beautiful?"

Mrs. Blair was far away, in a dream that softly illuminated her face. "Beautiful," she echoed.

"And so perfect? Flawless, like they say?"

"Her beauty," murmured Mrs. Blair, "was her personality shining through."

"She—they were as—as happy as every one says?"

Mrs. Blair met her with compassionate honesty. "Virginia had, more than any one I've ever known, a talent for perfect living."

"Well, thanks. Till to-night," blurted Casey. She beat a precipitate retreat, already furious with herself for showing Mrs. Blair her hand. Wouldn't she ever learn to act like a self-sufficient woman?

An hour and twenty minutes by her wrist-watch till she was due for Mat. She tooled down Elm Street, was hailed by Lon Cox. Casey had rejected his warm overtures before, but now, because she remembered him as Rae Malloy's property, she drew up. He came running, a tall youth with a loose-jointedness of body and an attractive, bold eye. He propped a foot on her running-board, let his gaze rove over her. "What's the personation — our native dandelion? Some'd say you don't get away with that color scheme, but *I* say you do."

"Thanks—your O.K.'s all I need."

"Hm. If you were medjum dark you wouldn't, see, but you're a total brunette. Let's go—the River Inn, what? . . . No? To-night, then—there's a dance at East Greenway. . . . Still no? Let's play, any old time, any old place you say. What's your present date?"

"My husband," Casey mentioned.

"No! Oh, come off that! Do him good to wait on you once in a while."

"What do you mean—that I 'wait on' him?"

"It's not your rôle. The older they are, the harder you can string 'em along."

"Are you speaking of Matthew's age?"

"Well, he's not quite contemporary, is he?"

"Contemporary with what? Thank the Lord he's *not* contemporary with you!"

"Ouch—it hurts! But look, you've pulled the loyal-wife gag long enough. You're not going just to sit through this business to-morrow? Let's step out and show them—what? They'll like you

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better if you give 'em a lever for criticism—fact. The old dames—even the husband——"

"Meaning," said Casey, "that the husband is deficient in—devotion?"

"Oh, well, everybody knows he was cut up over—over——"

"*Her* death! Say it! You've certainly got the nerve which the rest of this town lacks. Takes a person like you to point out to me that a speedy remarriage might mean, not love for the second wife, but misery over the loss of the first. I'm moving on——"

"Oh, hold on — just a second—I didn't *mean*——"

Casey laughed unpleasantly. But suddenly, looking down at his young, cynical face, it occurred to her that here was an absolutely impartial witness of V. S. She forced a smile for him, said easily: "No hard feelings. Busy just now; some other time, perhaps. The husband's first wife — what was she like anyhow?"

Cox draped himself more confidentially over her car. "Not up to the second——"

"No, seriously?"

"Seriously, huh? That's a large order for yours truly. Well—hm—tall, willowy, remote woman—always wore white. She had a smile . . . well, yes, a smile. Used it on me a couple of times, though, needless to say, I never got very next to her. Neither did anybody else, if you'd ask me. They only think they did, since she's dead and famous. She had 'em all in, every so often, to a big tea-jam. Mostly her friends were writers and artists down from the city—one or two of 'em, youngish fellows, came a lot. She didn't mix them much with the town people. She was away herself a good bit."

"Was she stunning-looking?"

"Oh, I guess so—I guess she was the goods, all right. Keen for the husband, and on the level with him. I've got a seventh sense for women, and I'd pass her— Heigh, you're not tearing yourself loose? All for to-day?"

"All," said Casey. "Thanks for the interview. 'By."

Casey drove slowly now, seeing nothing. She knew, of course, that a man might take a second wife simply because he had been intensely devoted to the first. The gesture indicated not faithlessness, but . . . lostness. She knew, too, that a man was often kinder to his second wife than he had been to the first, because of regrets. You were to him just a figure of atonement. . . .

She was dawdling along the cemetery road. On impulse, Casey parked her car, and walked down the grass carpet between the tombstones. She knew her way to the Scobie plot. There it was, a plain gray headstone with the simple inscription:

VIRGINIA

Beloved Wife of Matthew Scobie

1891-1926

Casey dropped, sat cross-legged like a little Chinese idol before it. How still it was—always Sunday in a cemetery. That dark drift of smoke off over the valley from a train that had passed minutes before, was a part of the silence. Only the far purr of a caretaker's lawnmower—like breathing, the long exhalation, then the gulp back.

Staring at those words, Casey was reminded of a row of headstones in the cemetery back home. . . . The three wives of Nathan Proctor, himself still living and married to a fourth. . . .

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Martha, Julia, and Enid; and only Martha, the first, was "Beloved Wife." So it would be with her—just "Casey"—no, "Dorothy," she giggled—"Dorothy, Wife of Matthew Scobie."

Suddenly she flopped, dug her face into her arm, and sobbed fiercely, but without noise. . . . She wore herself out; then, lying there, went back over it from the beginning. . . .

Yes, practically they had been introduced to each other by V. S. The author's face, reproduced from a photograph on the paper wrapper of a new book in the drug-store, had moved Casey to buy the volume. Perversity had prompted her to remain in from a coasting party on a Sunday afternoon to be wilfully alone. It was only after she had read, and some sense of the delicate artistry of these little strange unfinished stories had sifted through to Casey's unliterary perceptions, that she discovered, in the foreword, together with a brief sketch of her life, the note of the author's recent death.

Casey's propensity for hero-worship had been touched off. She burned now to think of the gushing letter which, on that solitary Sunday afternoon, in the first flood of her tragic, posthumous admiration, she had penned to "Mr. Matthew Scobie, Greenway, New York." Among other things, she had begged for a photograph of Mrs. Scobie.

He had brought the photograph himself—actually on a business trip through her town. A quiet man, years older, yet from the moment Casey looked into his gray eyes she was bound. That was in December. He had come again—and again. They had talked a little about V. S.; Casey had read all her books. They had talked more about themselves. A great deal of the time they hadn't talked at all. Casey seemed to remember hours of just sitting silent with him in the study of her rollicking, noisy home—the gray eyes, tender and serious, on hers. Before that she had been a little wise girl, with a great many cynical rules of life. One of them was that she, Casey, would *never* commit the widespread folly of marrying the man she was crazy about—she would marry the one who was crazy about her. But now her wisdom crumpled. She knew that she could marry only Mat, for whom she would have died; that she must marry him at once— Oh, straight off! She flung herself upon Matthew, without shame. And she wore her parents down, overrode every objection. She married him in January. . . .

In the days of their brief engagement, she had still kept up the play of admiration for V. S. Her books she had passed around among the girls. She remembered Grace Cass's comment: "The people are all *moth-eaten!* Why doesn't she ever write about regulars?" . . . And her mother's objection to V. S.'s photograph on her bureau: "For heaven's sake, Dot, put that away! Those sad eyes give me the glooms. Besides, it's hardly decent——"

Bloomville had no literary taste, Casey assured herself passionately. But down underneath, hadn't she been pleased by their criticism of the other?

No, Casey truly believed that she had entered her marriage with a humbleness of spirit toward V. S.—a humbleness carefully concealed, of course, since she had nothing in her young generation's equipment by which she could express such a quality.

Settled here in Greenway, she had fought her growing hatred of her predecessor. Her code despised the old-fashioned melodrama of the jealous wife.

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She lay quite still now, no longer thinking, only feeling. "She never realized her body until she loved," it was true. . . . "Christopher, can't I even feel things except in *her* phrases!" Casey jabbed.

The time! She'd have to hurry for Matthew! She snapped open her vanity-case. Not a shadow, not a line of pain —her face looked as tiresomely young as ever. Her letters home, she supposed, sounded like the same old Casey. They didn't realize how she'd aged. . . .

She drew up, honked for Matthew. Matthew sent a young clerk out to tell her that the golfing date was off—didn't even come himself. The young clerk would have chatted, but Casey pulled away. She was abandoned, the afternoon on her own head.

She drove soberly home, past the canvas-shrouded figure in the square. She went into the living-room, stood and measured herself against the portrait of V. S. Womanhood against her childhood. . . . Genius against her mediocrity. . . . The lovely inflection of words, like a modulated voice, against her own slang phrasing. It was just hopeless! Now, as last, Casey faced the truth. There was no rivalry between them because she, Casey, simply couldn't compete. This was V. S.'s town, *her* house, *her* husband.

Why, the very room was warm still with their love. That bulge in the stuffed arm of Matthew's old reading-chair was made, not by five months of Casey's weight, but by fifteen years of Virginia's occupancy. Matthew's ways of loving her, his very endearments for her, were just repetitions of the other love. . . .

Even the times when his love for Casey had seemed most real— She remembered his holding her here in the twilight one evening. Casey had taken a spiteful pleasure in showing *her*—being seen by those proud eyes which mourned: "He is mine. He never can be yours." . . . And, curiously, the eyes had seemed to draw her into themselves. . . . Casey had felt herself changing, metamorphosing into V. S.! And Matthew's sudden passionate kisses—Oh, but there in the half-light, hadn't his eyes, his senses been tricked, too? Hadn't he been holding, in imagination, his "*beloved*" wife, reliving the first honeymoon?

Casey could no longer endure it! She had been fooled by the perfect moments. . . . But those were somehow just illusions, too—reflections of the other perfect marriage.

"If I could only believe," Casey told the portrait, "that *I* love him more than you did, then I'd stick till judgment! But I can't." No, the terrible wisdom of love in V. S.'s stories was too convincing. Beside it, Casey's ecstasies and agonies were adolescent. But the *pain* in V. S.'s writing—Casey couldn't quite tie that up. Surely there had been no pain in her sheltered, happy life with Mat. And the sad secret of her eyes!—A reservation, an entreaty: as though she were trying to keep something from Casey, and at the same time to tell her something.

Casey would have liked to strike out at those unchanging eyes—but now, in this final moment, she couldn't even hate V. S. She was constrained by the other to mature acceptance. She made her decision, quietly and irrevocably.

Casey turned and sped up the stairs. She quickly gathered some clothes into her alligator hat-box. She would be off, in the roadster, at once. Home! Mat had wanted her to go home; he didn't know that if she ran away from to-mor-

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row's memorial service, she would be gone forever.

She would leave a note. The dinner to-night would be easier without her. . . . She giggled as she pictured the announcement in the Bloomville *Weekly Star:* "Mrs. Matthew Scobie, popular young matron, has returned to her home for a brief——"

A rap. "Who is it?" Casey called. It was Julia. She brought up a box of strawberries for Mrs. Scobie to see for herself that cook couldn't serve those mashed things at a dinner-party. "I'm busy. You'll have to go," Casey instructed her. "Go to Parker's, and get the best, and charge them. What? Oh, I'll answer the bells."

Funny how a man could be your husband, and still remain aloof. In her excruciatingly wise young girlhood she wouldn't have believed that possible. . . . Delving in the clothes-press for her warm coat, Casey caught the far tingle of the door-bell. Damn! She hadn't too much time! . . .

She faced a stranger, a tall lean man as nervous as wire, with a face deeply burned by no northern sun. He said violently, passing over Casey as though she were a shadow in his path: "I want to see Mrs. Scobie!"

Casey straightened. "I am Mrs. ——"

Some instinct stopped her. She knew in a shudder of unreality, it was V. S. this man was asking for. Something feverish, desperate in his burning eyes made her say quietly: "Won't you come in?"

She seated him, hesitated. "You don't live in Greenway?"

"No."

"You came in on the afternoon train?"

"Yes."

"You've been away—out of the country—a long time?"

"Africa," he said indifferently.

"How long?"

"Eighteen months. For God's sake, do I have to wait all night to see Virgin——?"

"You—you were a close friend of Virginia?"

He laughed—really looked at Casey for the first time. He had a high, backward-sloping forehead, a thin, long nose, and the full, curved lips of a passionate and weak man. But the laugh died; Casey's past tense drove home to him.

She let him have it then, gently: "*I* am Mrs. Scobie—now."

"You—? Divorced?" he asked, unbelieving.

"No, not divorced."

"You mean she's——?"

"Yes. She's been . . . dead a year."

The man's collapse was complete. His laughter was more profane than his oaths. . . . And his subsequent wracking sobs were the worst of all. Casey got him a stiff shot of whiskey. She had him by both shoulders, holding him together. She pulled him out of it with an actual physical exertion of her own muscles, lit for him the rather effeminate monogrammed cigarette which he shakingly produced from a silver case.

"You—you loved her?" Casey struggled.

"It was mutual."

"You mean—she loved you? Not Matthew?"

"Matthew!" The name was a whiplash to this man. He broke, like a hysterical girl, into an egotistical tirade. "Any other man would have seen—not *him!* I wanted Jinny to let me tell him, but she wouldn't. Sent me away—she'd no right to send me away, after years—

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Quoted Maeterlinck at me—'Blue Bird' stuff about beauty—consecration—pah! Said Scobie loved her. I'd say he did! You—*you*—" (His glance summed up Casey's youthful inadequacies to the full, as not even Greenway had done.) "—in less than a year—! I'll tell Scobie—wait and *tell* him——!"

But now, at last, Casey took a hard and masterly command of the situation. "You'll not tell him! You'll get the brakes on your slipping emotions, and get out of my house—you hear?" She informed him that he would take the five-six east bound, which was due in just twenty minutes, out of town. And she told him other things, with a crass, driving straightness which was calculated to knock some resistance into his inert figure. . . .

Casey lashed him out the door. The very force of her final injunction, stronger than any impulse of his own in his present dazed state, would carry him to the station and aboard the train. . . . Afterward, when he came to his senses, Casey could only trust that whatever of decency and manhood he had would keep him away. . . .

She came back into the living-room, faced the portrait with her hand closed as on a knife. V. S.—the perfect, the incomparable V. S.! Oh, she might have guessed that such flawlessness had a mortal heel! "Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost." And tomorrow all that flummery of the memorial service! Casey could wreck that immortality—she had her bomb in hand! She had only to hurl it—wait for the smoke to clear——

But the eyes looked steadily down at Casey. Their sadness was the sorrow of V. S.'s own life. . . . And their entreaty was her gentle plea of Casey to spare those others their illusions. The eyes seemed to say: "He is yours, not mine. Only be merciful—leave me my thin gray veil. Haven't I earned that by my renunciation?" And the pride — the pure gravity of the face? That was the dignity of a woman who had been true to self against fearful odds. The immortality of V. S. still endured. The spell of her portrait still held for Casey; Casey would never escape it — she would never want to escape it now.

She had V. S.'s copy of Maeterlinck, and stood against the window, in view of the shrouded statue, reading on from the marked lines of the inscription:

"It is by the strength of some souls that are beautiful that others are sustained in life. . . . Would not any weakness in one of those creatures whom you thought perfect, and loved in the region of beauty . . . lessen your confidence in the universal greatness of things?"

"Where are you?" called Matthew's voice. . . . "A board meeting; I couldn't get loose. Hm—you've not been alone?"

"Oh, yes!" Casey lied brightly.

"That smoke's Neal Devine! He's come back! What—where—?"

"He's gone now," Casey assured him.

"He never knew—I had no address to cable him——"

"I broke it to him," said Casey unskilfully.

"Broke it—? Look here, what's he been telling you?"

"N-nothing."

"Dear, if you're . . . shielding me, I know! I've always known. What ——?"

"Everything, then," breathed Casey. "But you mean you knew—and you never let *her* know you knew! Why?"

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"Because he would have made her even less happy than I did. I couldn't risk it."

"Protecting her against herself! How many years, Mat?"

"Eleven."

Staring at him, Casey at last understood that his manner of aloofness was no more than the outward growth of long years of habitual control. "Before that," she asked, "—she loved you at first?"

"She never loved me."

"But—but why——?"

"She liked me; she never expected to like any one else better."

"And you—loved her?"

"Yes."

"Poor you! But tell me, Mat—Mat, darling dear!—it was a long time between V. S. and me in your life? You didn't marry me p. d. q. just to stop a gap? No? And you didn't marry me because I drove you to it? Or because I was a girl—*any* girl—but just because I was me myself——"

He looked at her in slow wonder. "Can you still doubt me? I'm the one to doubt you——"

"But why?" begged Casey, in his arms now. "Because you're not used to being loved! Oh, but Mat, you're adored —*adored*, I tell you!"

"Beloved," he said.

"Oh, call me that again!" begged Casey.

Old Age

By Bernice Kenyon

When I am old I shall sit quietly
With folded hands, under the noonday sun;
And never let the past drift back to me,
And never hope for years not yet begun;

But watch, as I do to-day, ants in the grass,
And spiders patiently renewing webs,
And the unweary flight of gulls that pass
Along the river, while the slow tide ebbs;

And see how bees take honey and wing out
In perilous winds, back to their secret hive;
And watch the flowers opening all about,
And clouds of gnats that dance to be alive;

Until I find myself grown less than these,
Heedless as they, and happy, at high noon,
Where all unmindful of grim mysteries
I can forget that death must take me soon.

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Gas and the Games

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

The author of "Spread Eagle" dissents from the prevailing optimistic attitude concerning the American love of sports and what some people refer to as "the great out-of-doors."

More profound blah has been scribbled and spoken about the significance of our national vogue for sports than upon almost any topic, including Fundamentalism, Freud, the League of Nations, and the hot weather. Every after-dinner orator, conducting drives for college or Y. M. C. A. gymnasium funds, has pointed with pride and fountain pen to our outdoor enthusiasms as a convincing proof of racial and social vigor.

It has made good advertising copy, excellent publicity material for the press-agents for automobile manufacturers and for Spalding, Reach, and others who make tennis-rackets and golf-balls.

"Gas and the games" has become the motto of these United States. It has replaced "E Pluribus Unum," "A penny saved," "To hell with the public," "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," "He kept us out of war," "Normalcy," "The full dinner-pail," "The hard-cider candidate," "I want to see a phonograph in every American home," "54-40 or fight," "It floats," and other honored slogans for which men have dared their all. While the *Spirit of St. Louis* flew to Paris, the spirit of America went by subway to the Yankee Stadium to pay $27.50 each for a ringside seat at a mediocre if not a fixed fight.

Contrary to the opinions of professional and amateur sport-promoters, the writer contends it is doubtful if the tremendous furor over motors and sports proves anything—except that our civilization has reached a highly artificial state, and that most of our citizens are bored with their jobs.

Certainly the judgment of comparative values has become warped. The head-lines of to-day, recounting, as this is written, Babe Ruth's thirty-third home run of the season, will scarcely be perpetuated by historians. About the time that one and one-half millions of our fellow citizens lined the sidewalks from the Battery to Central Park to cheer for Gertrude Ederle, a modest, unassuming chemist came to town. He was unheralded by the Vienna papers when he left, he was unnoticed by our metropolitan dailies when he arrived.

He came to this country to work in a research laboratory for seventy-five dollars a week. And he had been invited to continue his research here, because his discoveries of the secrets of cell growth and cell change may lead to the conquest of cancer, drug addiction, and tuberculosis. Cheering multitudes have not disturbed his work, although six surgeons gave him a table-d'hôte dinner at a second-rate club.

John Smith, driving to his golf club in his Whosis Eight sedan, is quite properly more interested in Bobby Jones's putting and the mystery of Detroit—Will Henry put steam heat and bath in his new model?

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The figures in the World Almanac, which represent the nation's expenditure for baseball, gas, football, tires, tennis, new cars, golf, old cars, poker chips, rebuilt cars, and for Work or Street "On Bridge," contain so many ciphers that they pass the comprehension of the salaried man. From the Summer White House come Republican boasts about the number of automobiles in Kansas. Those figures, say national committeemen, demonstrate the flood of Coolidge prosperity in the corn belt; the same statistics for New York City are quoted by the Rockefeller Institute to show that 73.95 per cent of our citizens are leading purer lives; and, to this reporter's way of thinking, they prove only that no evidences of birth-control have been observed in the Ford factories.

Henry Ford himself, having apologized his way back into Abraham's bosom, is now running neck and neck with Tex Rickard, Harvey Firestone, Cash and Carry Pyle, Mr. Rolls-Royce, and Gene Tunney as popular candidates for the Nobel Prize as outstanding benefactors of mankind. It in no way diminishes the regard in which they are held by the public if one mentions that their service to humanity has been paid for at astonishingly high rates.

A most casual study of the relationship of sports to the life-cycles of various civilizations seems to show that twice in a nation's history are sports the subject of considerable popular interest.

The first period is during the primitive, pioneer days when the overflowing of strength, vigor, and skill leads to competitive contests in the village square, in the walled fortress, on the deck of a flatboat as it drifts down the Mississippi, on the heights above the field of Marathon just before the wrestlers were summoned to charge the invading host.

These were the "tournaments" of the Middle Ages, or, more exactly, the tournaments had their beginnings in such friendly contests; friendly, although they often led to death. Such were the games upon the sand that Homer and Livy described. The hatchet-throwing of the boys in New England pioneer times, Lincoln's broad-jumping contests on a summer afternoon, the baseball games behind the Northern lines during the Civil War, were all examples of these primitive high spirits.

But this is not the athletic interest which shouts: "Gas and the games"; "Bread and the circus." The paid athlete and the interest in athletics on a wholesale scale have been, in other ages, contemporaneous with an economic or political development that gathered the power of the state into the hands of one man or one group.

The athlete's golden age, in Greece and Rome, followed the establishment of dictatorships. One may fancy the haughty Romans of the equestrian order, stripped of their last real authority, pitching horseshoes in the Forum for lack of treaties to debate. Augustus Cæsar must have developed some fine golfers when he took the few remaining responsibilities of government off the venerable shoulders of the senators who, from Augustus's time on, appeared in public only to satisfy the pageant-love of the crowd.

Then, since it was manifestly pleasanter to sit in the shade and watch a Gallic champion horseshoe-pitcher matched against the Sicilian champion than to pitch horseshoes oneself, the paid athletes became a feature of Roman life. After that it was only a ques-

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tion of shrewd promotion by the Pyles and Rickards until the great gladiatorial spectacles were presented to thunderous applause in the Colosseum.

Athenian philosophers, restrained by an imperial injunction which enjoined them from thinking aloud lest they disturb the political foundations of the nation, doubtless took to betting on Marathon runs, javelin-casts, hammer-throws, and Hellespont swimmers. Sculptors and painters immortalized the winners of the game, for the same reason that a contemporary sculptor modelled Ty Cobb. He thought the statue would be easy to sell in Detroit.

One might say that the world has seen three great conquests, each bringing in its train, along with the political inactivity which followed a concentration of governmental power, a tremendous interest in athletics.

The first of these was the military conquest, the political supremacy of Rome, built over the bodies of her legionaries. And as the ruling power passed from free men to senate, from senate to triumvirate, and later was vested solely in the emperor, there was little for the leisure classes, both upper and lower, to busy themselves about, except professional entertainments. Among these, sports became the most popular.

Upon the collapse of this military power rose the spiritual. Rome ruled again, but this time through the church. Over Roman paved roads marched the new conquerors, sackcloth-clad monks. Before them crumbled princeling and city-state, for all men paid their tribute again to Rome. And as the church, through its temporal and secular princes, gained the ascendancy, the people, serfs and nobles, lost their last vestige of governmental power. They cried out for jousts and tournaments. It was little enough to ask to be entertained.

Even when a reformation threatened, actual readjustments of political institutions were not possible until a shrewd Venetian banker discovered that power, comparable to that once held by the Cæsars and the church, could be bought with money; and that money, put out at interest instead of usury, could breed money, while preserving the principle. The bankers followed the popes as the popes had succeeded the Cæsars.

Devotion to sport in our day may be said again to have followed a concentration of power—in this present instance, the concentration of money.

Comparatively young men can remember when each store along each Main Street was a separate, competitive business, whose details occupied the life and the thoughts of its owner. John Curran or John Donovan (and their experience is quoted, for it happened that they survived the business transformation of this quarter-century) began the retailing of tobacco when a dealer bought carefully and shrewdly of Connecticut and Havana and Manila leaf, hogsheads of choice Burley, which he treated and seasoned for the trade. His business day was a succession of guesses to hit the buying and selling market, to please the public taste.

In corner stores such as those that have replaced their shops a youth of twenty-five now makes change and, reading his instructions from the New York office which arrive each morning, boosts *Corn Husk Cigarettes* or *Burdock Leaf Plug* "as per instructions of the 26th inst."

All up and down Main Street, as the chain stores increase from tobacco to hosiery shops, from knitted goods to

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shoes, and drugs, and books, and furs, and suits, and coats, thinking executives have been replaced by routine clerks, directed and dominated from a central office.

Nor should one suppose that these conditions apply only to the retail-business field. The local foundry is now owned and directed from another city. The shoe-factory, where an owner once labored with adverse markets and perverse cutters, is now administered by wire and letter from Boston. The resident executive, whatever his title may be, has only to worry if the postman should not arrive.

You need not imply that these figurehead managers receive less for their routine duties than the owner-manager of the 1900's. There is no particular scarcity of money. So long as capital is not frightened or rendered coy by injudicious exposure of personal initiative, the managers are very comfortable. They usually have money to spend for anything that will entertain them.

But the ritual of business permits no innovations. That ritual is now set in the directors' meetings in New York as surely as the pope in Rome fixes the order of service for the mass.

It may be that the pope himself cannot now change a word or syllable of the collect. And perhaps the directors of the Amalgamated Cork Screw and Bottle Opener Company, Inc., also would be powerless, should they face the necessity of revising the Merchandising Plan No. 1 as set down by Jones I, the Cork Screw and Bottle Opener king.

As the cities fill with routine workers, whose each day is a monotony of repetition, so fast does the desire for motor, movies, and sports increase. The car makes possible a variety of scene; the movie and the games give a blessed oblivion to the realities of the standardized job. For capital desires obedience instead of originality, and young men afflicted with intelligence have to exist as best they may. Initiative is as misplaced in modern affairs as in the army.

In other words, golf is not an "instinctive seeking after health in God's great outdoors," as a romantically minded advertising writer for clubs and balls puts it. Motor tours to the national parks are no newly awakened yearning after nature. The canonization of a swimmer, a fighter, an outfielder, a quarter-back is not entirely a universal tribute to a properly developed body.

Business and occupation become duller as the central control increases. Motoring, motion-pictures, camping out, playing or watching games are merely an escape from the circumscribed routine of factory, store, or office.

Nearly two generations of compulsory education, a multiplicity of colleges, universities, and educational endowments, a mass of publications and books and free libraries, one hundred and fifty years of self-government, the refining influence of the radio, the educational ditto of the cinema, the best efforts of the best minds in Washington, and the Anti-Saloon League have succeeded in educating us to the point where a dull, questionably manœuvred non-championship "boxing bout" draws more than one million dollars at the gate.

Last week, in the Breakfast Club, the writer heard a very intelligent and successful metropolitan editor admonishing a young college graduate who was "going into journalism." The youngster was quite happily unconscious that he will call his profession "a job of hustling news" inside of twelve months.

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"See if they won't let you break into the sports department," advised the editor. "It's the only editorial department that pays anything nowadays. And the sports writers are the only ones who have a personal following."

It is obvious that the monotony of existence is more oppressive in the smaller cities than in rural or metropolitan districts. And it is the people in the cities who are the real devotees of "gas and the games." The farmer, gambling with prices, weather, and labor, has no need for an athletic safety-valve and his pleasure automobile is really a business machine which takes him quickly to the grocery-store. In New York or Chicago and the half-dozen of the larger urban communities there is always a kaleidoscopic pageant which seems to be all-sufficient for a great part of the population that makes it. The group becomes a perpetual Narcissus, always entranced at watching its own image.

But in those cities where driving one's own car to work is still a possibility, golf-players, the Sunday drivers, the tennis, fight, football, baseball fans flourish and multiply. As mankind and womankind, they are divided into two parts. The cleavage is sharp and distinct. The botanical name of the first group is *Americanus suburbanitus*. It grows luxuriantly and its habitat is just outside the one, two, three, or four mile circle whose centre is the court-house steps. The second or opposing group has for its habitat the space within the one, two, three, or four mile circle, and naturalists call it *Americanus apartment-housitus*.

The suburbanites do their own cooking. The apartment-dwellers buy cooked food from restaurant or delicatessen-store. Both complain of the incompetence and scarcity of maids and both cliques have indigestion.

The suburban citizen owns his own car, or will as soon as the last three payments are made. The apartment habitant calls a taxi. And, as in their attitudes toward automobiles, which one drives and one hires, so do they differ in their relationship to sports. In a broad sense the apartment clique hires its sport. From its ranks are drawn the inveterate patrons of the professional paid athlete, whether he be playing as a college, amateur, or admittedly commercial star. They take their sport, as the great Bismarck took his beer, sitting down.

The suburbanite, if bred true, holds loudly that one must play the game oneself if one is to derive benefit therefrom. So he wastes away over tennis for exercise, toils over his golf for social and business reasons—or to wear funny-looking stockings, one never knows which. He makes a great point of keeping himself "fit." He usually dies a few years sooner than his apartment-house cousin who violated every rule of health and common sense.

Sporting enthusiasms mean that business, like society, is as dull as was English country life in the days of Tom Jones. No parodies on popular songs sung at semiannual "salesmen's banquets" or "let's-sell-a-hundred-million-dingeses conventions" can make it anything else.

If this be heresy, make the most of it.

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Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

BY CONRAD AIKEN

MARGARET O'BRIEN dreamed that she woke up late—the alarm-clock on the table by her bed said eight o'clock—she couldn't account for it, and jumped out of bed in a panic. The Converses expected breakfast at eight-thirty. She flew down to the kitchen, without stopping to put up her hair or wash her face, and rushed to the stove. It was out. The grate was full of half-burned coal and ashes, cold, and she dumped out the whole thing: a cloud of dust filled the air, and she began to cough. Then she found that the kindling-box was empty, and that she would have to go down to the cellar and get some. She stuffed newspapers into the grate, flung her hair over her left shoulder, and went to the door which led down to the cellar. It was locked or stuck. She pulled at the knob, wrestled with it, shook it violently; and just at that moment she heard Mrs. Converse's voice in the distance, calling her: *"Margaret! . . . Margaret! . . . Margaret!"* The bell began ringing furiously and prolongedly in the indicator over the sink, and she turned around and saw all the little arrows jumping at once. Some one—perhaps Mr. Converse — was running down the front stairs, running and singing. The voice trailed off forlornly, with the sinister effect of a train-whistle. A door slammed—Mr. Converse had gone off without waiting for his breakfast—and she woke up.

Sweet hour, what a dream! She rubbed her hand across her forehead, looked up, and saw something unfamiliar over her head: it was the upper bunk of the stateroom, with long leaded slats of wood to support the mattress. Then there was a rack with a life-belt in it. Of course: she was on a steamship, going to Ireland. How funny! She relaxed, smiled, turned her head on the hard little pillow, and looked across to the other bunk; and there was Katy looking back at her and grinning. The ship gave a long, slow lurch and the hooked door rattled twice on its brass hook. She put her hand quickly to her mouth.

"Gosh, what a dream I had!" she said. "I'm going to get out of this, or I'll be sick."

"Me, too," said Katy. "You could cut the air with a knife."

"What time is it, I wonder?"

Katy slid a bare leg out from under the bedclothes.

"I don't know," she said. "I heard a gong, but I don't know if it was the first or the second."

II

It was a lovely day, and the ocean was beautiful. It was much smoother than they had expected it to be, too—a lazy blue swell with fish-scale sparkles on it. A sailing-ship went by on the south, with very white sails, and tiny rowboats hung up on the decks, and one hanging over the stern. They could see a little man running along the deck and then hauling up a bunch of flags, some kind of signal. It was the kind of

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day when it is warm, almost hot, in the sun but cold in the shade. They walked round and round the decks, after eating some oranges, and wished there was something to do. At eleven o'clock the band began playing in the lounge, and they went in for a cup of beef tea. The room was crowded, and children were falling over people's legs. Some women were playing cards at a table. The deck-steward went round with a tray of beef-tea cups and crackers.

While they were drinking their beef tea they saw him again—the gentleman who had the room next to theirs: he just looked into the lounge for a minute, with a book under his arm, and then went out again. He was the nicest man on the ship: so refined-looking, so much of a gentleman, with a queer, graceful, easy way of walking and such nice blue eyes. He reminded Margaret a little of Mr. Converse, but he was younger; he couldn't have been more than thirty. She thought it would be nice to talk to him, but she supposed he wouldn't come near her. He had been keeping aloof from every one, all the way over, reading most of the time, or walking alone on the deck with that book under his arm, and never wearing a hat.

"I'd like to talk to that man," she said, putting down the cup under her chair.

"Well, why don't you?" said Katy; "I guess he wouldn't bite you:"

"He looks like Mr. Converse; I guess he's shy."

"I don't see what's the matter with Pat, if you want to talk to somebody."

"Oh, Pat's all right. . . ."

Pat, however, was in the steerage, and when she wanted to talk to him they had to go down the companion-way to the forward deck. It was all right, but it did seem a pity, when you were in the second cabin, to be spending so much time down in the steerage. And Katy had taken up with old man Diehl, the inventor, who was in the second cabin. He was after her all the time to play cards or walk on the deck or sit and talk in the smoking-room. It was all right for Katy, but not much fun for herself. She couldn't always be tagging along with them, and she didn't like to feel that Mr. Diehl was paying for her glass of Guinness every time they had a drink.

A crowd of people rushed out to the decks, and others went to the windows, pointing; so they went out too, to see what the excitement was about. It was only another steamer coming from the opposite direction, with black smoke pouring out of its smoke-stacks. They walked along to the place where they played shovelboard, but some kids had it; so then they didn't know what to do. They looked down at the steerage-deck, and there were Pat and the girls having a dance. Pat was playing his concertina. His black curly hair was blowing in the wind, and he looked up and saw them. He jerked his head backward as a signal to them to come down, so they did. They danced for a while, and one of the girls passed round a box of candy.

"I guess you think you're too good for us," said Pat, grinning.

"No, we don't," Margaret said. "But they don't like to have us going up and down those stairs. It's against the rules of the ship."

"Ah, tell it to the marines," said Pat.

He shut up his eyes and began playing "The Wearing of the Green," beating time with his foot on the deck.

"I hear Katy has a swell sweetheart," one of the girls said.

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They talked about old man Diehl, and how he always carried around the blue-prints of his inventions with him, and showed them all the time to everybody in the smoking-room. Katy said she liked his voice: such a deep rumble, it carried all over the dining-room—you could hear it above everything else, even the music. And it wasn't that he was talking loudly, either. He seemed to have lots of money. His daughter was with him, very pretty, but with a bad heart. She was kind of stuck-up, and wouldn't have anything to do with Katy, and was always dragging the old man out of the smoking-room on one excuse or another. But she looked very pretty at the dance, in that orchid dress.

"I guess he made a lot of money out of those inventions," said Katy.

"What did he invent?" one of the girls asked.

"One of those amusement things they have at Coney Island," said Katy.

Just then the whistle blew for noon, deafening everybody, and the steerage-passengers had their dinner at noon, so they began going away. Pat strapped up his concertina and ran his hand through his hair.

"So long," he said. "Give us a look again, when you haven't got any swell company."

He dived down the dark little companionway, and they were left alone.

As they went up the stairs Margaret said that Pat gave her a headache. He made her tired. He made her sick.

III

At lunch there was something of a treat. A special table had been put on the little platform where the band usually played—the piano had been pushed back—and a swell party was being given there. It was, in fact, the wedding-breakfast, after a mock wedding which had taken place in the dining-saloon just before lunch. They had come in just as it was over and old Mr. Diehl was in the act of kissing the bride, who was Mr. Carter dressed up in a girl's dress. The bridegroom was Miss Diehl dressed in a man's tuxedo. They all sat, eight people, at the round table on the platform, and they had several bottles of wine. Miss Diehl was wearing a white yachting-cap to keep up her hair, which was pulled up to look like a man's.

"Your friend is there," said Katy, giving Margaret a nudge with her elbow.

And, sure enough, he was. He was sitting at the opposite side, next to Mr. Carter, and he looked as if he weren't enjoying himself at all. He kept sipping his wine and smiling in an uneasy sort of way, as if he were very much embarrassed. Most of the time he was looking down at the dishes before him. The rest of the party were making a lot of noise, talking and laughing and making jokes and slapping each other on the back. Then Mr. Diehl made a speech, toward the end, and the bridegroom got up and proposed a toast. Several toasts were drunk and speeches made, and they tried to get the nice man to get up and speak, but he blushed and resisted and sat still, though Mr. Carter tried to push him out of his chair.

"He's awful good-looking," said Margaret.

"Suit yourself," said Katy. "To my idea, he's too quiet-seeming."

"I wish he'd look at me once."

"Well, if you keep on staring at him like you are, he will, and then he'll be scared to death."

All the same, she felt as if she could-

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n't keep her eyes off him, she didn't know why; there was something very appealing about his face. His blue eyes were very kind and wise-looking, and he had a way of smiling to himself all the time as if he were having all sorts of humorous thoughts. She felt that he was very superior to all those other people, but he was too nice to show it. In fact, he was superior to every one else on the ship. There was something important about him.

And then, all of a sudden—she didn't know just how it happened—he was looking at her. There were two tables in between, and lots of other people he might have looked at, and a branch of a palm-tree that almost got in the way, but in spite of all these obstacles there could be no doubt about it: he was looking straight at her. A sort of shock went through her, and she felt herself blushing. But she kept her nerve, and looked back at him without in the least changing her expression, which she knew had been one of frank admiration. In fact, she felt her eyes widening a little, and a special kind of brightness going into them. And the strangest thing of all was the way he met this: he looked quickly away, but only for a moment; and then he looked right back again, while with one hand he fiddled with his glass of water. He looked at her almost as if he had suddenly recognized her, though of course they had never met before. His eyes brightened, in fact, in exactly the same way that hers had done; they brightened and widened, and he seemed to be unable to look away again. So they looked at each other for about two or three minutes like this, as if they were the only two people in the whole room. It was almost as if they were signalling to each other. Then Mr. Carter apparently said something to him, and he turned his head away.

"Well, he looked at me," she said to Katy, "and something happened."

"What do you mean, something happened?"

"I don't know, but it gave me a funny feeling. I think he likes me the same way I like him."

"Don't be too sure," said Katy. "Anyway, he isn't looking at you now."

"No, I know he isn't; but he was, just the same. It was a long look, and I felt all over as if I was melting."

"I guess what you need is some air," said Katy, "or else both of you'll have to be locked up."

IV

They roamed the decks again after lunch, and sat for a while in the sun-parlor at the back, in wicker chairs, watching the stern of the ship swoop up and down in quarter-circles against the sea, which seemed to be coming right up over the ship but never did; and for a while the old deck-hand, a sailor with a nice white beard, stood with his pail in his hand and talked to them about the "old country." He also told them about a hawk that had been blown on to the ship. It was exhausted, he said. It had probably been chasing some other bird and followed it out to sea, and then didn't know how to get back. It stayed on one of the masts for a while, and they put out food for it, and then the next day they found it on the bow, huddled up against an iron thwart. It fought when they came near it, and it wouldn't eat, so they decided they'd better kill it. Finally one of the sailors threw his hat over it and jumped on it, and killed it.

"Oh, what a shame!" said Margaret. "I think that's a shame!"

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The old sailor grinned, half embarrassed.

"We get hardened to it," he said. "There's always birds like that coming aboard, you know, and they never live. Those little yellowbirds, for instance. You can feed them, but they die just the same, and you might as well heave 'em overboard and be done with it. They get so tame, or scared maybe, that they'll come hoppin' right in here amongst these chairs."

After a while he went away, carrying his sponge in one hand and his pail in the other, walking very slowly, as if there was lots of time. Katy opened her magazine and began reading. Every now and then she turned a page, but she hadn't turned many when Margaret noticed that she was fast asleep. The twins went by, with their short skirts blowing way up round their skinny little legs, and then came Mr. Carter and Miss Diehl, in their proper clothes again. They brought the peg and began playing quoits. They were having a good time—just as they were going to throw the quoit the ship would give a slant and the quoit would go wild. They would laugh and stagger about. The noise finally woke up Katy. She yawned and stretched, and wanted as usual to know what time it was. The sky was clouding up and the wind seemed colder, so they decided to go and sit in the lounge. Margaret wanted to be doing something, but she didn't know what there was they could do.

"What are you so restless for?" said Katy.

"I'm not restless; only I get so sick of just sitting round and watching the water go by."

"Well, it *is* kind of of monotonous, at that," said Katy.

They took a look down at the steerage-deck, but there was nobody there, probably because it was getting chilly. In the steerage you got all the wind.

"I don't feel like seeing that gang anyway," said Margaret.

What she really wanted was to see the nice man again, but she couldn't exactly go looking for him. She hoped he would be in the lounge, and when she saw that he wasn't she thought of suggesting to Katy that they go to the smoking-room, but she didn't quite have the nerve to do it. Instead, they settled down in a corner and listened to the music and had their tea and watched the people and yawned. Margaret felt unhappy. It wasn't only because she wanted to see him; it was just as much because she was bored with being on a ship. Every day was like Sunday. After a while you got tired of walking round the decks and sitting here and sitting there and drinking tea or beef tea and going to the dining-saloon for another meal that was just like the last. The stewards were all the time trying to flirt with them, too.

All the same, she didn't see how it could just end there, after a look like that—it didn't seem natural at all. But would he do anything about it? Most probably he was too shy. He might even be so shy that he would try to keep out of her way. Or he might think that she was trying to kidnap him or something. She thought of that look again, and felt herself blushing just the way she did at the time. If any look had a meaning, that look did. There was no getting away from that.

"I'll be back in a minute," she said, suddenly jumping up.

She walked quickly out of the lounge without knowing at all where she was

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going—she just felt that she had to be doing something, going somewhere, anything but just sitting still. She felt excited, too, as she pushed open the door that led out to the deck—it had been shut for the night—and launched herself out into the wind. It was just getting dark. The water was black, with patches of moving white, and seemed to be sliding past the ship much faster than it did in the daytime. She walked briskly round the deck, keeping an eye out for other pedestrians, but there was nobody about. She tried the other two decks, but they too were deserted. Then she stood hesitating. After all, she didn't have the least idea of what to say to him if she met him—or whether she would find any excuse for it, or way of doing it. In fact, she wasn't sure that that was what she wanted. She just wanted to see him. Perhaps he was in the smoking-room. She turned and went down a companionway to the lower deck again, and then round the sun-parlor to the smoking-room. She went in and stood near the door, as if she just wanted to look round for some one, and surveyed the whole room. Old man Diehl was standing by the bar with Mr. Carter and two other men; he seemed to be a little drunk. They were telling smutty stories. The bar-steward saw her and warned them, and they lowered their voices. Two other men were sitting in armchairs facing the artificial fire; neither of them was the man she was looking for. And there was no one else in the room. She returned to the sun-parlor, which looked very forlorn with its deserted wicker chairs under electric lights, facing the darkness and emptiness of the sea, and sat down. Suddenly she felt defeated and miserable. She didn't want to see Katy or anybody—she didn't want to go down to dinner. She would excuse herself with a headache and go to bed. . . .

V

At lunch the next day she said she was going to speak to him if she died for it. She would ask him to join them in a game of whist. They could get old man Diehl to make the fourth, in case he accepted. Katy was sceptical but resigned.

"Anybody'd think you were in love with him," she said.

Margaret laughed and blushed.

"Oh, no," she said. "But I'd like to talk to him just the same. After lunch I'm going to find him if I have to comb the whole ship. He must be somewhere."

They had seen him only once in the morning—as usual he was walking the deck for his half-hour's constitutional. He passed them several times, and looked at them with interest but without speaking. Margaret said she thought he wanted to speak but was too bashful. He had that everlasting blue book under his arm, and his fair hair was all on end with the wind. Then he had disappeared again.

After lunch, accordingly, they went straight to the lounge and got a table, and Katy spoke to Mr. Diehl. Mr. Diehl said he would be in the smoking-room, and they could find him there any time in case they wanted a game. Katy got the cards and sat down at the table, and Margaret started off to make her search; and just at that very minute he came in and sat down at the other side of the room and opened his book. She didn't know whether he had seen them or not.

She walked right up to him, smiling,

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and stood in front of him and looked down at him.

"Would you care to join us in a game of whist?" she said.

He closed his book and looked up.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said, smiling.

She gave a laugh.

"Yes, it's me, large as life and twice as natural!"

He stood up, tucking the book under his arm.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I never played whist in my life. Is it anything like bridge?"

"I don't know, but I guess if you can play bridge you can play whist."

They stood very close to each other, swaying with the ship, and again they found themselves looking into each other's eyes as they had done the day before at lunch. Margaret almost regretted that they had planned the whist game, for it was now obvious that otherwise she could have him all to herself.

"All right," he said, again smiling; "if you can stand it, I can."

She led him over to the table and introduced him to Katy. He said his name was Camp. Katy got up and went in pursuit of Mr. Diehl, and they sat down.

"You'd better be my partner," she said, "and then I can show you as we go along."

She took the chair opposite his and began shuffling the cards, at the same time looking at him. A feeling of extraordinary happiness came over her—she had never in her life felt so happy, or so much as if her whole happiness was in her eyes. And the queer thing was that she somehow knew that he was in the same state of mind.

"What do you do with yourself all the time?" she asked. "You hardly ever seem to be anywhere round."

"Most of the time I've been in the smoking-room playing chess," he said. "But I've also been working a good deal in my stateroom. I've got some work that has to be finished before we get to Liverpool. And there's only two more days."

Margaret felt a sharp pain in her breast.

"I get off at Queenstown," she said. "To-morrow night."

"*Do* you?"

He accented the first word, and looked at her with a curious helplessness. They both dropped their eyes and became silent.

At that moment Katy brought Mr. Diehl and introduced him, and the game began. Margaret and Katy explained how it went to Mr. Camp, with a good deal of laughter. Mr. Diehl gave Mr. Camp a cigar.

"What's your line of business, Mr. Camp?" he said.

Mr. Camp said that he was an architect. He was going over to superintend the construction of a new office-building that an American firm was putting up in London. Margaret felt a thrill. She slid her right foot forward under the table, so that the toe of her slipper touched something. Then Mr. Camp, after a moment, caught her foot between his two feet and squeezed it firmly, and they looked at each other and smiled.

VI

At four o'clock the deck-steward brought them tea, and Mr. Diehl began telling them in his deep voice, with a slight German accent, how he had come to America at the age of sixteen and worked in railroad repair-shops. He said he was sixty-eight years old and

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strong as an ox, and he looked it. He told Mr. Camp about his Whirligig Car, at Coney Island, and how he had got the idea for it in his work on trucks in the railroad yards. Now it had made him a fortune, and he was going over to Blackpool and Southport to put them in there.

Margaret couldn't listen. She was impatient. She wanted to go off alone with Mr. Camp. She pressed his foot hard, under the table, and smiled at him. But he didn't take the hint, or couldn't think what to do. It was Katy who saved the day. She got up and suggested that they all take a stroll—it was such a lovely warm day and a shame to be indoors. Besides, the lounge was getting stuffy.

"Come on, then, Katy!" said Mr. Diehl.

He jumped up and gave her his arm with mock gallantry—the sort of thing he was always doing—and they started off.

"Shall we walk too—or shall we stay here?" said Mr. Camp.

"Whatever you like," said Margaret.

"I feel terribly separated from you, without your foot," he said, laughing. "But I suppose we ought to get a breath of air."

They climbed up to the top deck and began walking to and fro. He didn't offer to take her arm, but walked rather distantly beside her. At first they couldn't think of much to say—they talked about the whist game and Mr. Diehl, but not as if they were really interested in these things. Margaret felt as if she wouldn't be able to think straight till she took his arm, so after a few turns on the deck she did so.

"That's better," she said simply.

"Much!"

"Tell me," she said, "if I hadn't spoken to you, would you ever have spoken to me?"

"That's what I came into the lounge for," he answered. "Ever since lunch yesterday I've been wondering what on earth to do about it. I'm kind of shy, and these things don't come natural to me. But I thought, if I went into the lounge, some kind of opportunity might occur. That's what I was there for. But I was terribly relieved when *you* started it off."

"You must think I'm very bold."

"Good Lord, no! You had a little more courage than I did, that's all."

They talked then about Ireland, and she told him that she was going back to visit her mother for the summer. She was a cook, she said, and her employer, Mr. Converse, who was very nice, had given her three months off and paid her passage to Queenstown. She had been in Brooklyn for ten years. She was twenty-five. He asked her if she was married, and she said no.

"I am," he said.

She felt again that pain in her breast.

"I thought you were," she said, looking intently at him.

He wanted to know why she thought so, and they stood and leaned against the railing, with their shoulders touching and their faces very close. His eyes, she noticed, were even bluer than the sea. She couldn't tell him why she thought so, exactly—it was just something about him.

"A woman can almost always tell when a man is married," she said. "But I'm glad you told me, all the same."

"I believe in being honest, especially at a time like this."

"How do you mean, at a time like this?"

He gave her a queer look—the corners of his mouth were twisting a little,

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as if he were under a strain, but there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"You know what I mean," he said.

"No, honest, I don't!"

"Well, you certainly ought to," he said. He turned around and put his arms on the railing and stared down at the water. "I mean the way we feel about each other."

She held her breath. He had said it so nicely and so quietly, and without even trying to hold her hand.

"How do you know we do?" she said, smiling.

He smiled back at her.

"All right—let's see you look me in the eye and tell me that we don't!"

She looked away from him, sobering.

"We oughtn't to be talking like this," she answered. "What about your wife? You know it isn't right."

"Of course it isn't. . . . Or is it? . . . I don't know."

"What does your religion tell you?" she said.

"I haven't got any."

"Well, *I* have. I'm a Catholic."

"Do you go to confession?"

"Sure, I do."

They were silent. She was half sorry she had rebuked him, and half glad. But he had to know how she felt, even if it hurt her to tell him. She didn't want him to get any false ideas. After a minute, as he didn't say anything, but just went on staring at the water, she turned and looked at him. He was resting his chin on his hands.

"Would you like to walk some more?" she asked, almost timidly.

They walked round and round the deck, while slowly the sunset behind them faded and the sky darkened. He said that he always thought the sea sounded louder at night, and she stopped and listened to it, to see if it was true. She said she couldn't see any difference, or any reason why there should be any. They talked about Katy and Mr. Diehl. Miss Diehl, she said, was likely to die most any time—she had a very bad heart. But she insisted on doing everything just as if there wasn't anything the matter with her. Everybody at the dance had been scared that she would just drop down on the floor all of a sudden. Her face had got very white.

"Let's go down and find Katy," she suggested.

They went down the ladder to the lower deck and found them sitting in the sun-parlor, holding hands.

"Is *that* what you're doing!" said Margaret.

Mr. Diehl gave his deep rumble of a laugh.

"I've got a pretty nice little girl," he said, patting Katy's shoulder.

Margaret and Mr. Camp sat down at the other side of the veranda. He pulled his chair up close to hers and she dropped her hand on her knee, where he couldn't help seeing it. He put his own on top of it after a moment, and they just sat still without saying anything for a long while. He stroked her thumb with one of his fingers, to and fro, and the smooth hollow between the thumb and forefinger, and she felt as if she were being hypnotized. Once in a while he would slip his finger up her sleeve and touch the inner side of her wrist. And once in a while, as if accidentally, he would stroke her knee. She knew he wouldn't try to kiss her.

"My stateroom is next door to yours," he said, after a time. "If you should want me for anything in the night, don't hesitate to come in."

There was a pause.

"I don't think there's anything I'd

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want," she answered. "Unless one of us was to be sick, or something like that."

"Well, if there's anything at all," he said.

She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held on to it. She gave up struggling and allowed it to remain in his. She felt unhappy again.

"I always try to think the best of people," she said. "I'm sure you didn't mean anything wrong by that."

He didn't reply, but instead, after a pause, put his other hand on her forearm and gave it a squeeze.

"You're awfully nice, Margaret," he said. "If I were free, I'd like to marry you."

She shut her eyes, and didn't know whether to believe him or not.

VII

After dinner she had a good cry in her bunk, while Katy sat and talked to her, and from time to time wet the wash-cloth to put on her eyes. The ship was making a terrible noise, blowing off steam, which was a good thing, as it prevented the neighbors from hearing her. Two of the bedroom stewards were hanging round in the corridor outside. Now and then she could hear them laughing. Katy sat on the camp-chair and argued with her.

"You just put him out of your mind," she said.

"But I can't. You think it's easy, Katy, but it isn't."

"I told you how it would be from the beginning, Peg, and you wouldn't listen to me. He doesn't care anything for you —don't kid yourself. He isn't our kind at all. You know how it is with that kind of man. He may soft-soap you, but if he met us anywhere at home he wouldn't even speak to us."

Margaret moved her head from side to side on the pillow—back and forth, back and forth.

"No," she said, "he isn't like that. He's in love with me. He doesn't despise me because I'm a cook."

"Don't kid yourself. He might think so right now, when there's nobody else for him to fool with, but that's all there is to it. What's the use getting all upset about it, anyway, with him a married man?"

Margaret blew her nose and sat up.

"It's awful hot in here," she said.

"I tell you what—you need a little excitement to take your mind off this business. Let's get a glass of stout and then go down and have a bit of a dance with Pat and the girls."

Margaret was helpless, apathetic. She didn't care one way or the other, and she was too tired to resist. She bathed her eyes in the wash-basin, rubbed her cheeks with the towel, and tidied up her hair. Maybe Katy was right—maybe he really didn't care for her at all. He shouldn't have said that about her coming to his stateroom; though, of course, men's views were so different about those things.

She felt better after the glass of stout, and they went down the dark companionway to the steerage-deck—the whole crowd was out there in the moonlight, Pat with his concertina, another boy with a mouth-organ. Two of the men were whirling a skipping-rope, and the girls were taking turns in seeing how fast they could skip and how long they could keep it up. A lot of people were sitting along the canvas-covered hatch. Katy had a try at it, and the very first thing the rope caught her skirt and lifted it way up so that her knickers showed, and everybody laughed. Katy didn't mind at all. She laughed as much

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as anybody did. She was a good sport. There was an English girl, about eighteen, who was the best at it—she would take a running start into the rope and put her hands on her hips and jump as if she was possessed. They couldn't down her at all, and everybody clapped her when finally one of the men dropped his end of the rope.

Pat tuned up on his concertina and they began to dance. A tall young fellow named Jim, who was a carpenter, asked Margaret to dance with him, and before she had time to make up her mind about it he had grabbed her and she was dancing with him and having a good time. They had a fox-trot first, and after that there was a jig, and in the middle of this, just when she had bumped into Katy and they were both laughing, she happened to look up at the second-cabin deck, and there was Mr. Camp, looking down. She waved her hand at him.

"Come on down!" she shouted to him.

He shook his head and smiled; Mr. Carter was standing with him. Jim yanked her hand and whirled her round, and when she looked up again he was gone.

VIII

They spent the morning in packing, and getting their landing-cards, and writing letters. He wasn't at breakfast when they were, and she took Katy's advice and kept out of his way. At lunch she avoided looking in his direction—she knew he was there, and Katy said he kept looking toward her, but she wouldn't look back. She guessed Katy was right. If he had really cared, he would have come down and danced with them. He was probably a snob, just as Katy said he was. After lunch she went back to the stateroom, and didn't go out till she heard they were sailing along close to the coast of Ireland; so she went up on deck. There was a crowd all along the railing, and she and Katy wedged themselves in and stared at the cliffs and green slopes and watched the little steam-trawlers wallowing up and down in what looked like a smooth sea. A tremendous lot of sea-gulls were flying over the ship, swooping down to the water for the swill that was flung overboard, and all of them mewing like cats. The idea of landing at Queenstown was beginning to be exciting. Her mother and uncle would probably come in from Tralee to meet her, and she supposed they would all spend the night in some hotel in Queenstown.

When they went in for their last tea she rather hoped that Mr. Camp would turn up, but he didn't. By this time, most likely, he saw that she was avoiding him, and was keeping himself out of her track. Maybe his feelings were hurt. She was restless, unhappy, excited, and, try as she would, she couldn't stop thinking about him. She gulped down her two cups of tea as if she were in a hurry; but then she couldn't find anything to be in a hurry for. Her trunk was packed, her bag was all strapped up and labelled, there was nothing to do. The orchestra came in and began playing. The sound of the music made her feel like crying. Katy said she was going to see if there was a night train out of Queenstown for the north. She got down a time-table from the shelves and looked at it, but couldn't make head or tail of it. Then two of the ladies at their table came with menus on which they were getting all their acquaintances to sign their names. She and Katy signed

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their names and said good-by, in case they shouldn't meet again, for it wasn't certain whether they would have supper on board or not. The rumor was that they would get into Queenstown harbor about six o'clock, in which case the Queenstown passengers would have to wait and have their supper in Queenstown.

It was after dark when finally the ship swung into the harbor. They felt the engine stopped, and ran out on deck. They could see the lights all round them, and a long row of especially bright ones, where the hotel was, and another ship waiting a little way off—waiting, as they were, for the tenders to come out. Everything seemed very still, now that the engines were stopped; it was almost as if something was wrong with the ship, unnatural. Everybody seemed to talk in lower voices. The harbor water was quieter than the ocean: it just lapped a little against the side of the ship, and there was a long narrow rowboat which had come out and was lying against the bow with two men in it, one of them giving an occasional flourish with a long oar. A light was played on them from the ship, so that they stood out very clear against the blackness of the water. Then at last they saw the tenders coming out, and they decided they had better go down and see about their things.

It was just after they had tipped the steward, and he had gone off with the trunks, and just when they heard the tender coming alongside, that Mr. Camp suddenly came to their stateroom door.

"I've just dropped in to say good-by," he said, putting his hand against one side of the doorway.

Katy saw how it was, and said she had to go out for a minute, leaving them alone. Mr. Camp stepped in then, and shut the door behind him. He put out his hand and she took it, and they shook hands for a minute, feeling embarrassed.

"Good-by, Margaret," he said.

"Good-by, Mr. Camp."

"I've been hunting for you all day," he said. "Why did you hide yourself from me?"

"I thought it was better," she said.

She felt the tears coming into her eyes and was ashamed. He suddenly put his arms around her and kissed her. She tried to turn her face away from him, and he just kissed her cheek two or three times, lightly. His arms were holding her very hard. Then he kissed her once on the mouth.

"You mustn't," she said. "You're a married man."

They looked at each other for what seemed like a long while, and then they heard some one coming to the door and he let her go. Katy and the steward were there. It was time to go. Mr. Diehl came running up too, and she hurriedly put on her hat and coat. Mr. Diehl took Katy's bag from the steward, and Mr. Camp picked up hers from the camp-chair.

They followed the other passengers and stewards with bags along the corridor, went through the first-cabin dining-saloon, and then came out on to a deck where an iron door had been swung open and the gangway made fast. There was a great crowd there, and two officers standing at the top of the gangway taking the landing-cards. Mr. Diehl gave Katy her hand-bag and tried to kiss her, right there before everybody, and she gave a screech and tried to run, but he caught her and kissed her. Then she started down the steep gangway under the bright lights.

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Mr. Camp handed Margaret her bag and shook hands with her again.

"Here's my address," he said. "Write me a letter some time, if you feel like it."

He gave her a slip of paper, and she tucked it under her glove.

"Good-by," she said.

"Good-by."

She turned and went gingerly down the gangway, taking short steps. When she got to the deck of the tender she didn't look for Katy, but walked right to the stern of the boat, where there was a semicircular bench, and put down her bag, and then stood and looked up at the ship. It seemed enormous, and at first she couldn't make out where the second-cabin decks were at all. The band was playing somewhere above her, in the night, and the decks were lined with people waving handkerchiefs. They were shouting, too. She ran her eyes to and fro over the crowds, looking for Mr. Camp, but she couldn't find him anywhere. Maybe he wouldn't come. Then the gangway was hauled down, the bells rang, and the tender began chugging.

Just at that minute she finally saw him. He had got a little open space of railing all to himself, and was leaning way out, waving his arm. She felt as if her heart was going to break, and threw him three long kisses, and he threw three kisses back. The steamship-whistle began blowing, the tender drew away very fast, but she could still see him waving his arm. Then she couldn't see any more, because the tears came into her eyes, and she sat down and waited for Katy to come, and turned her head away from the ship and wished she were dead.

At Tintagel

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Men dreamed a dauntless dream on this old shore,
Well worth the years' remembering, but to-day
Among gaunt ruins the ageless wind makes way,
A querulous ghost, from door to crumbling door.
Old desolation, now, old dust, old scars,
And one old whisper grieving: *So they passed . . .*
So, blind with bright desire, they failed at last
As all things fail and perish beneath the stars.

Nay, not while Arthur's England fronts the sea
They fail!—Not while this chalice in the hills
At every dark with wine of mystery,
At every dawn with brimming beauty, fills!
Their dust blows deep where Galahad's vision gleamed;
Somewhere they wake and know how well they dreamed.

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Nigger to Nigger

BY NED ADAMS
Author of "Congaree Sketches"

THESE sketches, the second group by the author of "Congaree Sketches" to appear in SCRIBNER'S, are typical of the negroes of lower Richland County and the swamps of the Congaree River in the heart of South Carolina. They show the influence of slavery combined with the superstitions brought from Africa and terrors created by the jungles and cane-brakes of the Congaree, making up the psychology of the negro of this section.

The King Buzzard

A Group Around the Camp-Fire

Tom: I wonder wey Tad.

Cricket: I ain' know. Look like he wants to git out er draggin' dis here seine. He leff here ever since 'fore day. Say he guh see kin he kill a turkey.

Voice: Who wid him?

Cricket: Ain' nobody wid him. He leff here by his self.

Tom: I sho' ain't loves to wander 'round dese here swamps by my lonesome.

Cricket: Tad is a ole swamper. I reckon he know wuh he doin'.

Voice: He ain' tooken nothin' to eat wid him, an' it atter midnight. I reckon he must er had some kind er trouble.

Cricket: Looks to me like I hear sump'n comin'.

(Tad approaches, his clothes badly torn. He is wet and covered with yellow mud.)

Tom: Tad, wey you been? You sho' looks like you loves to wander 'round dese here swamps by you'self.

Tad: Look at me. Is I look like I been enjoyin' myself?

Tom: You sho' is tored up. A bear must er had you.

Tad: I seen sump'n wuss 'an a bear.

Voice: Wuh it been?

Tad: I been walkin' 'long on de edge er Big Alligator Hole, an' de air been stink; an' I walk on an' I see sump'n riz up in front er me bigger 'an a man. An' he spread he whing out an' say, "Uuh!" He eye been red an' he de nastiest lookin' thing I ever see. He stink in my nostrils. He so stink, he stink to my eye an' my year. An' I look at him an' see he been eat a dead hog right dere in de night time. I ain' never see buzzard settin' on a carcass in de night 'fore dis. An' he look so vigus, he look like he ain' care ef he stay dere an' fight or no.

An' I been so oneasy an' frighten, till I ain' kin do nothin'; an' 'fore I knowed it, I jump at him. An' he riz up —makin' dat same dreadful sound— an' start flyin' all 'round me. Look like he tryin' to vomick on me. An' I dodge, an' dere in de moonlight dat ole thing circle 'round—look like he guh tackle

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me. An' he spewed he vomick every which er way, an' I see de leaf an' de grass wuh it fall on dry up. All de air seem like it were pizen.

An' I turned to leff, an' it keep on gittin' nigher an' nigher to me. An' I ain' know wuh would er happen, ef I ain' git in a cane-brake wey he ain' kin fly. An' I crawl 'round for God knows how long, an' when I find myself, I been lost. Jesus know I ain' never wan' see no more buzzards like dat.

Cricket: My God!

Voice: Wuh kind er buzzard dat?

Tad: God knows.

Tom: Dat ain' no buzzard. I hear 'bout dat ole thing 'fore dis.

My pa tell me dat 'way back in slavery time—'way back in Africa—dere been a nigger, an' he been a big nigger. He been de chief er he tribe, an' when dem white folks was ketchin' niggers for slavery, dat ole nigger nuse to entice 'em into trap. He'd git 'em on boat wey dem white folks could ketch 'em an' chain 'em. White folks nused to gee him money an' all kind er little thing, an' he'd betray 'em. An' one time atter he betray thousands into bondage, an' de white folks say dey ain' guh come to dat coast no more—dat was dere last trip—so dey knocked dat nigger down an' put chain on him an' brung him to dis country.

An' when he dead, dere were no place in heaven for him an' he were not desired in hell. An' de Great Master decide dat he were lower dan all other mens or beasts; he punishment were to wander for eternal time over de face er de earth. Dat as he had kilt de sperrits of mens an' womens as well as dere bodies, he must wander on an' on. Dat his sperrit should always travel in de form of a great buzzard, an' dat carrion must be he food.

An' sometimes he appears to mens, but he doom is settled; an' he ain' would er hurt Tad, kaze one er he punishment is dat he evil beak an' claw shall never touch no livin' thing. An' dey say, he are known to all de sperrit world as de King Buzzard, an' dat forever he must travel alone.

Ruint

Tad: Is you hear de tale 'bout Ella?

Voice: Wuh Ella?

Tad: Ella up to de white folks' yard.

Voice: Wuh 'bout Ella?

Tad: You know Ella been raise up mighty proper. She ain' run 'round wid no mens. Ack like she ain' got no nuse for 'em.

Scip: I ain' never pay no 'tention to no lie like dat. She ooman, ain't she? Mens is mens, ain't dey?

Tad: Well, she ack dat er way.

Scip: She ack dat er way.

Voice: Wuh de tale?

Tad: It ain't no tale. Ella been a apple in de white folks' yard. Dey 'pend on her. An' atter she been dere God knows how long, she disappear an' ain' say a word an' ain' nobody know wey Ella.

Well, all dese niggers had a excursion an' went to Wilmington, an' Janey—you know old man Jube' gal Janey—say she went on de excursion an' been standin' on de street cornder waitin' for de street-car. An' she say she see a ooman all dress up wid fine clothes an' high-heel shoes wid ribbon all over her, an' more paint an' talcum powder 'an you ever heared of. An' she look at her

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an' she say it look like somebody she know. An' Janey say she walk up a little closer an' take her time an' look good. An' she say she walk up to de ooman an' say:

"Ain't dis Ella?"

An' de gal say:

"Sho', dis Ella."

An' Janey say:

"In de name er God, wey you been? Everbody been axen 'bout you."

An' Ella say:

"Ain't you hear de news? I been ruint."

Big Annie

Tad: Tom even wid dat ole gal er he ownt now.

Voice: Wuh ole gal?

Tad: Annie. Ain't you know Big Annie, he wife?

Voice: How come? Wuh she do for him to git even 'bout?

Tad: You ain't know 'bout de time Tom tooken a ham over an' guin it to Bella? Somebody tooken de news to Big Annie, an' she git so mad she were b'ilin'. She git de news when she were takin' Tom' breakfast to him wey he been cuttin' cotton-stalks 'side a rail fence.

When she git to wey Tom been, he were settin' in he seat on de stalk-cutter. Annie come up, put de pot wid he breakfast in it on de ground an' look at Tom a minute, an' den reach over an' pull a rail off dat fence an' sweep Tom from de stalk-cutter on to de hind foots er one er he mule. Well, you know how a mule is. He ain't never loss a opportunity to use dem foots er he ownt. Dat mule lay he years flat back on he head an' neck an' squeal like a pig, an' lift Tom back over de stalk-cutter an' he drap 'gainst Annie.

Well, she look like she tooken dat for a personal insult. She git so mad she reach over an' grab dat pot wid Tom' breakfast in it an' poured hot hom'ny an' bacon grease all over Tom' head an' neck. Tom ack like she set him afire, an' I reckon she is. He ain' know ef he comin' or guine, but it ain't take him long to find out he guine. He twist 'round two or three time very actie, an' it look like he think two foots ain't 'nough to take him from dere. He went down dat road on all four for fifty yards, pacin' like a coon, 'fore he straighten out an' stretch he self. It look like hot hom'ny an' a rail teach dat nigger sump'n 'bout runnin' ain't nobody ever knowed 'efore.

He run in de house an' tored 'round it for a while, an' den he spy Annie comin' an' bu's' out de other side er de house an' kep' on guine. It been a good thing, too, kaze Annie look like she was jes gitten right to make her meanin' known to him. She run in de house an' broked up chairs, th'owed Tom's clothes out in de yard, took he mattress an' rip it open an' made a pile er de straw in it wid he clothes an' other thing an' set 'em afire.

She 'larm everything. A ole cat wha' been in de house sachayed out er dere an' 'round de yard like somebody been swingein' him. One er dem chillun goat th'owed he head an' little nub tail up in de air an' bl'ated two or three time an' leff dere bouncin' on dem stiff leg er he own like a rubber ball. An' dat ain't all. You oughter see Tom' cow. She curl she tail up an' bu's' out de barnyard bellowin'. Even a ole plymouth rock rooster stretch he neck an' whing an' leg, an' tooken to de creek

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wuss 'an he would er done in de big Sunday when de preacher guh take dinner dere.

Lord! Lord; it were a time.

Voice: She sho' is raise a rookus 'bout a little piece er meat.

Tad: She say it she meat.

Scip: Is you talkin' 'bout Tom or de ham?

Tad: Annie say she ooman 'nough for Tom. He ain' needs no other ooman. He ain' kin manage de one he got.

Scip: It look like Tom got poorly judgment.

Tad: It ain't so poorly all de time.

Scip: It do look like he gits ideas 'bout movin' sometimes.

Tad: Luh me tell you de end on it.

Tom heared Annie were sick, an' he say he were badly in need er labor in he field; so he tell he boss Annie were failin' fast. He reckon he guh loss her. An' he axe he boss which ooman he think de stoutest, Bella or Chainey.

Scip: Look like he oughter have a belly full er stout womens.

Tad: He tell he boss he mighty nigh fret he self to death 'bout lossen Annie, an' he got to have a ooman to work an' take care er he poor little motherless chillun.

When de news git to Annie, she crawled out er dat bed right now an' hoed a acre 'fore sundown.

Scip: I ain' change my mind 'bout Tom' judgment.

Gullah Joe

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN SLAVE

Tad: Joe, 'fore you come here wey did you originate—wey was you' home?

Joe: I come from Africa.

Tad: How come you come here?

Joe: When I been a boy, a big vessel come nigh to my home. An' it had white folks on it an' dey hab all kind er bead an' calico an' red flannel, an' all kind er fancy thing. An' dem white folks gee a heap er thing to de people er my tribe an' entice 'em on de boat. An' dey treat 'em so good for two or three days, till atter while de people ain' been scared. At first start off, ain' but a few on 'em git on de boat when dey were invite; but atter de other people see 'em git on an' git off an' come back wid all kind er present, dey git so dey ain' been scared.

An' one day dey hab de boat crowd wid mens an' womens an' chillun, an' when dey find dey self, de boat was 'way out to sea. An' some er dem niggers jump off an' dey was drownded. But dem white folks overpowered dem what was on de boat, an' th'owed 'em down in de bottom er de ship. An' dey put chain on 'em an' make 'em lay down moest of de time.

Dey been pack in dere wuss dan hog in a car when dey shippin' 'em. An' every day dem white folks would come in dere an' ef a nigger jes twist his self or move, dey'd cut de hide off him wid a rawhide whip. An' niggers died in de bottom er dat ship wuss dan hogs wid cholera. Dem white folks ain' hab no mercy. Look like dey ain' know wha' mercy mean. Dey drag dem dead niggers out an' throw 'em overboard. An' dat ain' all. Dey th'owed a heap er live ones wha' dey thought ain' guh live into de sea.

An' it look like we been two or three month in de bottom er dat ship. An' dey brung us to dis country an' dey sell us, an' a slave-trader brung me here an' sold me to ole Marster.

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Tad: Is you satisfy?

Joe: It seems to me I would be satisfy ef I jes could see my tribe one more time. Den I would be willin' to come back here. I is a ole man now an' de folks here been good to me. Anything good atter dat vessel.

Tad: You reckon ef you was to go back to Africa you'd know any er dem people?

Joe: Ef dey would jes take me an' set me down on Africa shore, I could walk right to my tribe, for I know everybody. My daddy was a chief an' I got aunt an' heap er kin folk an' friend, an' I know dey'd be glad to see me.

I is a ole man now, but I has a longin' to walk in de feenda.* I wants to see it one more time. I has a wife an' chillun here, but when I thinks er my tribe an' my friend an' my daddy an' my mammy an' de great feenda, a feelin' rises up in my th'oat an' my eye well up wid tear.

* Feenda: an African word used by Gullah Joe meaning forest.

A Peacemaker

Tad: Dey had ole Bung to-day.

Voice: How dey have him?

Tad: Had him 'fore de judge.

Voice: Wuh for?

Tad: For peacemakin', he say.

Voice: Wuh dey do wid him?

Tad: Fine him five dollars.

Voice: How come dey fine him five dollars for peacemakin'? Wuh kind er peacemakin' he been doin'?

Tad: Bung tell de judge he brother-in-law, Tom, an' annudder nigger git in a argiment an' mighty nigh fou't, an' he try to quiet 'em. An' de judge axe Bung wuh he do, an' Bung say he ain' do nothin' but try to pacify dat nigger. An' de judge axe him how he try to pacify him—wuh he do—an' Bung say he ain' do nothin'; say he merely slap dat nigger 'cross de face wid de back er he shovel—dat all he been atter, was peace an' quiet.

Voice: Is he git it?

Scip: Look like he calculation been good.

Old Man Hildebrand

Ole man Hildebran' was a bad ole man,
He live in slavery time.
He heart been iron an' he head been stone,
An' he pleasure been a nigger's groan.
He eye been yallow, an' he soul been dead,
An' he live in slavery time.
Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'!

A rawhide whip he hold in he hand,
For he love a chain an' he love a whip;
An' he been a bad ole man,
An' he live in slavery time.
Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'!

He nose been split an' he face been cut,
An' he neck been short;
Wid teet' like a hog, an' a mind like a dog.
He smile been a frown, an' voice a growl.
He been a bad ole man,
An' he live in slavery time.

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Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'!
An' he ooman was a nigger wench
Wid ways crooked as de trail of a black snake;
An' she'd grin at we trouble an' laugh at we pain,
An' she live in slavery time.
Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'!
Ole man Hildebran' was a bad ole man,
An' he live in slavery time.
He's equal wid de niggers now;
De worrums crawls through de holes in he head.
He was a bad ole man,
An' he live in slavery time.
Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'!

Esprit de Corps

BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

Captain Stallings relates the seventh of the high moments of the war as seen by fighters. The author of one of the first of the realistic war novels, "Plumes," Captain Stallings then successfully put war on stage and screen with "What Price Glory?" and "The Big Parade."

THEY were a crowd of wounded officers and they lay in a tent near La Ferté. The tent had tender June grass for a carpet and a big red cross painted on its canvas top. A man coming out of ether vomited into the grass and then lay back and studied the cross. The cross stood for humanity as defined by the Geneva convention. It also served as a marker for airplanes that came over the Marne on the way to Paris. Sometimes during an air-raid a Baptist preacher gave away sticks of Adam's Blackjack chewing-gum. Nobody minded him, for he was a well-meaning man and did not inquire about a wounded officer's soul.

The officers were all quiet in the tent, for a marine major, whose white iron bed was in the centre, under the ridge-pole, was dying of a gangrened shoulder. The officers were still angry because a nurse and a mule had screamed half an hour gone when an airplane returning from Paris with a left-over bomb had dropped it into the hospital yard for a lark. Many of the wounded were marine officers from the major's own battalion.

The major sat upright, smoking and trying to get it over with. A marine lieutenant with a gangrened groin made an occasional loud cry, but his brother officers knew he could not help himself. Once after an outcry he apologized to his major, his words trailing until the last syllables swelled into another outcry. Then the major's free hand trembled as it lighted a fresh cigarette from the old stub. The lieutenant was his adjutant.

The major had known sorrow in his young years, and it had made him stern with his battalion mess. Having kept to himself in his life, he was now strictly reserved in his death. He was

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dying impersonally, occasionally lifting bandages at his shoulder to observe the progress of the gas bacilli. The gangrene spread downward. It was a dark shadow moving around the dial of his left nipple. The major was observing the progress of enemy troops against the citadel of his heart. He did so with the keen detachment of a battalion commander. One almost expected him to say to his adjutant:

"Mr. Green, the enemy is making progress against the carotid artery. Please tell the 74th Company of white corpuscles to form line of skirmishers to the left and dig in. They must hold Collarbone ridge at all costs."

It was clear that the major wished to be alone. The junior officers ached to rise and tiptoe on their broken legs silently through the soft grass, saluting precisely with shattered arms as they left his presence. The major, to preserve his impersonality, kept his eyes on the cot by the door; just as he had often made a battalion inspection without suffering his consciousness to be aware of any file. This cot that he continued to inspect with cool and passionless intention was supporting two nurses, who sat upon its rim and rolled gauze bandages along its canvas belly.

The nurses were brawny women with bursting arms and great thighs that bulged the starch of their uniforms into broken patterns. Their ugly little white caps were set on worn, splintery hair and were cruel to see. Deeply shadowed eyes had almost disappeared into their tired fleshy faces. Their blue capes were tossed back, red linings striving for all the candle-light from the single taper that waned upon an inverted canteen. The grouping suggested madonnas. But the major, imperturbable, saw two women who exhaled the odorless aura of spinsters in the still diffusion.

Night wore on and the lieutenant with the groin was soon getting his over with. The bigger nurse, who had shifted his wrappings a hundred times since twilight, arose and came to his cot. She stood; listened. The other officers lifted heads from pillows, but none could hear an emanation from the adjutant's narrowing breast. The big nurse placed her hand beneath the adjutant's ear, anxiously holding her own breath so long that she swayed gently from the tops of her high tan shoes until the laces creaked. While she stood thus groping for a pulse, she fainted slowly and her body collapsed with heavy resignation onto the grass; so silently that the major, back to hers, held a fresh cigarette to his mouth and dropped the smoking butt of an old one into her hair.

The other nurse brought two orderlies with a flapping litter, but the big woman had regained her knees. When the orderlies raised her she thrust them off. She caught the arm of her sister and walked slowly by the major. At the end cot she sat down and feebly resumed her work with the spools of gauze. The somnambulent orderlies placed the adjutant's body on the litter and lurched in faultless tempo across the grass, a long piece of three-inch gauze trailing the pall. It collected bits of grass on its vaseline-soddened edges. The major saluted vacantly as it passed, gravely lifting his free arm from blanket to eyebrow and down again. The mechanical excellence of the salute dispelled any gathering emotionalism in the tent. Only an old fellow, a marine gunner, sat upright and peered at the pall. Presently he wiped his nose on the back of his hand. His mouth was

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sealed with strips of adhesive tape, but the old gunner burned the end of a cigarette into a match flame until sparks fell from the tobacco. He placed the cigarette in a nostril and inhaled deeply. He sat slowly drawing the smoke down into his lungs, his swollen old face trussed in a bandage that ended in small white tags like rabbit ears on a bald dome. These tags were attentive, as if listening now for the major's breathing. Meanwhile their owner continued to inhale, exhale, and wipe his nose. The officers on cots next to that of the dead adjutant began snoring gratefully. The old gunner finished his smoke and joined them.

A naval doctor, odd in his blue broadcloth tunic with purple-and-gold paddles at the shoulders, filtered through the tent-flaps and came to the major's bed. He, too, looked at the movement of the blue hosts around the nipple. Then he drew from a side-pocket an aluminum case, chose a morphia syringe, and leaned over the major. But the major shrank from surcease, and slowly made a negative gesture.

As the major gestured, the roof of the tent became rose-colored, and a close thunder rolled in through the canvas. For a brief instant there was a sharp white flare. The major put the doctor at his ease.

"Ammunition dump," he said—his first words of the night. The doctor nodded and looked at his watch. "On time," said the doctor. He professionally diverted the patient's mind. "The infantry starts at four, and we'll have some of them at six." The doctor looked about the tent and counted the two empty beds.

"Some one," said the major easily, "can have my bed."

The doctor was embarrassed, and he talked himself to cover. "The army brigade of this division has been itching for the chance," he said. "You marines have been featured in all the despatches. Not a word about the infantry yet."

A giant reared up, his two bandaged feet slipping beyond the edge of his cot. "You're goddamned right those Heinies know the army's coming." His ears picked out the high explosives and measured their distances. "Half that stuff is retaliation. When I left yesterday they were swinging guns up back of Vaux to answer this barrage."

The major, politely deflecting his head toward the speaker, said:

"Yes?"

The cannon died away, gun-fire ending abruptly. For a moment the shrill singsongs of dawn were heard, and the tent walls faded into cold gray. Morning had stolen past the barrage. The rainy staccato of small arms rapped faintly upon the tent walls. The giant looked at his wrist-watch.

"They're right on the dot," he cried across to the major. "Those doughboys'll just naturally kill themselves some Heinies this morning, sir." He grinned. "They want to be in the newspapers, just like the marines." He lay down again.

An orderly came for the doctor. The nurses gathered the sponges in a blanket and followed after him. The machine-guns were silent. The heavy guns began again. The giant was up again. "Second wave!" he cried. "God damn." The officer next the giant pulled him down to quietness.

The major was soon alone. He carefully surveyed the battle around the citadel of his heart. Small detachments of the blue troops had crossed Collarbone ridge. The major sighed. The sun was bringing out the red in the cross

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when the first Fords came clattering up, spluttered, and came to rest outside the receiving-line. The major looked fixedly at the tent-flaps and breathed in great swallows.

Two bearers came through the opening, lurching in the green grass with a sodden stretcher. The man on it was without covering. He wore the brown tunic and silver bars of an army captain, but his face was obscured by cotton wrappings. He was talking angrily through a crimson screen.

"Why goddam their publicity-seeking souls, I knew we could do it better than they." He was placed, litter and all, on the cot next the major's bed. The bearers stooped to lift him free. "The lousy little marine brigade," he was beginning. He was swung into the cot. "Where am I?" asked the mouth under the crimson screen.

The marine major sat forward smartly as other men on litters began filing into the tent, the big nurse following. The major from somewhere within him found a parade-ground voice. "Too many foot-sloggers around here," he shouted to the nurse. "I guess I'll be shoving off." He came back easily against his pillows.

"Who the hell was that?" cried the army captain. He tugged at the bandages over his eyes.

"Shhh . . ." rasped the big nurse.

The cigarette on the major's lip burned an arid blue smoke that floated before his face and curled around his nostrils. The woman removed it, and stamped out its fire in the grass.

Had I Been Only

By Edith Wharton

Had I been only that which you enjoyed,
Nought were I now but old grimacing bones,
Masking with painted lips rheumatic groans,
The spectre of past pleasures that have cloyed,
The blossomed shade where Amaryllis toyed
Turned to a wilderness of stumps and stones,
Or gaunt Næra, among kindred crones,
Superfluous, meddlesome and unemployed.

Best comradeship, how frail a tie it is,
Though we entreat of it its sure delights!
Can any love our days that loved our nights,
Or feign contentment who has fed on bliss?
Not lips alone become too old to kiss;
Yet, O my other soul—was I but this?

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Beatus Rex

BY STARK YOUNG

When we left Rimini we had no idea of seeing Florence. Miss Hutchinson's and my scheme was to do certain cities and towns, I to make the drawings, she to write what she called in her journalese the story. And Florence, as she said, had been sketched, painted, described, and recounted till it was black in the face; it was exactly the sort of subject we meant to avoid. There were plenty of other towns in Italy.

But it turned out after all that our best trains to the south would go by Florence and Chiusi. I begged my companion to let us stop off one day at least; there were reasons that made me want to revisit the convent at Fiesole once more before I died, if only for an afternoon. Well, she said, very well; I could have Florence this time, provided—did I remember the doctor in Molière who said if the other doctor would only agree to an emetic for this patient, he could give anything he liked to the next?—provided she was at liberty to stop wherever she chose after this. We were in Florence soon after noon, and later we took the tram that left the Duomo at four o'clock for Fiesole.

The little sister who met us at the door and was to be our guide through the convent had never seen me before, and I was glad of that. I was hoping not to see the mother superior again, but to make this visit like a stranger to the place. We saw first the chapel and then the fresco of Saint Jerome and his lion outside in the portico, where Cosimo di Medici's stair ascended from the road below. It was a stair with a high wall on one side; on the other a solid balustrade from which you looked down upon the valley where Florence lay and, beyond that, Samminiato and the line of hills. Up the stair, as it mounted, there were cypresses; there were two rows of them—on each step in the middle a cypress stood and one at the end near the balustrade; their shadows fell on the flagstones of the steps and on the wall, and the light under them was soft and quiet. Afterward we saw the cloister with the pots of coleus crowded on the low wall between the columns, and the arms of the Medici on the well-head, and after the cloister the court with the date-palms, the balcony where the nuns gather for recreation in the evening after dinner, and the long wall covered with yellow roses. Then we came to the garden, the geranium terrace, the cypress avenue below, the rondel with bay-trees and oleanders. The oleanders were in blossom and the whole place was sweet.

We came along the path to the olive-orchard, where a gate is and the statue of Saint Joseph. Under an olive-tree seats were arranged, where you could rest—two iron benches and some wicker chairs; and there the sister left us. It was time for benediction, she said, and we must excuse her. If we wished to come to benediction, or after benediction, we could go out by the stair; or, if we liked, there was the rose walk, half-way up the hill, to the gate on to the piazza; Cherubina would let us out.

We sat down and Miss Hutchinson lit a cigarette.

"Now tell me about your cousin,"

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she said. "You promised you would, if we came here, though I generally hate stories about people's cousins; it tangles things up."

I said: "About Rex?"

"Yes, who was here. That's the point, isn't it—he was here?"

"Yes, that's the point."

"But, see here, why's our Saint Joseph got a Phrygian cap? I just noticed it." She burst out laughing, and pointed gaily to the saint on his high pedestal. "Considering the Phrygian significance."

"It's Phrygian all right," I said, "but nobody'd know why. Look how quiet the statue looks in the shadow. It's in a poem Rex wrote: 'Thou art as alabaster filled with wine'——"

"To Saint Joseph, is that?" She was still gay over the Phrygian business; it involved her precious Freud.

"No," I said, "it's not Joseph; it's a love-poem."

"Then go on, *caro mio,* tell me about Rex." She settled her quick little body, like a lean bird, in her chair.

It was not so easy to do, I said, making Rex intelligible, but I would try.

"The first time I saw this cousin was in the spring, in Texas, two years before the war broke out. I had been in New York all winter painting. They were baroque murals that I was doing, in the grand style, all the sumptuous curves, the rich variants on the circle, the magnificence of the baroque tradition in anatomy and architecture, fruits and flowers. I finished my commission in April, and all of a sudden, one day soon after, I knew that I wanted to be in another country. New York was all very well, but I wanted to see the light flooding down from a far, bright sky, to see white roads going off over the hills, stretches of white rocks and sharp, black greens, to see the morning in that world, the full, white noon, and then the breathless spring nights, with the starry mists and the tiers of bright, hard stars above that sad, sweet land.

"I would go to Austin, already familiar to me, and walk about the country and paint. Miles of purple winecups and wild verbenas, the color of lilacs, would be in blossom; and the blue lupines would spread so thick in places that travellers on the train would ask if there were lakes.

" 'But if you are in Austin, you must meet your cousin Rex Drouillard,' my aunt, who takes the family very seriously, wrote me from New Orleans. 'His mother is here now for the winter with her brother, your cousin the doctor. Cousin Emma is the same as ever, still waltzing all night if she gets a chance.' My aunt told me things I had heard all my life but might have forgotten about his mother and about Rex. And after all, too, she reminded me, his great-grandfather, Uncle Charles McGehee, was my great-grandfather's brother, which makes him kin. My cousin Emma McGehee had married Henry Drouillard, a gentleman much older than herself, and the head of a great Creole family in Louisiana. Till his death she was a leader in New Orleans society. But after he died the house was sold, for they had spent most of his money. Cousin Emma took Rex, who was about fifteen at the time, to Paris with her and spent whatever was left.

"Mother and son were in Paris five years, which made Rex twenty when they came back to live with his uncle. For a while he tried tutoring in French, since he was by now more French than American, and spoke French better than he spoke English; but his manner

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toward the young ladies was such that fathers put an end to the lessons, and the tutoring was soon all over. And yet, my aunt observed, doubtless quite shrewdly, this would shortly have taken care of itself, if people could only have a little sense. Rex had not seemed so fiery to her, not as all that; she took his behavior to be really only a French notion he had, by which you consider it the manly thing to do, when you are left alone with a woman, to make love to her. However that might be, Rex had come to the university at Austin—the French professor there had been a friend of the family—and had burrowed his way into the classes, or had it burrowed for him by this family friend, and in two years had got himself graduated, just how God alone knew. He had supported himself by a little translating for the university library and by a monthly comic paper that he had established and that had not only paid expenses but made a profit; it had even begun to pay for contributions—people would have gladly donated their writings for the sheer pleasure of seeing themselves in print, but Rex as editor had a taste for doing things up in professional style—when the dean of the college heard too much of its Parisian note and closed it down.

"The second year Rex had an assistantship not in French but, of all things, in political economy, which he won not so much through his study of the subject as of the professor, who was all temperament. Rex had written his mother an amusing letter about him, and how, from the time he heard him burst out at Christmas dinner on the love life of North American lizards, he knew he should get on with the economist; Cousin Emma had read the letter aloud one afternoon at a card-table, and all the family had given their opinion on the subject of its propriety. His mother tells me also, my aunt wrote, that there are several young ladies who are not perhaps in love with Rex but who seem to make him silk shirts and have him to suppers.

"The first time I saw Rex he was sitting at his table naked with a gilt-paper crown on his head. He sat at the table writing, with the crown on his head and a towel round his loins. His room was in a sort of outhouse in a back corner of his landlady's yard. It was a two-room place with a porch running along in front, and had doubtless once been meant for the servants' quarters. By the porch there was a locust-tree in flower; the white blossoms were scattered on the floor of the porch and on the steps. It was early in the afternoon and the sun was blinding. The shade of the porch and the shade in the room were very distinct. The air was full of the drowsy sweet of the locusts.

"We shook hands, and Rex, before he sat down again at his table, reached for some white cotton trousers and put them on. He had taken off the crown.

" 'I don't suppose you mind,' he said, 'but I'd better put some clothes on. I like to wear the crown sometimes, got it at a *bal poudré*.' The simple explanation seemed to serve our purposes.

"I took the only other chair to be seen. There was nothing else around but the white iron bed and the table; the room was bare as only a room in Texas can be. He was tall and blond, and spoke English rather precisely, like a foreigner, but had so much of a sort of half-laugh when he talked that he sounded careless or loose. You might set this little laugh of Rex's down as shy, or nervous, or silly, or as ironical, or as defensive. Whatever it was, it did

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not improve the impression he gave people.

" 'My mother writes to me about three times a year,' he said, 'and I write to her about three times. But she's broken the rule to tell me you were coming. She says you're a fine painter. She adores painting. Everybody in Paris painted her, you know. Immortal Helen and all that.'

" 'I said: 'We'll pray at least that I'll be fine some day.'

" 'You see while she is the painted swan I'm only a good man Friday to a college professor. These are his quizzes I'm reading. It's all rot, and I wouldn't do them if the course were mine. But he believes in it, so I'm doing it.' "

"Well, now that, I should say," Miss Hutchinson grumbled, interrupting me for the first time and beginning to turn the emerald round and round on her finger, as she did when about to be dubious, "sounds a little dutiful and tiresome."

"Not at all," I said, "it's only using his imagination about the other man."

"My mistake. What did he say?"

"He said: 'But it gets me my six hundred bucks and I can live on that, the college year. Especially since, being a professorito now, I'm invited to all the dances instead of having to chip in. And I've gotten even a little by wearing my crown and getting the air on my skin. And gotten even a little with this—' He reached over for a sheet of paper; it was a poem."

Miss Hutchinson crossed her legs.

"That's better," she said; "that's better. Did you see it?"

" 'I'll give it to you,' Rex said; 'I've a carbon. I'm that efficient.' For that matter you could see by his eyes and hands that he could show efficiency enough in case he cared to bother. In his own affairs there were spurts of it when it seemed worth while."

Miss Hutchinson turned and looked me in the eye.

"And tell me—was the poem good? How was it?"

I nodded. "I know it by heart," I said.

"Well, then, say it for me."

I repeated the poem to her:

" 'Across the marble ledges of the dawn,
Rose-tinct and gold, like a Venetian's hair,
Day cometh now, and from the argent lawn
Of Paradise leans down upon the air.

And the white Artemis grows pale and fades,
She who with splendor drowns the unbosomed night,
Her twinkling flock asleep, folded in shades;
The larks are singing on the hills of light.

Waken, O lovely eyelids, waken slowly,
The dew on these green slopes trembles for thee;
This morn is one, but thou art all, and holy,
And holier with the dawns that are to be.' "

My companion heard the poem to the end without moving.

"But look, *caro mio,* poetry's the only thing I can stand rich. That's rich."

She could be very nice sometimes.

"When the light had faded and I was through with my painting, I used to drop in for Rex and take him somewhere for supper—he had no regular place. Afterward we walked in the country. People along the road to Mount Bonnell used to see from their porches and little front yards two young men walking past, talking busily, one of them laughing a great deal, not very loud. Rex was not as strong as a horse, but he could walk forever, as long a time as he could talk; he had the kind of endurance that women sometimes

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display; a mysterious vitality fed his slight body with some sort of deathless elixir.

"One night, walking, we met some acquaintance of Rex's, who joined us and began to talk about his troubles. He was a solemn-looking young man, almost at the end of his college course, and he told us that he was trying to decide what he ought to do. He had seen a student cheating on examinations, looking at notes that he had hidden in his coat-pocket. Here we were with the honor system, he said, and under the honor system you were pledged not only to be straight yourself but to see that other men were straight. And yet he hated to report the chap, and get him expelled and all. What ought he do?

" 'Do you remember Jeannie Deans?' Rex said. The senior shook his head. " 'Well, anyhow she's a Scott heroine, and she wouldn't tell a lie even to save her sister from hanging. No, right was right, and Jeannie preferred an easy conscience for herself.'

"The student was silent, in consternation, I suppose, and walked along with his hand up before his mouth. I said: 'Yes, but doesn't there come a point sometimes in your living, a point on whose rightness your whole existence afterward will depend?' "

"My God, you're elaborate, darling!" Miss Hutchinson said.

"Well, how else can you say it? I mean a point where your decision goes down to your very elements."

"I get you, sweet. They're what people used to call crucial moments, morally, the sweet old things! What did Rex say?"

"He said: 'If your precious existence hangs on that moment, well, let it hang.'

" 'Like Jeannie's sister,' I said.

"That was about all the religion Rex had. From his careless prattling you gathered at length perhaps that he saw life as a flux. Something on the whole pathetic, something set in darkness. Filled with little bodies of men who were confused, warm-hearted, transitory, and touching. You can give others whatever good or daring or brief audacity you have in you to give; for yourself, meantime, you can admit life's beauty and fatalism. He was a sort of voluptuous mystic."

"And the soul?" my companion asked.

"I fancy he never thought he had one."

"Whew! I'm damned devout myself. I wouldn't risk it," she said.

I said: "I don't suppose the notion of a risk of any kind was very clear to Rex."

"Well, what I'd like to know is where he thought he was headed."

"There, I suppose, he did variations on Einstein."

"Space all bent up?"

"Yes, and thought that the shortest distance between two points was in himself."

"That's a whang of a thought. But I don't skip around about my little soul."

"Perhaps Rex had his mother's feet in his brain."

She made no answer to that, thinking perhaps of her soul, which she must have risked plenty of times; and I said nothing more. We sat following our own private thoughts.

"Obviously there's one other department," my friend observed presently.

"You mean love? He was shy about it. He spoke of it once. Not anybody there in Austin, not the loyal shirt-mak-

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ers he lounged around with. I met one of them; she overdid the comrade note so that I wondered. But I never wondered about Rex. He was in love with a girl he had met on the steamer coming home the year before. Sometimes he wrote to her and she to him, but not regularly. They were both in love with one another. I don't know any more."

She complained of the poor data I offered her, and I continued:

"After all," I said, "I was in Texas for only a fortnight or three weeks at the most. Then that next autumn the War broke out and in a month Rex had left Texas and was on his way to enlist for France. I did not see him, but I had a letter from the boat, mailed at Cherbourg. He was on his way to Paris, he said, and was sorry not to have seen me; but a week in New York was so short. The rest was about seeing the girl again during that week before he sailed. I could see he had to talk of what he felt. All of it was about love. But the way he said it was satirical. All of it satirical, which was like him.

"I heard nothing else from Rex, either at that time or later, when I was in camp, and then five years afterward he wrote me from Fiesole here. The letter was not very long. He had been gassed in the Argonne and his lungs were not so good. He was here at the convent rather indefinitely. The sisters nursed him; they were like mothers and saints. He had never seen goodness like that. He enclosed a poem he had written. I might like it. That was about all."

My companion threw away a cigarette that had gone out.

"And what about the woman?" she asked—"that he loved."

"Nothing."

"Not a word?"

"No, I don't even know her name."

She thought a while. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, after all, he was your friend, not mine."

"I had answered the letter in good time, and then, after two months, my letter had been returned to me with a note from the mother superior informing me that Rex was dead. He had died the 24th of April.

"That summer, when I was in Italy, I went to Fiesole to the convent to ask about Rex and to thank the nuns for their kindness. They were nearly all English and Irish sisters, and had made their convent into a sort of home for convalescents.

"Mother Theresa seemed glad to see me; we sat down in her little drawing-room and she told me about Rex. He was a good young man, a kind heart; always in her prayers she had said: 'God bless him and keep him what he is.' He was considerate of the sisters' feelings, but he was not religious. He used to say that the sisters were holiest when they knelt in benediction, because then their veils hung in the best lines, and they were most human when they gathered on their balcony for their recreation, the half-hour allowed them after dinner, laughing and chattering and noisy like birds. He used to pit the saints in the garden against one another. He would come in and say that Saint Joseph was furious because the Madonna got all the flowers. He would say: 'Saint Anthony is pouting this morning; he thinks Saint Joseph has had too much attention.' That made the sisters laugh heartily and shake their fingers at him for his wickedness, but he only laughed the way he always did—that sort of little half-laugh.

"Mother Theresa herself was grieved

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that he was not religious, but especially so since he was not going to live; the doctor said he would not last much longer; it was his lungs, from that dreadful war. Where could the poor young man's mother have been, leaving him over here alone like that? 'His mother,' thought I, 'was dancing in Louisiana'; but I said only: 'She doubtless had no idea he was sick; he hadn't told her.'

"The sisters made prayers for him, the reverend mother went on, but of course they said nothing of that to him, not liking to intrude. Then, when you could see he was not going to live much longer, Mother Theresa thought she herself must speak to him a little. 'Has the doctor been telling you how you are, dear?' she asked then; that was what she said. And Mr. Drouillard said: 'You mean, has he told me I'm going to die?' 'Yes,' she said; 'God help us.' 'And so, mother, you think I'll be damned?' he said. And she said: 'Only God can know what is in our hearts. You must pray.' 'No,' he said, 'you make the sisters pray for me—Sister Stanislaus, Sister Gonzaga, Sister Agnes, Sister Anastasia; tell them, if they'll pray for me, I'll bring them some Turkish paste, when I'm well again, from Gilli's, to eat at recreation—that's an idea, Turkish paste for nuns!' He was smiling, but had not taken his eyes off Mother Theresa's face. No one would forget his eyes.

"The next evening, after benediction, when the convent guests were at dinner and Sister Agnes came to rub his arms for the neuritis, he sent her for Mother Theresa, and when they came in he called them to the bed and told them that he had been thinking of religion and that he believed at last. How their hearts leaped for joy! Mother Theresa hurried the sister off to catch the priest before he should have left the sacristy. He came and was there for a long time talking with the poor young man, leaning down to hear. Then he baptized him, and said the prayer *Absolve, quaesumus, Domine,* and gave him the sacrament. Sister Agnes, who had lost control of herself, knelt at the foot of the bed crying and thanking God. In the night he died. It seemed a beautiful thing in God to grant them this blessing, that he died in the church."

When I stopped, Miss Hutchinson went on smoking in silence for some time; then she threw down her cigarette on the gravel and put her heel on it.

"That's all," I said.

She began turning her ring round and round.

"That taste for paper crowns he had—that's what I'm thinking."

I did not argue the point.

"Poor devil!"

"Look," I said, "you see the lights coming on there toward Santa Croce; it will soon be night; let's go up to Mother Edith's parlor. It's the ring of cypresses there just under the brothers' wall."

We rose and passing through the gate began to ascend the path up the hill. It wound along among the olives and fruit-trees and the vines, grown as they were in Virgil's day in festoons between clipped elms. At last there was a broader path, an incline that led into an open space. Cypresses bordered this path, and stood in a ring about the open, and climbed on up the slope to the rock cliffs below the wood of San Francesco. On the ground among the

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straight trunks the late golden light spread in long rays. You could see the Virgin's shrine against the rock, the dark ivy leaves about it. The edges of the leaves were shining. Under a cypress at the edge of the path I saw a red-purple iris standing up from the stones; there was the white ground, the dark tree, the purple flower—that elegiac, passionate beauty.

We stood there looking down over the fading valley, and Florence and the hills.

"He's too much for me," Miss Hutchinson said presently; "I mean putting him together. You can usually get a sort of outline of any creature, and sort of fill it in. But this beats me."

I said nothing, but lit another cigarette. She spoke again, to herself mostly.

"So he said he was converted, to make these people happy, these nuns! They'll talk about it the rest of their lives."

At last, when I had only nodded my head and still had said nothing, she turned to me. "Well, then, what about that second poem? Was it the one with the alabaster?"

"Yes," I said.

"Can you quote it too? You knew all of the other one."

"I can if you like."

"I'd like to hear it; say it."

I said Rex's poem:

" 'Thou art as alabaster filled with wine,
Wherein the sun of summer shineth through,
Tinged with the sound of bees when the rich vine
Shakes down its garlands in the diamond dew.

Thou art a gleaming saint amid the trees,
Whereon the holy moonlight lieth white,
In some old garden where the centuries
Trail their dark mantles in the silent night.
And songs of lips dead long ago I hear,
Of them whose holy dreams were fraught with pain,
And if I have or have thee not, it were,
O Saint and Shrine, O Life in Life, in vain!' "

Miss Hutchinson waited for me to finish, then turned on me.

"But I thought you said he didn't mention the woman he loved?"

"He didn't."

"Well, what else do you think he meant by all that poem? Not that it would change matters any; look how this last poem declines from the first; it would have been the same whether this love-affair turned out well or turned out badly. All in vain anyhow, as he says. With a man like that."

"If you mean Rex was shallow, futile," I said, "I'd say no; he was deep enough—he just had no anchor."

"Well, what's the difference?" she said.

"All the difference. He gave me a lot."

"Oh, yes, and the nuns a lot."

"And, besides, I'd say Rex's story is not a love-story."

"You men are funny."

She turned away from me and stood there leaning against one of the trees, looking down at Florence, as if she were alone.

In the stillness I could hear far down in the valley a stream running, and above the cypresses the first stars had come out. Presently the night would deepen, the nightingales in the laurels down the slope would begin to sing, and the sky be thick with stars. I was thinking of Rex and what he thought of their splendor and certainty.

But I only said, "It's time we started," and we said nothing more till we came to the convent gate and out into the piazza.

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The Bad Influence of Good Homes

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

The author of the comedies of marriage "Why Marry?" and "Why Not?" finds a friend who has the dangerously radical idea that family life can be made interesting.

I PLAYED golf with my old friend Caldwell last Sunday, and he beat me two up. Perhaps that had something to do with my desire, during our excellent lunch on the terrace, to show him his place in the great game of life. For his cynical attitude toward the subject of the family, our oldest and most important institution, annoyed me that day. I reminded him that he was nothing but an old bachelor, a mere "amateur of life," and I told him that his satirical comments were prompted by his subconscious desire for compensation, his Defense Mechanism.

"Strange as it may seem to you, who know nothing about it," I remarked crushingly, "there are plenty of people, even in these degenerate days, who not only love their homes but enjoy nothing better than having members of their own families around them. Astonishing state of affairs, isn't it?"

His "defense" against this bantering attack, however, surprised me.

"Why do you say in these degenerate days?" Caldwell began, with his disarming smile.

"Because I admit that the family is undergoing an alarming change. It is very unfortunate, but we might as well face the fact that we no longer have the Home Life of the good old days."

Caldwell looked at me a moment and then shook his head soberly. "Such a pessimist—and you a happy married man!" He sighed. "I didn't think it of you." Then he smiled and added: "There probably never was a time in the history of the home when members of the same family had such excellent opportunities to enjoy being together as in what you call these degenerate days. One of the greatest improvements of all is that we no longer have so much home life, nor the same sort, as in the good old days, which, by the way, were terrible."

"Interesting, if true," I replied, "but where can you show me some signs of this wonderful improvement?"

"Oh, 'most any place," said Caldwell. "Look out there." He indicated two men teeing off—Charlie Godwin and his twenty-year-old boy. "How often would you have seen that sort of thing in the good old days when sons always arose and usually kept silent in the disquieting presence of their parents, and addressed them in their letters as 'Honored Sir' instead of 'Dear Charlie'?"

"Oh, I admit that there was less frankness and friendliness. They seldom used to play games together."

"They seldom did anything together," interjected Caldwell, "if they could avoid it. It made them so horribly self-conscious—both of them. In what you call these degenerate days many of them not only play together but some of them actually enjoy it. I admit that they don't

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very often enjoy a Quiet Evening at Home in the Family Circle. But who ever did—very often? Once in a while that sort of thing is not so bad, I suppose, when you have nothing better to do, or are too tired to do it. But ordinarily I can imagine few things more dreary and depressing than the long winter evenings with a good book by the fireplace, usually made of asbestos. That is, for energetic, healthy-minded young men under fifty or sixty, who are and ought to be more interested in life at first-hand than in literature, which is second-hand life."

I merely smiled knowingly, and told him that he never had a wife or a home. Defense Mechanism.

"And for the modern, self-respecting wife, full of spirit and education," he went on imperturbably, "domesticity must be even more deadly, especially if their work is in the home, as fellows like you tell them it ought to be. Think of the poor dears! Imprisoned all day in the workhouse called home and manacled all evening to a domesticated animal yawning beside the asbestos. No wonder they break their chains and run wild."

Again I had to remind him that he knew nothing about domestic bliss.

"True," said Caldwell, "I know nothing about it, thank God. I only know that modern wives and daughters are rebelling against domestic bliss in such numbers that fellows like you who know all about it are greatly alarmed. But women know something about it, too. They know what's good for them. Boredom is not good for anybody. It poisons the system, prevents sleep, and interferes with usefulness the next day."

"All the same," I rejoined hotly, "our grandmothers stood it—I mean, they enjoyed their homes."

Caldwell laughed. "Don't correct yourself; you had it right the first time. Our forbearing forebears of both sexes stood it—not because they wanted to but because they had to. Most of them had no place to go but home. The dear old-fashioned family life you preach, though I notice you don't practise it, was a necessary nuisance. It is still a nuisance, but is no longer so necessary. Hence, to many people, home is merely a place to leave your clothes."

This was dangerous doctrine. So I called Caldwell a Bolshevik, which ought to have silenced him, but it didn't. "All right," he said, "that fixes me, but that doesn't fix the home."

"The home doesn't have to be fixed," I said; "it's sacred."

"I see," he replied, smiling. "So is the church. But a growing majority of people nowadays don't happen to care for sacred things."

"But they ought to."

"All right, then, perhaps they ought. How are you going to make them? You can't make people respect or enjoy what they don't like or believe merely by telling them they must. You can only make them hate it. You can no longer force people back into the home or the church or even into marriage. You can only drive them out of all three. And that precisely is what you and the church and the rest of the reactionary elements are doing to-day with success worthy of a better cause."

"Oh, come," I protested, "we conservatives are practical men. We are merely trying to save civilization from the destructive radical elements of society. You know that."

"Your intentions are admirable and idealistic, but your methods are impractical and theoretical. You are conserving nothing but empty shells. You can't

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save anything by leaving it alone and refusing to think about it, whether it be a flat tire or the failure to follow through, which licked you this morning. The destructive element of society is made up of people like you, not me. You are trying your damnedest to suspend the one unchanging law, which is the law of change. Hard luck, but it can't be done."

"But we've got to keep the home," I declared vehemently. "The family is the unit of the state, the fundamental institution of society." I had learned that at college.

"All right, then, you've got to keep it interesting."

"Interesting? The home?"

"Well, don't look at me as if I were a dangerous radical," he cried; "it won't destroy the home to make it agreeable." Caldwell was lighting a cigar—apparently with difficulty. He had the effrontery to be laughing at me. Finally he said: "Do you know the Du Mauriers?"

I did not know what he was driving at, but I was glad to change the subject. The Du Mauriers are a large and rather too brilliant family, of French extraction, who cling to their curious Gallic tradition of sticking together, three generations of them all in one house. "What about them?" I asked. "They talk too much and too fast."

"The Du Mauriers even enjoy breakfasting together."

"Breakfast?" I asked, laughing; "do you expect me to believe that?"

"Not in the least," said Caldwell. "You're too cynical to believe anything really good of any family."

Of course, I am not cynical, but I always suspect people who have ideas. Some of them may be new and therefore dangerous. And to enjoy breakfast —well, it did not seem right to me, sort of unnatural.

"But they do, all the same," Caldwell insisted; "instead of hurrying through their morning meeting, as most Americans do, for fear of being late at business, the Du Mauriers hurry to it, for fear of missing some of the fun."

"Fun," I asked, "at breakfast! What fun?"

"Oh, just the talk and banter and laughter and smoking together over the second cup of coffee. All three generations of both sexes talk and smoke a good deal."

I reminded Caldwell of an old friend of ours who once remarked to his wife at the conclusion of a week-end party: "Nellie, never invite those people again. They talk at breakfast."

Caldwell smiled. "Yes, that's one of the absurd traditions about home life cherished by people who think they're sophisticated or humorous, or who pride themselves upon being reserved because they don't know how to talk. But of course the Du Mauriers, being French, have a *petit déjeuner* in bed before they get up, as every civilized person ought, especially you married men, unless you prefer to remain savages at breakfast."

I said: "Everybody ought to keep a valet to serve him coffee in bed, I suppose."

"Nearly every one can afford to keep a thermos bottle," said Caldwell. "It is a life-saver—a home-life-saver," he added. "I always take one to bed with me, even in camp and on Pullman cars, and I have no home to save, merely my own selfish comfort."

"Tell me some more about this extraordinary family," I said. "They sound interesting to me."

"What's more to the point, they're

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interesting to one another. They take pains to be—quite as much as to be interesting to any other charming people they would like to please or impress. It is their family custom, like their smoking and drinking together. They hunt up new stories, just as they do old wine, to bring to the table, knowing how such things will be appreciated by people of humor, intelligence, and cultivated palates. In fact, I might say that it has now become instinctive with them, this thing of being at least semicivilized in that relic of barbarism called the family. They treat one another with as much deference and consideration as if they were casual acquaintances instead of beloved brethren. They listen and do not interrupt, even when they do not agree or are not particularly entranced. And if one of them springs an old story, they don't tell him it's old, they tell him it's good."

"They lie, you mean."

"Certainly. Just as you would to a stranger in the smoking-room. Because by nature you'd rather be kind than candid. Most of us would—except in the home. Honesty is the worst policy. It kills conversation. Nobody really enjoys such crudeness except the new generation and other selfish boors. Sacrificing the truth for others is founded upon the highest Christian principles."

Of course, I am a strong upholder of the home, but I am a practical man and I know human nature. These Du Mauriers sounded too good to be true to me. "Oh, they are not a typical family," I said. "They are people of leisure and can afford to make a graceful art of living."

"Not at all," said Caldwell. "They have very little money and less leisure than you have. They all work like the devil, even the old maids. They inherited nothing but breeding and certain tastes they can seldom satisfy. But on the same simple basis of sheer kindness and inherited tastes, not mere etiquette and ceremony, the Du Mauriers' parents and grandparents and great-grandparents long ago established a family habit of smiling disapprobation for petty personal gossip, not because they consider it bad, but a bore, like bridge."

"Like bridge?" I put in. "Huh!"

"Yes, so many French people are more interested in causerie than in cards, the last resort of a vacant mind, a diversion originally prescribed for an idiot—one of the kings of France, by the way. The Du Mauriers get more kick out of playing with opinions, batting ideas back and forth from one side to another after the manner of tennis, a game which France also gave to the world and is now successfully welcoming home again."

"Oh, then they are nothing but highbrows!" I exclaimed with some satisfaction. I had suspected all along that there was something queer about them. But I tried not to smile too jeeringly before Caldwell.

"I am terribly afraid," said Caldwell, dropping his eyes, "that they are not regular fellows. They are more fond of talking to people than of winning money from them. Deplorable preference, isn't it? Fortunately, people are fond of talking to them, too. They have rare social gifts. They are in great demand."

"Oh, society people, are they? That sort."

"Well, yes, they even treat their own people as society. In that respect they are great climbers. They not only enjoy one another's society but actually seek it. Such things have been known to happen, even in the best-regulated families."

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I couldn't help feeling that there was a catch in it somewhere, because, although I did not like to say this to Caldwell, I had a secret belief, shared by many, that no one really has what you might call a good time at home. I know some of the nicest people in town, much finer families than these frogs, but while many of them have beautiful manners—well, it did not sound natural to me.

"But see here," I said, "you and I know that when people get too well acquainted—I mean, when they see so much of each other—that is, when they get used to having each other around they're not so keen all the time——"

"You mean," Caldwell interrupted, "how is it possible for the Du Mauriers to enjoy being together so much? Well, I'll tell you the secret. It's because they are apart so much. With or without the other causes of congeniality, that tells the whole story. They are always going away, therefore they are always glad to come back. Their business and their pleasure have made them great travellers. Their social popularity has made them great gadabouts. They come home to the family refreshed and rejoicing, sure of an enthusiastic welcome and teeming not only with old affection but with new impressions, which they share as generously as some families lavish costly presents. Affluence of that sort is always increased by being shared."

"Sure," I said, "lots of people do that sort of thing."

"But nobody can stand seeing too much of anybody," Caldwell went on. "Mating is natural, and begetting offspring is natural, but the home, as we idealistically conceive it, is not natural. It is one of the most artificial arrangements we have ever devised. It is founded on a fallacy—or rather on feudalism. That conception of the close-quartered, walled-in community may have fitted into feudal conditions pretty well. Mutual protection, not mutual esteem. Everything else has changed since then, from medication to transportation, but we still try to hang on to our archaic notions about 'the home' and so produce mutual boredom and the family familiarity which breeds the most unfortunate kind of contempt."

"You oughtn't to say such things," I protested.

"I know. I ought to sing the praises of home, sweet home, and shut my eyes to the facts, like the preachers and other idealists, meaning those who believe what they know isn't true and claim credit for it. Well, they still sentimentalize about the blessed joys of domesticity and the sacredness of the home enough to make it all the more abhorrent to our young people. They have a right to do that if they like, but they never say a word about the psychological necessity for separation. They are afraid to do that. It is too true. Yet, if we are going to redeem the home and save the family, we'll have to debunk the one and civilize the other. Why not? There is nothing inherently abhorrent in the idea of the family as a basis for social intercourse. It is due to the adventitious circumstances of home life. Consanguinity in itself does not prevent congeniality. It is because we have tried to fit ourselves into the home instead of making the home fit us. It's nothing against human nature to try to render human institutions worthy of it.

"But, of course," he added, with a bantering twinkle in his wise old eye, "people like you always think that people like me are trying to destroy marriage and the home merely because we are trying to salvage them. Simply be-

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cause 'it is not good for man to be alone,' that does not mean that it is good for man and wife to be alone either. Or parents and children. Or any other group. We are all gregarious. God made us so. Did I ever tell you how near I once came to being a murderer?"

That amused me. It would amuse anybody who knew Caldwell. Under his cynical manner and outrageous views he has the kindest and most understanding heart. "That would be interesting," I said, "even if untrue."

"It's a true story, all right," said Caldwell, "and it illustrates two basic characteristics of human nature. First, no one can stand much of his own society alone; second, nor of any one else's. This happened up beyond the arctic circle that time I went on the ill-fated Townsend expedition. He and I were cooped up together for eighteen months in a twelve-by-ten shack. If we hadn't been together we would have died — of sheer loneliness if nothing else. That much is easily understood, isn't it? I don't understand the rest, myself. But before that long winter was over, I sincerely wanted him to die."

"What had he done?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing he was always smiling and showing one of his gold fillings. Then, too, his lips were cracked, and when he cleared his throat to speak he aroused within me passions that would shame hell. I knew just what he was going to say before he said it and yet I couldn't stop his saying it. Almost as bad as married life, I suppose. 'If you make the remark I know you're going to make,' I would say to myself, 'I am going to throw this axe at you.' And then he would make it. But I postponed throwing the axe. For three months I debated with myself as to the best way, all things considered, of abolishing his objectionable existence. It was my favorite day-dream—except that we didn't have any daylight. I would probably have shot him eventually and with great satisfaction, too, but the relief-ship appeared on the horizon and spoiled my dream. I took particular pains to avoid him during the voyage down to civilization and, in fact, I kept on avoiding him for years, until we met right here in this very club the other evening. I couldn't avoid him then. I had to pretend to like him and invited him to dine with me. To my utter amazement I found that I did like him. In fact, liking is hardly the word. I loved him as only men who had been through hell together would understand. That is why I did such a queer thing."

"What do you mean? What did you do?"

"With the aid of a couple of drinks I told him how near he had come to remaining up there in the arctic forever. In fact, I told him the whole thing—how I had dreamed for three months of the blessed joy of destroying him."

"How did he take it?"

"He looked rather surprised at first."

I laughed at Caldwell. "Naturally, but what did he say?"

"I remember his exact words. 'For three months, eh? I was planning to get you for nearly six.' Then we both laughed and had another drink. Queer, wasn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," I remarked to Caldwell, adopting his own idea, as I am apt to do. "We all need human companionship, just as we all need food, but too much of any one kind can make us sick. We need a balanced diet."

"Ah, you've got the idea," said Caldwell. "That is the chief trouble with family life."

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Jennings of Smyrna

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

An authority on the Near East in war or peace tells the remarkable story of how an assistant "Y" secretary bluffed the Greek nation into rescuing its people from Smyrna.

To have played the hero, and yet not to have posed the part; to have done a spectacular big thing, and then to have gone on to another unspectacular task—this is to have "acquired merit," as our Buddhist friends say. Asa K. Jennings, affectionately dubbed "Commodore" Jennings by the officers and men of the American navy who were on Mediterranean duty in 1922-23, won this distinction; as did also Miss Cushman, of Konia, who is another story.

If this were a book, instead of a brief magazine article, I would first set up the background for my amazing bit of biography. There would be the kaleidoscopic romance of Turkey as a place setting; and of Smyrna in particular: seat of King Tantalus, birthplace of Homer, plaything of Alexander the Great, one of the Book of the Revelation's "Seven Churches of Asia," burial-place of Polycarp, and known to the Early Church as "the gateway of the martyrs." Then the scene-setting would further show the deep racial and religious antipathies of the peoples of Asia Minor; their revolutionary plots and the famous Armenian atrocities. Next I would have to reveal the intrigues of the rival politicians at the Paris Conference, which set the jealous powers to plotting each other's discomfiture in the Near East; and how Lloyd George thwarted the audacious Italian project to make a landing in force at Smyrna, in March, 1919, by swiftly thrusting in a Greek expedition ahead of them. (Lloyd George's government later fell because of the consequences of this coup.) A grisly element would then appear in the atrocities committed upon the Turks by the Greek forces as they landed (*vide* the report of the Inter-Allied commission of investigation), and in tragic sequence there would follow the three years of war in Asia Minor between the British-abetted Greeks and the ragamuffin Nationalist Turks, under Mustapha Kemal Pasha. It needs the delicate pen of a satirist to picture this topsyturvy situation, wherein the Turkish Nationalists were shouting the Wilson slogans against two of America's war allies; and charging the Greeks with atrocities of all sorts.

Finally, to put the last touch of background in a paragraph, came the Greek debacle in Asia Minor in August, 1922, the British having already withdrawn most of their co-operation. Under pressure from the Turks, the overextended Greek line crumpled, the never-strong morale completely collapsed, and the army rushed to the sea. As they ran, with the Greek civil population of Asia Minor following them, they looted and burned and dynamited villages and towns and cities that they left or passed. I covered the route of that retreat a few months later, and even the eyes of a war correspondent accustomed

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to the devastation in France became filled with horror at this harvest of hate. (In passing, let me testify that, so far as my own careful investigations on the spot could show, the Greeks did not burn Smyrna, as they had threatened to do. Neither did the Turks, nor yet the Armenians; although the big fire which destroyed the better part of the city developed from lesser fires for which individuals of all three of these groups were responsible.)

This dreadful anabasis culminated in Smyrna. The Greek army and many lucky civilians got away on Greek ships which were in waiting for them. But three hundred and fifty thousand Greeks, mostly women and children, remained in Smyrna, with no ships to take them off. Here, then, is the stage-setting outlined, with a mob scene at the front centre, and a large slice of Gehenna crackling as a sort of back drop.

Enter Jennings. There was no cue for him in the script. No prompter called him. He really was not cast for any part in the play. Also, he had no histrionic gifts. Nobody would ever have picked him for the hero's part; he properly belonged among the "supes." Jennings was no "old hand" in Smyrna or the Near East, and no leading citizen. In fact, he was only a rather recent assistant Young Men's Christian Association secretary, an ex-Methodist preacher, who would never get any appointment on account of his size, his good looks, his "air," or his oratory. He was only the common or garden variety of Y. M. C. A. worker. Withal, though, he was Kipling's sort of American, who

> "Turns a keen, untroubled face,
> Home to the instant need of things."

Here were folk to be fed and doctored and counselled, and, if possible, delivered. It was Jennings who was one of the moving spirits among the resident Americans to form an American Relief Committee. (When our querulous "intelligentsia" stop their quibblings long enough for a clear voice to be heard, some informed American cosmopolite may arise to tell the tale, unmatched in all the sagas of time, of how Americans have ever been the world's big brothers; the helpers, the rescuers, the almoners, the friends in need. There is a great book in the theme of the American imperialism of altruism.)

One of Jennings's little stunts, to particularize, was to open an emergency maternity hospital for the refugee mothers. No, there is nothing about managing maternity hospitals taught in the Y. M. C. A. manual of instructions; neither are obstetrics a course at Annapolis—yet the young executive officer of one of the United States destroyers in the harbor acted as midwife for many emergency cases in Jennings's hospital. "It's a way they have in the navy."

All of the Americans in Smyrna during those dread days were working to the limit; only one—a casual visitor from Constantinople, who was so useless and in the way that the local folk got permission from Admiral Bristol at Constantinople to speed his departure—ever claimed to have done wonders; and that man wrote a magazine article about his exploits which almost made the American missionaries at Smyrna lose their religion, and the navy lose its morale, when they read the astounding "fake"—which consisted largely of telling as his own experiences the story of Jennings. Later, a proved propagan-

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dist of the Greek Government wrote a book indicting all Americans — the navy and the State Department in particular—for their "betrayal" of humanity at Smyrna; but by the time it appeared the average American was beginning to grow sophisticated and sceptical concerning propaganda about the Near East.

Individual stories of those days are legion. Theoretically neutral, the American naval force stretched and broke many a regulation in order to rescue refugees. There was not a war-ship that did not have its complement of Greek and Armenian Christians aboard. One night a head was seen swimming from shore. The ship's lights were switched off, so that the Turkish sentries might not find the escaping refugee an easy mark. From the rail where Jennings and sailors watched, the swimmer was seen to be in distress, as the figure drew near the destroyer. There was no order to lower a boat; there could not be, as it would have had to be entered in the log, evidence of a breach of neutrality. "Why don't you man a boat?" demanded Jennings of the men. "We can't do it without orders," replied the disciplined sailors, eager for action. "Well, I'll order it: push off that boat!"

The rescued figure, well-nigh exhausted, proved to be an almost naked young woman. Sailors' clothes and blankets quickly covered her; but there was nobody aboard who could understand her dialect. "Perhaps that boy up in the bow, whom we pulled overside to-day, can talk with her." The two were brought together—and proved to be brother and sister! They are now in America.

After the Greek army had gone, the Turks assumed full control of Smyrna; and soon decreed that unless the Greek refugees were out of the city by the end of September, they would be sent back into the interior. Jennings, one day, noticed that an Italian liner in the harbor taking off its nationals had plenty of empty deck space. So he negotiated with the commander to add refugees who could pay the passage-money. (Certain foreign ships, neither British nor American, reaped a golden harvest by exorbitant rates charged refugees.) Two thousand Greeks were crowded on the decks of the Italian ship, as they sailed for the port of Mitylene, only five or six hours distant. Jennings went along, to oversee the debarkation, and an American destroyer was to follow to bear him back to Smyrna the next day.

As the refugee-crowded ship drew into the lovely island harbor of Mitylene, a cry of execration rose from the throats of the deck passengers. Behold, riding high at anchor, twenty-five empty Greek passenger-ships—while only five hours away, on the Smyrna Bund, were three hundred and fifty thousand Greek victims of Greek imperialism, praying for deliverance. Back there was need; here was succor—idle. What the refugees thought, and said, about the failure of the Greek Government to send these ships to the rescue may best be imagined by one who knows the Orient.

Jennings lost no time in verbal fireworks. Ashore, he called together a conference of leading men—the Greek military and naval commanders, prominent citizens, the British consul, and others in positions of responsibility. This was rather a cheeky procedure; but, as events showed, Jennings is not the man to wait for the unwinding of red tape. As forcefully as a red-blooded man could do, he laid before the confer-

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ence the appalling plight of the refugees —with the approaching dead-line of deportation back into the interior, where they would have to reckon with all the deeds of the Greek occupation and flight. Thereupon the assembled Greeks gave themselves to talk. Jennings waited and waited, listened and listened.

Then, convinced that the only outcome would be futile talk, he slipped out, and went aboard the flag-ship in the harbor, the old U. S. S. *Mississippi*, converted into the Greek *Kilkis*. He asked permission to send a message in code to the Athens Government. The sheer audacity of a private citizen's thus addressing the government carried his point; besides, the Greeks throughout seem to have assumed that "the American," as they called him, must have been some sort of plenipotentiary. Nobody would dare to act so high-handedly without the authority of the great American nation behind him. The nature of Jennings's message to Athens made that clear. For it was nothing less than an ultimatum that this Yankee sent—declaring that unless the government, before six o'clock that day, ordered the twenty-five idle ships in Mitylene harbor to proceed to Smyrna for the rescue of the refugees, he would broadcast the facts in open speech to all the world!

Quickly came back the answer, which, paraphrased, was that of Davy Crockett's coon:

"Don't shoot; we'll come down."

Five conditions were laid down by the government reply. First, the American must assume financial responsibility for the ships. That was easy: out of his salary of something like twenty-five hundred dollars a year, Jennings could readily accept personal responsibility for a few million dollars' worth of shipping.

Second, the American himself must assume the command of the fleet, and ride on the bridge of the first ship entering Smyrna—so that possible mines or bombardments would have a personal significance to him. Sure; where else would a Yankee be than in the front of an adventure? That trip on the bridge made Jennings a brevet "commodore."

Third, the American must secure the permission of the Turkish Government for the Greek ships to enter and leave the Smyrna harbor. Not so easy. By way of the American destroyer that had come for him, Jennings wirelessed the ranking naval officer in Smyrna to see the governor and get the permission demanded. Within an hour word came back that the Turks agreed to let the ships enter, but were non-committal about letting them leave. A wartime Y. M. C. A. conscience was equal to construing this as the necessary permission.

Fourth, an American war-ship must meet the Greek passenger flotilla as it entered Smyrna harbor and escort it to dock. Clearly outside the functions of a neutral navy! Still, Jennings knew his compatriots in blue, and he could make sure that there would be a destroyer quite accidentally in the channel offing the next morning that the Greek ships could follow. So, watching his words, that condition could be met.

Fifth, the American must take active charge of the evacuation and of the direction of the ships engaged in it. Naturally; what was the management of the embarkation of three hundred and fifty thousand panicky Greeks, mostly women and children, to an assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A.?

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If these conditions were met, proceeded the Athens despatch, "the American" could have not only the twenty-five ships at Mitylene, but also twenty-five other ships from Pireus. "Done," replied "the American." To the admiral of the Greek navy the despatch was shown. Jennings was prepared to take over at once the Greek merchant fleet for immediate departure for Smyrna.

Straightway difficulties arose. When summoned to the Greek admiral's ship for instructions, all the captains of the Greek merchantmen began to make excuse—Smyrna and hell were synonymous words in Greek minds during those days. Not a single ship was reported seaworthy. Every one had some sufficient reason for being unable to sail. Then up spoke the Greek admiral—he had not been associating with "the American" for a whole day to no effect. Courage is as contagious as measles. So he forthwith reminded the merchant captains that it was a time of war, and that he was in supreme command in those Greek waters. He would send naval engineers aboard their ships, and in case of any one found fit to proceed to sea, although reported disabled, there would be a court martial of the captain that night, and a possible execution in the morning.

That bluff was as effective as Jennings's wireless to Athens. For that night at midnight all of the Greek ships were reported with steam up and ready to sail. So, with "Commodore Jennings" on the bridge of the foremost boat, the flotilla of mercy set sail for Smyrna. At dawn, as prophesied by Jennings, an American destroyer was found loafing about the entrance to the channel; and how could it object if "Commodore" Jennings and his fleet followed its course through the minefield to the inner harbor of burnt Smyrna, where the once-beautiful Bund was heaped high with a human cargo of misery?

After all, the work had only begun. How was this immense flock of frightened sheep to be shepherded onto the waiting ships, that it might be carried to Greek ports of safety? Problems of official relationship, of human inefficiency, of personal panic, of family unity, of luggage, of organization and of procedure, as well as of sheer physical effort in directing the embarkation, thronged upon Jennings and his fellow Americans, civilian and naval. Nevertheless, they mastered every problem.

No Homer was present to put the epic into deathless verse. It will never be told how the American navy, officers and men, did stevedoring work in getting that motley mass of misery separated and assorted and aboard the Greek boats. Not even a little chantey survives to tell of the children carried in the arms of American sailors. There was no help available ashore except American—the Greek merchant sailors dared not set foot on the Bund; the British were too closely identified with the ill-fated Greek military adventure to be free to circulate on shore. Only Americans—naval men, missionaries, teachers, and relief-workers—were at call for this huge task of evacuation for which Jennings had accepted the responsibility. They must ever share with him the glory of one of the most singular feats of human service in history.

As pledged by this landlubber "commodore," in his message to Athens, all of the ships were returned safely to Greek harbors, after the three hundred and fifty thousand refugees had been transported aboard ship without the

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loss of a single life. It was efficiency walking hand in hand with audacity and altruism.

Logically, Jennings should have gone to Greece to bask in the sunshine of Greek gratitude. He did become a member of the prisoner-of-war exchange commission. There he seemed not to hate the Turks hard enough to please the Greeks, and he was once roundly rated in the Greek Parliament. Such is gratitude. Now he is back in Smyrna, in charge of a new Turkish-American social-service work for young people. He might be on the lecture platform in America—that deadfall for more than one great doer—but instead he is quietly carrying on by helping to meet human needs; still "Jennings of Smyrna."

Time Comes to Arcadia

By Kile Crook

Strephon wore his youth like a black cock's feather;
Strephon, he was lithe and gay.
Time met Strephon, and wove the lad a tether,
And Time makes plumage fray.

Strephon let his lambs run and wooed slim Phyllis,
And Phyllis couldn't say him nay.
A thrifty wife she made him, (and such she still is),
Fretting when the sheep went astray.

Honey-sweet was Phyllis, and he was a glutton
For honey-love and sweets and play.
Now, steady shepherds think about wool and mutton
And how to make them pay.

Strephon, as a youngster, never liked to bother
Garnering his oats and hay.
But younger eyes opened on Arcady, and "Father,"
Young lips learned to say.

Strephon bought a cloak of silver and eider
For Phyllis on her wedding-day.
. . . A bent crone mutters, "—such a poor provider—"
And Strephon . . . is gray.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

I SUPPOSE that every one who is reading this page has read Boswell's "Life of Johnson." But how many have read it during the last twelvemonth? How many believe they will have time to read it during the next few years? And yet, you know, it is the kind of book that should be read through every year. As neither you nor I have time for that, let me call your attention to two admirable abridgements of this immortal work—one by the English novelist Archibald Marshall, one by the Johnsonian scholar Professor Charles G. Osgood, of Princeton. An excellent idea would be to read each of these every alternate year, "if you know what I mean." I have just finished reading Marshall's condensed version; and what a book it is! Every sentence has charm. Boswell was the butt of the Literary Club and the greatest literary genius of them all.

Basil King, the hero as a man of letters, has recently published two works of fiction, both of which I find profoundly interesting. One is a novel, "Pluck," a portrait of a New England girl that no reader is likely to forget. Incidentally, while the story is so absorbing that it holds one's attention just as a story, it is a study of one of the most difficult economic problems of our day, the struggle for mere existence that the vast majority of Protestant clergymen have to face. His other book is called "The Spreading Dawn," and deals with the theme used many years ago by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in her once-famous novel "Gates Ajar." Mr. King has here written a series of short stories on what happens to individual consciousness immediately after the death of the body. He has written these fantastic tales with remarkable skill, and without a touch of false sentiment.

The second volume of "Trader Horn" is sadly disappointing. I am among the most ardent admirers of the first book, which was in literature something new and strange. In the second volume we have Trader Horn telling a romance of Britain in Cæsar's time, which I find a bore. The clever Mrs. Lewis seems to suspect this, because she never lets him go on at any length, but interrupts with reports of his talk on life in general, where he is far more entertaining. Her introduction, giving an account of the original find, is interesting, and all readers will be grateful to John Galsworthy for his kindness and unselfish services. William McFee's Foreword is in his best vein.

John Philip Sousa, the March King, has written a lively autobiography called "Marching Along." It is filled with anecdotes and good stories, and the narrative moves as briskly as though it were written in musical notation. I thoroughly enjoy Sousa's music; I love to hear his band; I love to hear him talk. I remember an elaborate dinner given in New York some twenty years

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ago by Henry Arthur Jones to celebrate the success of his play "The Hypocrites." It is the only dinner I ever attended where nobody went home. It lasted all night. "Among those present" were Dan Frohman, Mr. Erlanger, Sam and Henry Harris, Charles Klein, Paul Armstrong, Frederic Thompson, John Philip Sousa, John Mead Howells, John Corbin, and of course our host, Henry Arthur Jones, called "Hank." Every one was compelled to make a speech, and along toward dawn several made these speeches in unison. Paul Armstrong excitedly condemned the whole company for talking about the theatre and not praising as he deserved "the Master of us all, William Gillette." (Bill, you should have been there.) Mr. Howells made a beautiful, modest, and graceful tribute to his father, the novelist. Mr. Erlanger amazed us all late in the night by giving an absolutely correct summary of every speech that had been made at the table, with an estimate of the character of each speaker, that would have left any psychoanalyst far astern. At about 5.30 A. M. John Philip Sousa conducted an oratorio—words and music extempore—the only time I have ever sung under his direction. It was a memorable occasion.

A very unusual and original tale of adventure is the novel "Tall Men," by James S. Montgomery. It deals with blockade-running in the American Civil War, winding up with the fight between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*. What is particularly good about it is the originality of the point of view and the constant excitement maintained.

I recommend to all tough-minded readers "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. This is a volume of strange and brilliant verse. The technical excellence is so high as to arouse continual surprise and delight; and the humor is rich and fruity. The pessimism is so cheerful and complete that I regard this book as a cure for depression. Among the parodies I like best the imitations of Housman, where his gloom is well discounted. There is no better recent book for reading aloud in a circle of those who are worthy to hear it.

Professor Samuel C. Chew, an accomplished scholar and literary critic, has done well to reissue in an attractive form his work on Thomas Hardy, called "Thomas Hardy—Poet and Critic." How it must have pleased Hardy to see the word *poet* placed first! It is the best critical work on Hardy that I know, and I have read many.

At Yale University, under the direction of Richard L. Purdy, of the English Department, a remarkable collection of Hardy manuscripts and first editions was placed on exhibition. The catalogue is of great value, as it contains complete descriptions of the items and reprints some of the letters. A copy will be sent from the Yale University Library on receipt of fifty cents.

A queer book on Carlyle, called "Carlyle—His Rise and Fall," has just appeared from the hand of Norwood Young, an Englishman. The astonishing thing is that he makes no mention of the voluminous, authoritative, and indispensable biography of Carlyle by D. A. Wilson, of which four huge tomes have already appeared. To write a new book on Carlyle without consulting Wilson is to waste the time of author, publisher, and reader. The chief thing I learned from Mr. Young's book is that Carlyle is largely responsible for the Great War.

The culpability of Carlyle cannot be ex-

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plained away. In 1914 Germany could, and did, appeal to the authority of the man who had applauded in Frederick what they were then doing. While he encouraged Germany he blinded the rest of the world. If Carlyle, who was regarded as infallible in this matter, had shifted his weight from one side to the other, from the side of error to that of truth, we should have inherited a less incorrect view of the important facts. We should not have been completely unprepared for the events of 1914. The history of the world would have been different.

Now the war which engaged Carlyle's chief attention throughout his life was the daily war in every human soul between right and wrong. As Browning's Bishop remarks:

"No, when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
He's left, himself, i' the middle: the soul wakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!
Never leave growing till the life to come!"

To all students of German literature and to all who are interested in any literary movement that smacks of Romanticism, I recommend an admirable book—"Fiction and Fantasy of German Romance. Selections from the German Romantic Authors, 1790–1830, in English translation." This book is edited by Professors Frederick E. Pierce and Carl F. Schreiber. The former contributes an excellent Introduction on the German Romanticists and Anglo-Saxon Romanticism, and the latter an Introduction on the German and His Romanticism. Ten German authors are represented, and the book, within a compass of less than 400 pages, gives a truly comprehensive view of the whole movement, and helps us to understand the Teutonic mind as expressed in sentimental and romantic poetry and prose.

Burton J. Hendrick has made a valuable addition to the "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." The two volumes already published were of chief interest on account of Mr. Page's being Ambassador to England during the war, although I myself did not find his war activities abroad nearly so interesting as his years of literary and educational work in America. Mr. Hendrick, who has exactly the right temperament for a trustworthy biographer, has now written a preliminary volume called "The Training of an American," which gives us the life of Mr. Page from his birth to 1913. This is a very good book; it gives a clear picture of Mr. Page's early life and struggles for an education, and of his fierce energy as a magazine editor. By no stretch of the imagination can he be called a great man. What is interesting about him is his ambition, his energy, his capacity for work, his extreme positiveness, in other words what is interesting is his *representative* quality. He had the temperament of a captain of industry; but instead of devoting himself to commerce or manufacturing, he was all for education. Mr. Hendrick has hit upon precisely the right title for his book—"The Training of an American"—for that is what the book exhibits. Mr. Page had the rhetorical rather than the literary temperament; he had a curious dislike for literary essays. Now if literary essays are futile, then so is conversation on literary themes.

Professor Chalfant Robinson, Curator of Mediæval History at Princeton, has completed and published a work that has taken years of research—"The

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Great Roll of the Pipe for the fourteenth year of the reign of King Henry the Third, Michaelmas, 1230." This huge tome is published at Princeton for the Pipe Roll Society, established in 1883 for the publication of the Great Rolls of the Exchequer, commonly called the Pipe Rolls. It is of profound interest to students of history and economics; the first and last sentences of Professor Robinson's Introduction show what it is all about. I merely record my feeling of pride that such a publication should come from an American scholar and from the press of an American university. The job of proof-reading must have been terrific. Well, anyhow, Professor Robinson writes:

> The event of political importance for England in the year 1229–30 is the invasion of France, and Portsmouth is the focus of national activity. . . . How far the revenue of the land was expended in providing men, munitions, provisions, arms, accoutrements, and ships for this enterprise is recorded in the Liberate and Close Rolls for the period. How the money, for the most part, was raised is recorded in the Pipe Roll of 1229–30, and it is to that, and to the other matter contained in our Roll, that attention will be directed. . . .
>
> On April 30th, the army finally set sail and landed in Brittany, May the second. The campaign ended in September. The king came home, having wasted his resources, and without honor.

The Roll shows how splendidly the royal person's comforts and luxuries were provided for, while many other people of high rank had to shift for themselves. It also shows the equipment of the army, etc. Incidentally it proves that war was the silliest and most wasteful of all methods of so-called statesmanship, and that we to-day are even bigger fools than the men of the thirteenth century, for which remark I do not hold Professor Robinson responsible.

One may learn a good deal from the Pipe Rolls. A pound of cheese was worth more than a cow. Why? Because there were no milch cows. Cows were used as draft-animals and for beef. No one knew they could produce milk. It was the Jews who were milked and milked with a vengeance. "The Jews of England, at this time, have been compared, fittingly, to a sponge, since by their activity they gradually gathered up the wealth of the land, which the king by a single effort squeezed dry."

Professor A. H. Thorndike recently delivered a lecture in England called "Shakespeare in America." It has just been published in pamphlet form, and is an interesting and valuable contribution to the subject. He brings out a good many facts of importance, facts not generally known. It is good to see also his tribute to the most scholarly edition of Shakespeare the world has even seen, the Furness Variorum, of which series "Coriolanus" has appeared this year. Let me urge all those who are able to do so to buy these separate volumes as they appear, and not wait until the collective price becomes too formidable. Three mighty works that I bought in that manner are the New English Dictionary, the Dictionary of National Biography, the Furness Variorum Shakespeare. I could not keep house without them.

Reverend Doctor Francis L. Palmer, of Seabury Divinity School, Faribault, Minn., has added to my desired list of concordances, and acting upon his suggestion that I write to Mr. Paul W. Carhart, of the Merriam Company, Springfield, Mass., for further information, I am able to give the following list

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of concordances, for which I know some of my readers will be profoundly grateful:

AUTHOR	EDITOR	PUBLISHER
Browning, Robert	Broughton and others	G. E. Stechert & Co., N. Y.
Burns, Robert	J. B. Reid	Kerr & Richardson, Glasgow
Chaucer, Geoffrey	Tatlock & Kennedy	The Carnegie Inst., Washington
Cowper, William	John Neve	Sampson Low, London
Gray, Thomas	Albert S. Cook	Houghton Mifflin Company
Herbert, George	Cameron Mann	Houghton Mifflin Company
Keats, John	D. L. Baldwin and others	Carnegie Inst., Washington
Milton, John	Bradshaw	S. Sonnenshein & Co., London
Pope, Alexander	William Abbott	D. Appleton, N. Y.
Shakespeare, William (dramatic works)	John Bartlett	Macmillan Company
Shakespeare, William (poems)	Mrs. Helen K. Furness	J. B. Lippincott
Shelley, Percy Bysshe	F. S. Ellis	B. Quaritch, London
Spenser, Edmund	Charles G. Osgood	Carnegie Inst., Washington
Tennyson, Alfred	A. E. Baker	Macmillan Company
Tennyson, Alfred	D. B. Brightwell	E. Moxon, Son & Co., London
Wordsworth, William	Lane Cooper	E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

An American poet and classical scholar whose verses always say something worth remembering is George Meason Whicher, of Amherst. I particularly recommend his little book "Roman Pearls."

The series of small books on music called "Fundamentals of Musical Art," in twenty volumes, edited by Doctor Edward Dickinson and set forth by the Caxton Institute, is both interesting and useful. It supplies just the information that most listeners need. Take, for example, volume XI, "Who's Who in the Orchestra"; here is what you have been looking for.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, in collaboration with Doctor S. E. Bilik, has issued a small book on the manly art called "Boxing." It is illustrated with photographs from motion-picture films, and ought to enjoy a wide circulation. Boxing is a sport that interests nearly everybody.

A little light on the vexed question *how good is the best woman player?* was shed by an incident that happened in Paris last week. The average man can beat the average woman, that we know. We also know that the best man can beat the best woman. We also know that the best woman can beat the average man. But what we want to know is this: how does the best woman compare with the second-best man? I have been informed that when Suzanne Lenglen was in her prime and could defeat with ease any woman in the world, she took on Mr. Tilden in a private match, and that he beat her two love sets. I do not know whether this is true or not. But last week, in Paris, Miss Helen Wills played an exhibition match with Mr. Francis Hunter, second ranking American player. She won the first set, 7—5, and lost the second, 6—4. That is a very interesting result. My conjecture is that in the near future there will be tournament matches between men and women.

The death of Thomas Sergeant Perry, of Boston, which occurred on May 7, marked the departure of one of the foremost modern scholars in literature and the loss of one of my best friends. He was a Harvard graduate and more than fifty years ago an instructor in English there; for five years he was professor of English in Tokio. He was editor of *The North American Review,*

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and his publications include "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century," "From Opitz to Lessing," "Evolution of the Snob," "A History of Greek Literature," and many other works. He knew intimately most of the leading writers in America of the latter half of the nineteenth century; Howells and James and Lowell were like members of his family; and owing to his prolonged sojourns in Europe and his familiarity with the Continental languages, which he spoke fluently, he had any number of interesting anecdotes of Turgenev, Daudet, De Maupassant, George Eliot, and others. I have never known a man of greater intellectual curiosity or of more uncompromising intellectual integrity; he could not be deceived by shoddy or superficial work, and was uninfluenced by any mere popular enthusiasm. After he was seventy years old he learned Russian, a more difficult task than Cato's learning Greek after eighty. He travelled extensively in Russia and met Andreev.

Although intellectually fastidious, he had a warm heart; he was simple and unaffected in manner, peculiarly lovable. His home in Boston was the ideal of what a home should be; full of the evidences of true culture and open-hearted hospitality. Mrs. Perry (Lilla Cabot) is a poet and artist; when I was a young man I was invited there, and was much amused because their baby cried *in French*. I did not suppose any American children took French as seriously as that. That baby is now the wife of Mr. Grew, American Ambassador to Turkey.

In an age when letter-writing has become almost a lost art, Mr. Perry was a master of it; his letters, of which I received at least one every week for the last fifteen years (how I miss them!), were full of charm. One day he had been reading Chekhov's letters to his wife (the famous actress Madame Knipper), and while he felt that they were too intimate to print, he could not help enjoying them.

> Since the letters are printed I most gladly read them. I find them touchingly delightful. You know my sworn devotion to Chekhov, and now it is renewed. They sent me the book from the Public Library, and along with it one that treats of certain states of mind among our fellow-citizens. Its title is "The Raven on the Skyscraper," by Veronica and Paul King. . . . It is a ghastly record of our sins, and a confirmed optimist like you will feel its injustice, but a professional pessimist like me will revel in it. Of course it is one-sided, but even then there is a lot of one-sided vulgarity and indecency and brag in this half-ripe, half-rotten country and we are all miserable sinners. Look however at the Chekhov book. It is delightful.

Concerning my notice of the new book by Arthur Hinds containing all the sayings of Jesus, Mrs. Anne C. H. Howze, of Washington, D. C., reminds me that the late Colonel Charles W. Larned, of West Point, who was a very good friend of mine, published forty years ago a little book called "The Great Discourse," which contained the sayings of Jesus as reported in the gospels, with a beautiful introductory essay of his own. Years ago I delivered a series of lectures to the cadets at West Point, and the happiest recollections I have of them are my conversations with General and Mrs. Hugh Scott, Colonel and Mrs. Larned, Colonel and Mrs. Howze, and the astronomer-librarian, the incomparable E. S. Holden.

Richard Lloyd Jones, the accomplished editor of the Tulsa (Oklahoma) *Tribune*, has written a charming essay on dogs called "My Dog's

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Bequest," which has been translated into nine languages, including the Chinese. One touch of doglore makes the whole world kin.

I have received a large number of letters on the pronunciation of Thames —and while I am grateful to all my correspondents, whichever side they take, let me urge every Scribnerian to say *Temz*. Mrs. A. V. Dewitt writes from New London:

My cousin, Mrs. H. C. Bunner, urges me to respond to your comments in the current SCRIBNER'S on the pronunciation of the name of our river.

To the best of my knowledge and belief, the better educated and more interested of the "old inhabitants" of New London do not question that the early fathers of the town imported the English pronunciation with the English name, and do not waver in their loyalty to that pronunciation.

Some—probably twenty—years ago an estimable but uneducated grocer, mentioning the Thames Café, called it the *Thāmes Caf*, and the two words were considered to be equally barbarously pronounced. Somewhat later I found, to my horror, that *Thāmes* was being taught in the public schools; and, to my still greater horror, that the Century Dictionary of Names authorized that pronunciation only.

My uncle, Professor William Dwight Whitney, was not responsible for that volume of the dictionary. Mr. Benjamin Smith had already died, so I appealed to my uncle, Professor Henry Whitney (who prepared the synonyms for the dictionary) and he wrote to the Century Company. He was assured that the error would be corrected in the next edition, and in that we now read: "temz; locally also thāmz." We cannot claim that the objectionable form is not frequent locally; but we rejoice in every particle of encouragement that is given to what we consider the right form.

From Doctor E. K. Morse, of New York:

Reading SCRIBNER'S last night, I was a good deal interested by your reference to the pronunciation of the river at New London. When I was a freshman, I went to visit my roommate in Norwich and I suppose the people there claim a kind of half interest in the Thames River. One of the first things that I was told was that the name of the river was pronounced Tames, like the verb, and that more important yet, the town was pronounced Norrich, not Norwich as it is in upstate New York, and not Norridge as it is in England. I think Holmes has something to say about this pronunciation of Norwich in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," or one of the others.

At that time at least, the Norwichites were pretty dogmatic about both pronunciations. It is impossible not to agree with you that Thames with a long "a" is an atrocity, but I think it is a good deal improved by changing the theta to a plain "t."

From Robert Nugen Wilkin, of Dover, Ohio:

"Inspired by your lines on 'Thames'
And your remarks on other names,
I hand you here three little verses—
A mark for anti-punsters' curses."

THE NAME OF SAMUEL PEPYS

"Full many men pronounce his name
In just as many ways,
But when his Alma Mater speaks,
I hark to what she says,
For well I know that Magdalene
The true tradition keeps;
And therefore I know how to say
The name of Samuel Pepys.

And then it fairly startles me
How readily I find
A confirmation of his name
In habit of his mind:
His introspecting intellect
Works even when he sleeps,
And into secrets of his heart
The mind of Samuel peeps.

Then all his thoughts he writes in code,
In manner quite concealing,
But then he leaves the key at hand,
His vagaries revealing:
We see his love, his amourettes,

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His grief for wife that weeps,
Indeed, from his frank Diary,
The soul of Samuel Pepys."

THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

From Mabel Vollintine, of Seattle:

The use of "disinterested" when "uninterested" is meant (the first signifying "free from self-interest, unselfish, impartial"; the second "unconcerned, indifferent"). I find this error frequently of late in the work of writers who should know better. Example: "V—— listened disinterestedly to the discussion."

The nominative use of "whom"—very frequent in "newspaper English"; also in the writing of F. Hopkinson Smith, to mention one delinquent. In a Lenten bulletin of the Church I find: "The ones who come are those whom one would ordinarily think needed it least of all." (!!!)

I agree with you, Mr. Phelps, that nothing is much worse than "anyone's else"—unless, perhaps, the example last above cited.

I am an Ailurian of the first magnitude, and therefore, if for no other reason, must adhere to SCRIBNER'S.

From Isaac Doughton, of State Teachers College, Mansfield, Pa.:

I wish to nominate the political advertisements that desecrate the landscape prior to every election. Is it not at least possible by law or otherwise to require that every candidate, defeated or elected, shall clean up the trees, fence-posts, bill-boards, etc., of his advertisements? The only exception I should be inclined to make would be to allow the elected candidate to leave his advertisements in place for his term so that the voters may have a chance to check up on his unredeemed promises.

From Charles A. Hackney, editor of *The Owyhee Avalanche,* of Silver City, Idaho:

The word "pulchritude."

Could anything more ill-fitting, as a synonym for beauty and grace, be conceived?

When I see a fat, greasy, unwashed squaw ambling across the desert on the back of a tick-bitten cayuse, the word pulchritude is the only one, according to my idea of the eternal fitness of things, which fully, forcefully and eloquently expresses the picture.

Here is an interesting comment from Ladd Frisby Morse, of Northfield, Vt.:

If you haven't heard the word Rusk for some time you probably haven't been eating it either. What breakfast would be without tea and rusk I cannot imagine.

Other correspondents have sent me advertisements of rusks, and hotel bills-of-fare containing rusks. So the rusk is not obsolete. When I drink tea for breakfast it will be in a place where there is no coffee. If I could have only one beverage in the world besides water, it would be coffee.

Do any of my readers remember (as I do) the works of the novelist Amanda M. Douglass?

It was in 1915 that I met her, the little withered old lady who had talked to Poe. She herself was not unknown to fame. One of the bookcases in the library of her old-fashioned home in Newark, N. J., was filled with her works. School girls still read the "Little Girl" series—"A Little Girl in Old New York," "A Little Girl in Old St. Louis," etc. Year after year she was mentioned in Who's Who, until, in 1917, came the final record: "Douglass, Amanda Minnie; author; b. July 14, 1837; d. July 18, 1916."

She was a quaint little figure. Her brown wig, tied with a pink or blue ribbon, her rustling, old-style gowns, and the rings, beads, bracelets, and bangles with which she took a childlike delight in loading her tiny person made her noticeable wherever she went. Her bright eyes, alert step, and remarkable memory belied her nearly eighty years. Only the deep crisscross wrinkles in her kind old face gave evidence of advanced age.

Although Newark had long been her home, her childhood was spent in Fordham, N. Y., with Mrs. Clemm, "Eddie," and his childwife, Virginia, as neighbors. Mrs. Clemm often ran in to borrow something of the Douglass family.

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"Did you ever talk to Poe?" I asked with awed interest. "Oh, yes, indeed." "And can you remember what he said to you?"

"I was sitting in our dooryard with my book one afternoon when he passed. 'What are you reading, my little girl?' he stopped to inquire. 'About the Crusades. I think the men of those days were the grandest heroes that ever lived!' 'You'll change your ideal of heroes many times before you die, my child.'"

I received the following letter from John G. Becker, Yale '26, from Shiraz, Persia:

Although I cannot yet qualify for the Fano Club, I wish to offer my credential for charter membership in the Shiraz Club. This city of 40,000 rests in a valley 52,000 feet above the Persian Gulf. On climbing over the seven thousand foot pass from Bushire I was held up by tribesmen with rifles who relieved me of many silver tomans. The night after the robbery I lay in a mud caravanserai at Kamerun. "Mantrap" by Sinclair Lewis was the only book left in my kit and on its third page I read that "Ralph Prescott was as respectful toward all the Politenesses as he had been in college when he listened to Professor Phelps in literature classes." I am afraid that I had little respect for any politeness in the dark Persian plain despite my T. and B. discipline. The old lines, Persicos odi, puer, apparatus, achieve a new significance after an encounter with local gunmen.

But to return to Shiraz, I will quote a Persian of that city. The Shirazi says, "My city older by thousands than Paris is the Paris of the East. Its green gardens, sycamore, cypress, rose and palm delight me more than European barbarities. Live here, gaze at the snow mountains, laze in the sun, and taste the tranquil comfort of our older culture."

Being robbed ought not to be a requisite for club membership but I propose some verse, the Persian pastime, be mailed to you from this city—something like this:

"In the vale of Shiraz
Under sky and palm
Life seems a mirage
All colour and calm."

Benjamin Wallace Douglass, of Trevlac, Ind., writes:

In the May issue I note that you are accused of being S. S. Van Dine. Just in case you are (and I have read worse detective stories), let me make a suggestion. Potassium cyanide is not used in any photographic process in these days. It was formerly used to a very limited extent before dry plates were invented but never as a developer or re-developer.

I am surprised that "Van" let his foot slip in this one rather important particular after he had so carefully worked out his fine long list of crimes. In new editions of the book it might pay to change that little tablet of chemical to ferrocyanide of potassium. However, I would want to check that up for toxicity. I'm not sure it's strong enough to crock little Ada off as quickly as she should be crocked. Good old fashioned cyanide of potash (which we used to use to make "bug bottles") was certainly the ideal dope for the young lady to take—only, she could not have obtained it in the Doc's dark-room.

The following comment comes from Mrs. Edmund Key, Jr., of Marshall, Texas:

That SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE gives space to a letter such as the one quoted in your department of the April issue, from one Mr. Theodore Mack of Ft. Worth, Texas, propels me from a sick-bed as irresistibly as though I suddenly felt burrs between the sheets. I find it hard to believe that a magazine, compiled for a normally intelligent consumption, can so carelessly print an uninvestigated reflection of such sweeping application as the petty one made by this citizen of whom Ft. Worth must, indeed, be proud! But it seems really incredible, Mr. Phelps, that a man of your usual discernment should accept with such facility a criticism presented in a letter, itself not without obvious marks of want of education on the part of its author—even the simple question-mark being subjected to unconventional treatment. . . .

I have, indeed, heard people say, "I taken"; in a few instances, I have even heard white people say this. They were humble people, who would no more make a pretense of being educated to "average" than I would of speculating upon what one of Mr. Theodore Mack's degree of perception would define as "pure English."

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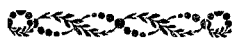
THE FANO CLUB

Mrs. Ralph Catterall, wife of the late Professor Catterall, of Cornell, who was my roommate when we were graduate students at Harvard, writes me an interesting letter from Fano. She was there on a perfect day in May, and in the street met an Italian eager to join. Paul Seward, Yale '27, joined about the same time. Donald G. Wing, a recent Yale graduate who is now studying at Cambridge, England, spent fourteen hours on the train in one day in order to join the club, and is glad he did. On the train he fell into conversation with an Italian and talked in that language for two hours "before it occurred to him to ask if I was an American (a great tribute, I assure you). When I said I was he admitted that he had lived four years in New Haven. So had I—what a bond—on a train without a restaurant-car. I shared his basket lunch." The only cablegram I ever received from Fano came this month from Mrs. and Miss L. B. Terrell, of Derby, Conn., who were making their *second* pilgrimage.

The Faery Queene Club is enlarged by the admission of Mrs. Cramer Le Pierre, of Upper Darby, Pa. When a student at the University of Wisconsin, she read it through, and practically everything by Chaucer. She adds: "It was a glorious year. Do not think I did nothing but read. I was twenty and at the University!" Mary G. M. Winter, of Montichard, France, is eighty-two years old and writes me a charming letter saying she distinctly remembers the pleasure she had in reading the F. Q. at the age of eleven. J. Chesley Mathews, of Duke University, read it through last month. Edwin R. Leippert, of Kingston, New York, just finished it recently. Theis Roberts, of Huntington, Long Island, who had enforced leisure owing to a wound received in the war, read the whole F. Q., Chaucer, Kit Marlowe, and is looking for "Gammer Gurton's Needle." After all, the classics of literature simply mean those books that are read by the largest number of persons over the longest stretch of time. I know this is bad news for pessimists, but to be consistent, pessimists should revel in bad news. They don't, though.

An interesting note on baseball comes to me from Professor Arthur S. Phelps, of Berkeley, Calif.:

> As the baseball season opened, last week, I thought of Avery, pitcher at Yale when you and I were gathering nails around the Yale buildings to sell. Have you ever heard from him since? He used to *pitch* the ball, instead of throwing it. The reason the professional nines have ordered pockets out of their shirts, is because a ball on bounce in the field got caught in one, and while the fielder was tugging at it, the batter made a circle clout.



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Houdon, a Master of Special Interest to America

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

When in 1784 the legislators of Virginia passed a resolution that "the Executive be requested to take measures for procuring a statue of General Washington," the enterprise was launched in a spirit peculiarly favorable to artistic success. "The intention of the Assembly," wrote Governor Harrison to Thomas Jefferson, then newly established as our Minister to France, "is that the statue should be the work of the most masterly hand." Himself a man of taste, and quickly sensitive to the judgment of the people about him, Jefferson replied: "There could be no question raised as to the Sculptor who should be employed; the reputation of Mons. Houdon, of this city, being unrivalled in Europe." In a letter to Washington he is, if anything, more emphatic, saying: "I find that a Monsieur Houdon, of this place, possesses the reputation of being the first statuary in the world." Benjamin Franklin was at Jefferson's elbow during the ensuing negotiations, and in the following year the old sage brought Houdon with him to America. In the upshot we gained the familiar bust and that stately full length which makes the capitol at Richmond a place of pilgrimage. The episode wakes, of course, lofty trains of thought, but for the moment I must pause upon a matter pointing to just the mutations of time. "The first statuary in the world," in the eighteenth century, received $5,000 for the Richmond marble. Consider, on the other hand, the fortunes of the little bust he made of his daughter Sabine. When the Doucet collection was dispersed at Paris in 1912 this fetched $90,000. At the Gary sale in New York, on April 22, 1928, it was sold for $245,000. Auction prices are no doubt sordid things, but in this case they indicate rather vividly the growth of the cult for Houdon.*

It is a cult around which one would expect to find that an extensive literature had gathered, yet the fame of Houdon, so wide-spread even while he lived, has received but belated recognition at the hands of the biographical fraternity. Minor contributions to the subject were made by Montaiglon and Duplessis, and then by Délerot and Legrelle, in the 50's, but no set, formal memoir of the artist was available until two Americans, the late Charles Henry Hart and his friend Edward Biddle, wrote one and printed it in a limited edition at Philadelphia in 1911. Since then, in 1918, the sculptor M. Georges Giacometti has brought out a work valuable for its critical acumen, its careful chronological indications, and its *répertoires*. His three little volumes are but indifferently printed, resembling the French novel of Browning's phrase, "on dull grey paper, in blunt type," but a recent prospectus promises a new edition in sumptuous form with quantities of

*See "The Field of Art" for July, 1928.

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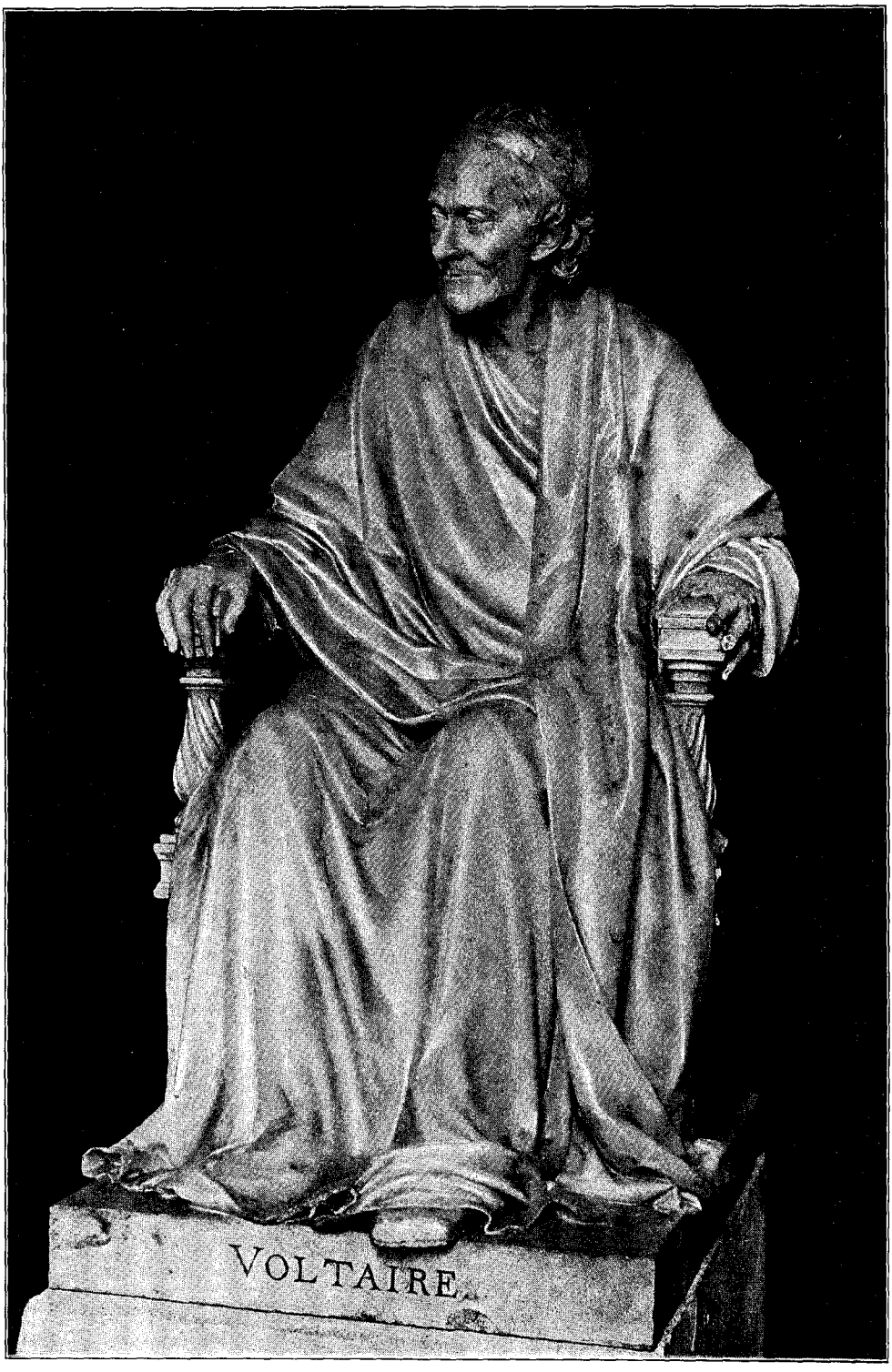

Voltaire.

From the sculpture by Houdon in the Théâtre Français.

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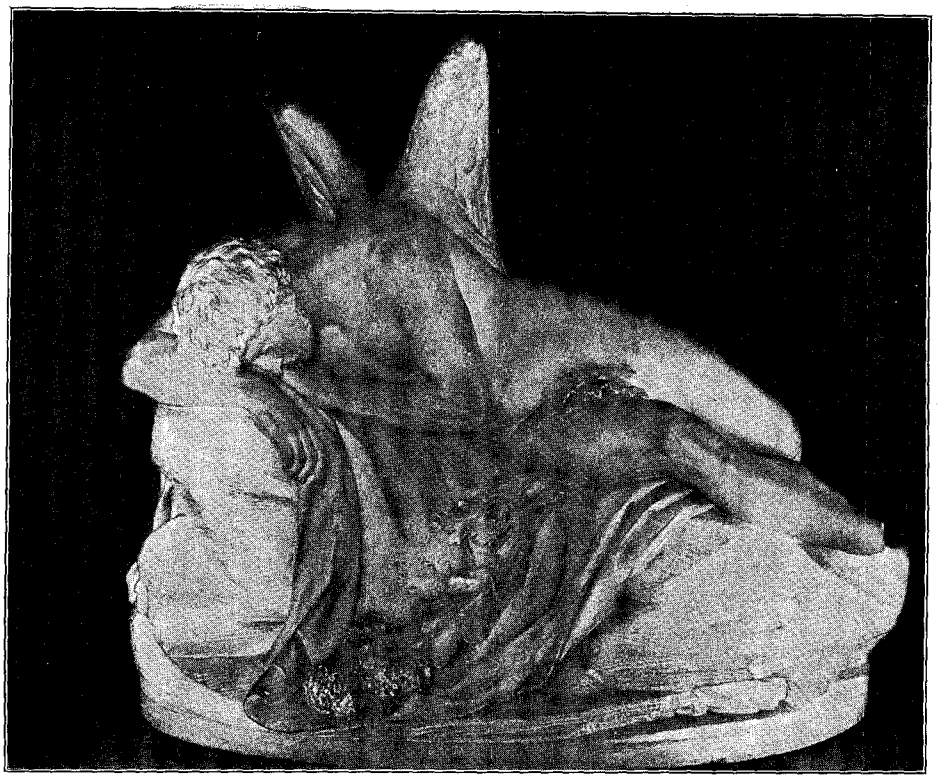
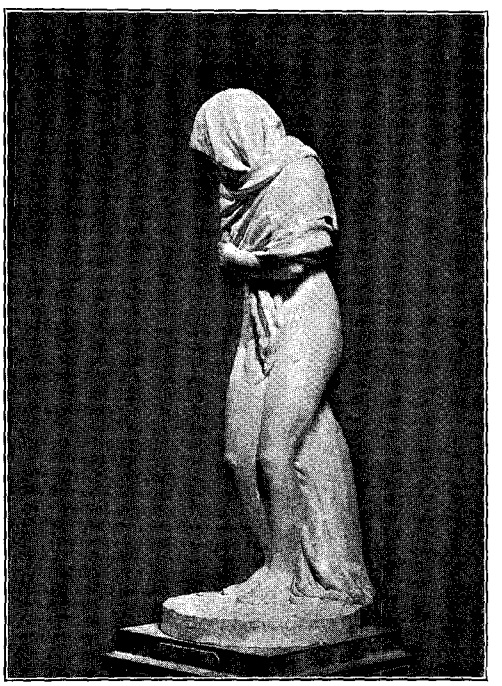


Morpheus.

From the sculpture by Houdon in the Louvre.

Mlle. Brongniart.

From the sculpture by Houdon in the Louvre.



L'Hiver.

From the sculpture by Houdon at Montpellier.

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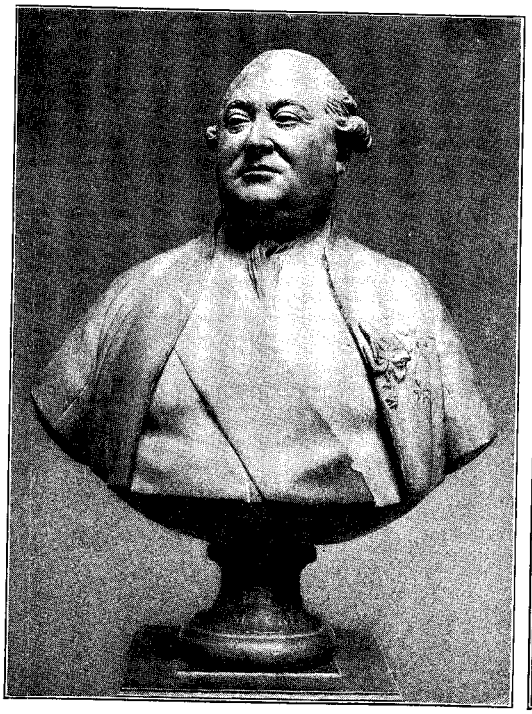
Madame de Caylus.
From the sculpture by Houdon in the Houdon Collection.

Baroness de la Houze.
From the sculpture by Houdon in the Huntington Collection at Pasadena.



Le Bailli de Suffren.
From the sculpture by Houdon at Aix.

Napoleon.
From the sculpture by Houdon at Dijon.

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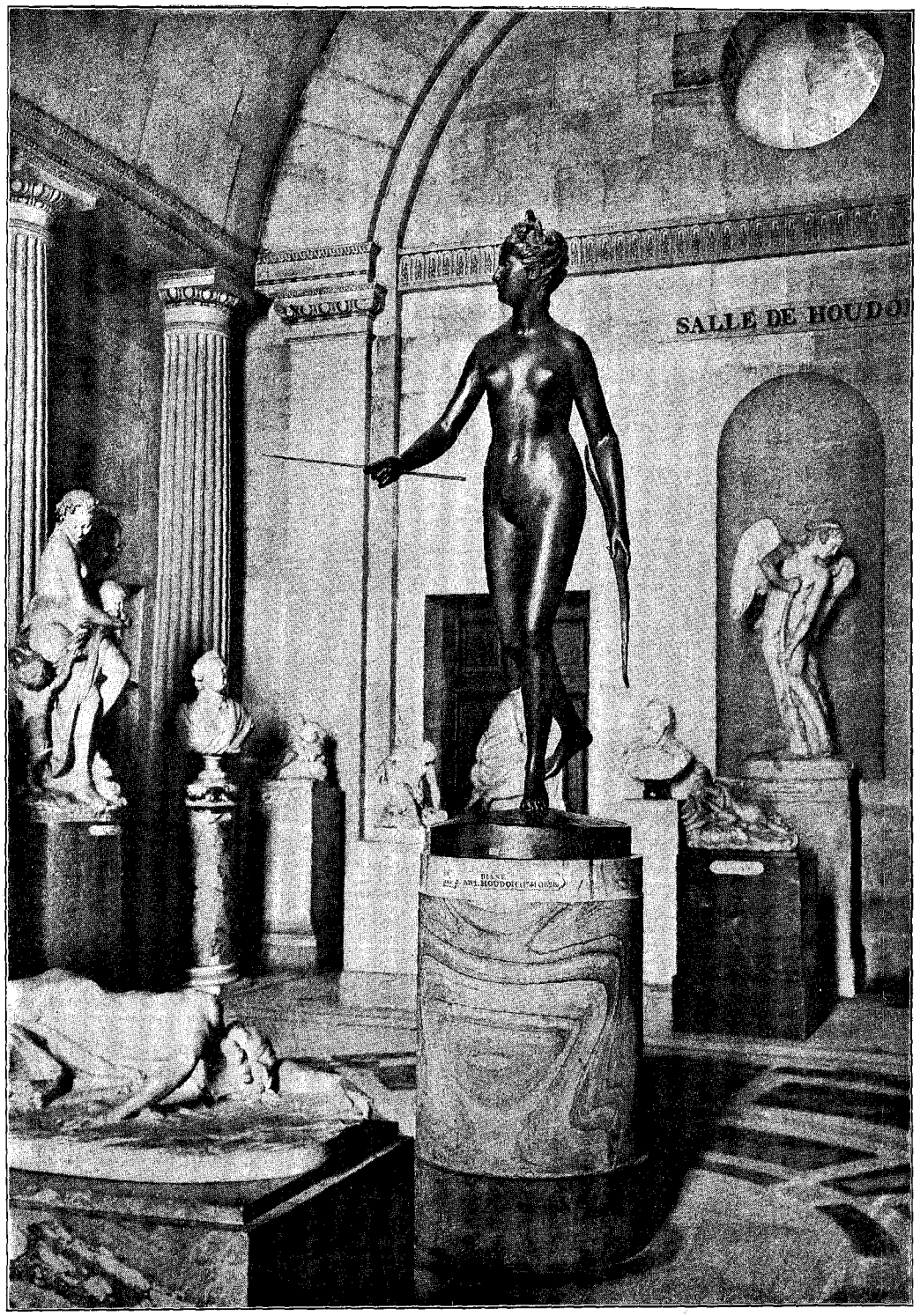

Diana.

From the sculpture by Houdon in the Louvre.

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plates. This has been projected with a view to the commemoration of the centenary of Houdon's death, which occurred on July 15, 1828.

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He was born on March 20, 1741, in the full tide of an artistic movement which he was destined to share and at the same time to re-energize with a force essentially his own. He was of obscure origin. Giacometti notes that Houdon *père* was employed as *valet de chambre* by M. de Lamotte in his house in the Rue d'Anjou at Versailles. While the valet's son was still a child M. de Lamotte took his staff up to Paris, and there Jacques Houdon appears to have served him as concierge. He continued in that rôle when, on his patron's death, the establishment was taken over for L'Ecole des Elèves Protégés, the school created for the better training of winners of the Prix de Rome. Nothing better could have happened to the future master. From his earliest years he breathed the airs of the studio, and seems to have gravitated to his vocation by an irresistible instinct. In a letter written long afterward, in 1794, to his friend Citoyen Bachelier, he describes himself, without using the phrase, as a kind of infant prodigy. Messrs. Hart and Biddle cite a passage from Raoul Rochette, the sculptor's son-in-law, which piquantly suggests the nature of his beginnings: "He tiptoes into the classroom, and is happy if he can snatch a few pieces of moist clay in order to imitate the work of the students. The attention of the professors, especially of Pigalle, was attracted to the zeal and talent which his attempts showed, and he considered it worth while to give advice and encouragement to the boy, hardly more than ten or twelve years old at that time." He was only fifteen when a silver medal came his way, and by the time he was twenty he had won the Prix de Rome, though he did not actually go to Italy until 1764, three years later. His great gifts were by this time under extraordinary control, to judge from one early manifestation of them, the huge "San Bruno" which he was commissioned to execute for the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Rome. One of the few anecdotes that we have of Houdon relates to this monument. "He would speak," said Pope Clement, when he saw it, "were it not that the rules of his order enjoin silence." The papal *mot* drove straight at the core of Houdon's genius, his power of vitalizing his sculptures with searching poignancy.

It had been the genius of French sculpture from the days of the Gothic Primitives, whose great achievement was the endowment of their work for the cathedrals with an intense spiritual and emotional life. It was the genius of Pigalle, about whose "Mercury Tying His Sandal" (to be seen here in terracotta, in the Altman collection at the Metropolitan Museum) there is nothing more impressive than its eager nervous force. But I have spoken of Houdon's foreordained individuality. It is prefigured if not clearly proclaimed in the "San Bruno." That is a study in pure simplicity, its almost bare austerity governed to a certain extent, no doubt, by the monkish robe, with its few folds, but the important thing to observe is that this simplicity is organic, an element in Houdon's blood. He took to Rome, developed there, and exercised all his life long a passion for the direct expression of fact as distinguished from that predilection for the conventional decorative motive which is so character-

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istic of eighteenth-century French art. He dips into no artifice. He has no mannerisms. His entire work is based upon what Giacometti happily designates *cet immuable principe, tout pour la vérité et par la vérité*. Being a Frenchman of his time, true, as I have said, to the drift of the eighteenth century, he remained a classicist, even an academician. But he had the inspiration to strike a perfect balance between classical simplicity and a thoroughly modern realism. He gave the academic hypothesis an ebullient soul.

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With the power to do this, he returned to France and assumed at once a commanding rôle. Admitted to the Academy, a prominent and sometimes astonishingly copious exhibitor at the Salon, finding clients in the great world of European society and in that of the leading intellectual figures of the epoch, he proceeded to win golden laurels through the beauty of his imaginative designs and, even more, through the distinction of his portrait busts. The Empress Catherine was one of his patrons. Several German princes employed him. At home he rode the crest of the wave. He was not yet forty when he produced his masterpiece, the seated statue of Voltaire, which is the proudest possession of the Théâtre Français. In 1785 he made his famous visit to America, which I have already signalized. The Virginians had thought that they might sufficiently aid his development of the statue of Washington if they sent him a full-length painting of the general by Peale. But Houdon would have none of a secondary impression. He made the voyage with Franklin, and was rewarded soon after his arrival by these words from Washington:

> By a letter, which I have lately had the honor to receive from Dr. Franklin, at Philadelphia, I am informed by your arrival at that place. Many letters from very respectable characters in France, as well as the Doctor's, inform me of the occasion, for which, though the cause is not of my seeking, I feel the most agreeable and grateful sensations. I wish the object of your mission had been more worthy of the masterly genius of the first statuary in Europe; for thus you are represented to me. It will give me pleasure, Sir, to welcome you to the seat of my retirement.

To what ardor he must have been stirred by this noble greeting! He stayed at Mount Vernon for two weeks, modelled a bust of Washington, cast a life-mask of the great man, and went back to France amply equipped to carry out the design that is at Richmond. Life flowed on thenceforth industriously, peacefully, and prosperously until the Revolution. Then he barely escaped the sinister attentions of the Committee of Public Safety by turning an old "Saint Scholastica" of his into an image of "Philosophy," a bit of disarming diplomacy for which he is said to have been indebted to suggestions made by both his wife and the Conventionnel Barère. He lived on in circumstances which if not as brilliant as those he had known under the old régime were at all events not undistinguished. Napoleon, whose bust by him is at Dijon, made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He was one of the definitively recognized heroes of French art when he died, and the Salle Houdon in the Louvre heads a considerable list of the official testimonies that have been paid to his name and fame.

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It is the sheer power of his art that has defined his rank. There is also another element in his renown to which it is fitting to refer as we approach the

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strictly æsthetic value of his work. He was the incomparable interpreter of the great notabilities of his generation. I wish I could reproduce intact Giacometti's roster of the people he portrayed. Royal and noble figures loom large, but statesmen are as numerous, and he sculptured a veritable pell-mell of the men of mind it was his privilege to face. If he could model a "Louis XVI" and a "Catherine," a "Napoleon" and a "Washington," a "Mirabeau" and a "Franklin," he could model also a "Gluck" and a "Buffon," a "Voltaire," a "Diderot" and a "Rousseau," a "Lavoisier" and a "Robert Fulton," a "Sophie Arnould," a "Madame Du Barry," and, even, a "Cagliostro," which Lady Dilke, who saw it at Bagatelle, describes as "amazing." It is all amazing, this densely populated cosmos of Houdon's. He was one of the most prolific artists who have ever lived, and there is an even persuasiveness about the countless portraits he made that in its cumulative effect is curiously impressive. It is as though he unveiled the personnel of a period. The *œuvre* of no master of the Italian Renaissance is richer than his in variety and virility. His range is by itself one of the salient phenomena in the history of art. No nuance of character baffles him. Set side by side the serene dignity of the "Washington" and the dynamic, *malin* note of the "Voltaire." Recall, after the antique grace of the "Napoleon," the relentless prose of "Le Bailli de Suffren," the elevation of the "Diderot," and the fairly intimate realism of the pockmarked "Gluck." In each case, and in scores of others, he seems to me—like Velasquez in painted portraiture—to penetrate to the heart of his sitter and yet to maintain about his work a consummately cool objectivity. French sculpture before him was sometimes disposed to take a rhetorical line. Coysevox, for example, back in the seventeenth century, would bring off a bust with a fairly melodramatic flourish, giving to a billowing drapery its fullest and most *baroque* value. Houdon is steadily more classical in temperament, purer in style, more restrained, more delicate, and, by the same token, more piercing.

His delicacy tells above all things in his portraits of women and children and in his poetic conceptions, like the great marble "Diana" at The Hermitage, known also in bronze and terra-cotta, and like "L'Hiver" at Montpellier. These statues of his are lovely things, illuminating evocations of imaginative ideas, equally remarkable as compositions and as harmonies in the development of fine, flowing line. Houdon could make a contour an extraordinarily limpid, living thing. The blind enthusiasts who hail Rodin as the inventor of a new magic in the modelling of the nude would do well to look at Houdon's "Diana" and see to what degree of subtle felicity, and especially of linear distinction, the art had been carried by the earlier master a hundred years before. And yet, I confess, when I am thinking of Houdon the supreme technician, modelling with divination and an ineffable touch forms of lightness, grace, and elegance, I think quite as much of his portraits as I do of the glorious "Diana." I think of the superb "Madame de Sérilly" in the Louvre and of the no less bewitching "Baroness de la Houze" in the Huntington collection out at Pasadena. I think of the "Mlle. Brongniart" in the Louvre or the "Sabine Houdon," either in the marble which now belongs to Mrs. Harkness or in the terra-cotta owned by Mrs. Duke. The enchantment of childhood

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could not be mirrored with a tenderer sympathy, with a lighter, more caressing stroke, or with a more convincing clairvoyance than in these miraculous little busts. And what transcends their scale, what gives a fairly splendid immortality to the fragile motives they celebrate, is Houdon's note of style, the sign of his genius, and the stamp of his authority as a technician.

For he was a great craftsman, besides being a great artist. He made it his boast that he knew his *métier*. In the letter to Bachelier upon which I have previously drawn he speaks of *deux études* to which he has given his entire life, *l'anatomie et la fonte des statues*—anatomy and the art of casting. His craft contained for him no insoluble problems. He had mastered them all, in all the mediums, and whether in marble, bronze, terra-cotta, or plaster his work compels admiration by, among other things, its easy finish, its effortless rightness. No one could be more modest than he was. When some one bracketed his "Diana" with the "Apollo" of the Vatican he promptly demurred, saying: "My 'Diana' is not in this class." Nevertheless, he attained to something like perfection in his mastery, the perfection of an immeasurably accomplished workman. Add to that his truth, his feeling for character, his saturation in the tincture of style, and the fire of genius that was in him, and you have the explanation of why Jefferson found him enjoying "the reputation of being the first statuary in the world." He was surely that, in his time. There are some shining names in the French sculpture of the eighteenth century—Bouchardon, Pigalle, Lemoine, Falconet, Caffieri, Pajou, and Clodion. But Houdon remains, in a certain central power and a certain consequent richness of appeal, the greatest of them all.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Rising Money Rates, Stock-Market Readjustment, and Politics

Business Community Considers New Influence—Reasons for Absence of Misgiving—
The Three Past Years and 1928

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

No one needs to be told that public interest in the course of trade was quite superseded as midsummer approached, first by the great break on the Stock Exchange, where an attempt to turn speculative holdings into cash swept prices down 20, 50, and 60 per cent in a single fortnight; then by the presidential nominations and the beginning of the political campaign. These topics of controversy usually absorb the American mind to the exclusion of most others, and the business community does not differ from the rest of the population in its attention to them. It has, indeed, some particular reasons for interest. The very old tradition which regards a rising or falling stock market as forerunner of reviving or declining trade has never been wholly abandoned. The tradition of hesitant business enterprise during a presidential contest, an atmosphere of uncertainty in finance and industry until the matter has been settled by the November vote, is equally familiar.

Belief that the Stock Exchange is the natural barometer of industrial weather conditions has so often been justified by the event that variations of Wall Street prices are always discussed, in trade circles, from the view-point of their possible significance to the general situation. It is a matter of record that the long decline on the Stock Exchange, as lately as 1923, introduced a full year of decreasing trade activity and that the sequel to the sudden collapse of stocks in April, 1920, was the "deflation crisis" in agriculture and industry. There are reasons, however, why the fall in stocks which began early last June, and went to considerable lengths before it stopped, should have caused little or no apprehension among business men. The decline was commonly regarded as the necessary corrective for a speculation which had broken all reasonable bounds. The very violence of the decline was accepted, even on Wall Street, as an inevitable sequel to the far greater violence of the preceding rise.

STOCK-MARKET AND TRADE SITUATION

It was recognized also that the prolonged advance on the Stock Exchange before last May, whatever might have been its justification in other respects, was not based on either fact or expectation regarding the course of trade. This made it reasonable to suppose

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that the later downward readjustment had equally slight relation to business conditions. Measured by the daily "averages" of prices for typical stocks, values on the Stock Exchange had risen 13 per cent between May, 1927, and the end of the year; yet, as all merchants and producers knew, the intervening seven months had been a period of distinct reaction in trade. Industrial activity had revived in the early part of 1928, but all surveys of trade agreed that it was at least no greater in May of the present year than it had been twelve months before. Yet, when stock-market prices reached their high point on May 14, the "average" was actually 25 per cent above the same date in 1927. It was hardly necessary, under such circumstances, to assume that an average reaction of 10 or 15 per cent from those prices must foreshadow similar reaction in trade and industry. It might even be contended, for reasons to which I shall presently refer, that the Stock Exchange readjustment gave ground for actual relief to the serious business community.

We have had an intermittent series of discussions in the last few months, designed to prove that "presidential years" have not always interfered with trade activity, and ought not reasonably ever to do so; but the fact that the discussion had to be constantly revived was itself, perhaps, the best evidence that the idea continued to exist. Probably the majority of merchants and manufacturers, even when they reject as a matter of personal belief the tradition of bad trade in "presidential years," make a good deal of allowance in their business plans for the probability that somebody else may think differently about it. Apart from the occasional contest, in a presidential campaign, over large financial issues on whose right or wrong decision the country's economic welfare depended, one reason for a cautious attitude in business affairs while the personnel of the next year's national administration was at stake has hitherto been dislike among conservative business men to any change whatever.

BUSINESS MEN AND POLITICS

The personal policies of the present administration they know; the personal policies of its successor they can only guess at. Even if the party already in power carries the election and the head of the ticket has pledged himself in advance to follow the course of the retiring executive, the matter is not settled. When Mr. Roosevelt took up the presidential task, on McKinley's death in 1901, he publicly committed himself "to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley." The pledge was honestly made; but circumstances arose which had not confronted McKinley, and no two administrations ever presented so diametrical a contrast in their attitude toward finance and trade as did those of Roosevelt and his predecessor.

Nevertheless, men observant of the present drift of affairs will probably admit that, in at least one important respect, there is this time far less occasion than usual for such uneasiness. Each of the opposing candidates is recognized, even by his political adversaries, as a statesman of exceedingly useful experience in government and high capacity for conducting large affairs. This is so far from being the usual character of presidential candidacies, that the record will have to be searched far back before a parallel can be found. Not many campaigns have lacked at least

(Financial Situation continued on page 36)

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Behind the Scenes

WITH THE GALAXY OF STARS CONTRIBUTING TO THE FIRST AUGUST FICTION NUMBER OF THE NEW SCRIBNER'S

ZONA GALE'S new novel, which begins in this first (August) Fiction Number of the new SCRIBNER'S, is a powerful and unusual story and an altogether worthy successor to the serials already published this year. S. S. Van Dine's "The Greene Murder Case" is the detective story of the year and Mr. Van Dine is the most-talked-of detective-story writer. John Biggs in "Seven Days Whipping" went clear off the beaten path and carved out a clearing of his own.

And now Miss Gale begins her novel, which shows her in a new rôle and injects a new note into contemporary fiction. From titles such as "Peace in Friendship Village," "Miss Lulu Bett," "Faint Perfume," "Preface to a Life," Miss Gale has turned to a book whose title is "Borgia."

Wilson Follett in an appreciation of Zona Gale's work says her story is "a straight line defined by exactly three points of its extent: 'Birth' (1918), 'Miss Lulu Bett' (1920), and 'Faint Perfume' (1923)."

Zona Gale.

Of these [he continues] the first sums up and closes a long but preliminary stage of this author's development. The second, Miss Lulu Bett, represents her instant attainment, without ostensible preparation or transition, of unqualified mastery in a medium as different from the former one as etching is different from photography. And the last, Faint Perfume, is a corroboration and promise.

We may say that "Borgia" is a fulfilment of that promise. In a vivid and exciting tale, filled with subtlety, Miss Gale has written the life of the beautiful Marfa Manchester, who believes she is a murderess.

Miss Gale was married on June 12 to William L. Breese, of Portage, Wis.

Luigi Kasimir, a Viennese artist, first came to this country last year. Before that he had done etchings of many European cities, his Oxford Studies being particularly well known. He has been a leader in the development of color etching and has worked in that medium for many years.

Struthers Burt at this writing is in New York, having just come from the hot political jungle of North Carolina. He tells us he is still hearing echoes of "The Dry West," which appeared in the February SCRIBNER'S. His new book of essays "The Other Side" has attracted much attention. Two of the articles appearing in it, "The Sense of Law" and "Hokum," were first published in SCRIBNER'S.

Mr. Burt's new book of short stories is called "They Could Not Sleep." A lady met the author with the enthusiastic greeting: "Oh, I have just read your wonderful book 'And So to Bed.'"

In this number, Mr. Burt defends moving-picture audiences against the producers.

Morley Callaghan was introduced to SCRIBNER'S readers last month by "A Regret for Youth" and "A Predicament." In "Soldier Harmon" he shows an added power and quality. Mr. Callaghan graduated from the University of Toronto and has just completed his law course. He says:

I have been a newspaper man and a magazine sales-

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Photo. by Doris Ulmann.

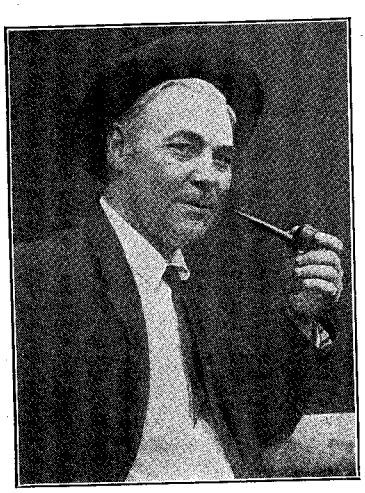
Jesse Lynch Williams.

man all around the countryside. Also I've tried clerking in a big department store and don't think much of it, and have tried slugging lumber in a lumber-yard and think a great deal less of that. Nor am I advising anybody to become a librarian.

Mr. Callaghan has come up by way of the little magazines, and now looks to be one of the looming figures on the horizon.

Don Marquis is not sure whether "The Making of a Liar" is truth or fiction, but we say it is fundamentally true. Mr. Marquis is sometimes very serious in his humor and evidently he feels keenly for Jack, to whom Aunt Matilda's God was a great "bovveration."

Mr. Marquis was born in Illinois and at 18 began to turn out poetry for the home-town paper. He once held a job in the Census Office at Washington and wrote politics for the Washington *Times*. Then he went to Atlanta to do newspaper work. Then to New York and fame as the columnist for the New York *Sun* and later of *The Herald*, creator of the characters "The Old Soak," archy, Mehitabel, Hermione, Captain Fitzurse, and others. He has now left off columning to do short stories. Several of his best have appeared in SCRIBNER'S.



Don Marquis.

Valma Clark, well known to SCRIBNER'S readers, has been ill for a year at her home in Rochester, N. Y. She is just now taking up her writing again.

George S. Brooks also comes from up-State New York and was a reporter in Rochester when we bought his first story "Smile and Lie." S. S. McClure brought him to New York for the short-lived revival of his old magazine. Then Brooks caught the Broadway fever. He and Walter Lister wrote "Spread Eagle," and Brooks has been called in as play doctor in several cases and is now engaged in the producing end of that alluring business. We have a corking good story, "The Boy Friend of Broadway," which is to appear soon.

Photo. by Doris Ulmann.

Stark Young.

Brooks's "Gas and the Games" takes a different view from that expressed by W. O. McGeehan in the July SCRIBNER'S. But the author holds the football attendance record for New York and the Middle States: a college game every Saturday, a professional game every Sunday, and schoolboy games during the week.

Conrad Aiken, after establishing a reputation as a poet, is now becoming one of the important writers of fiction. His next book is "Costumes by Eros," which will appear shortly. It is a collection of his short stories, several of which have appeared in SCRIBNER'S.

Ned Adams has been keeping our office on the qui vive by a continual string of exhibits from the Congaree swamps. A fish-trap, made by the negroes of whom he writes, an alligator-

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hook, the claws and spurs of "The King Buzzard," and the picture of Cap'n Bob, reproduced in these pages, are a few of the products. Doctor Adams is a physician of Columbia, S. C., and the author of "Congaree Sketches" and the first group of "Nigger to Nigger" sketches published in the July number.

Doctor Adams is a native of Richland County and has spent half his life on a South Carolina plantation. He graduated at the Medical College of the State of South Carolina and received an L.M. at Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, Ireland. He served through the Spanish-American War as an enlisted man with the 1st South Carolina Volunteers. In the World War he was captain of the 324th Infantry, 81st Division Battalion-Surgeon.

Asa K. Jennings,

the "Y" man who was the unsung hero of Smyrna, with Commander Wallerson of the U. S. Navy.

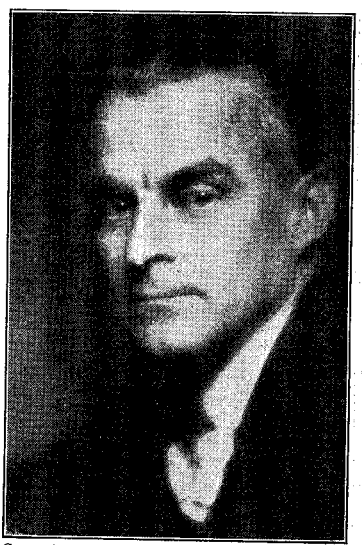
Laurence Stallings is a name familiar to more people than that of any other writer of the war, for he put the war on paper in "Plumes," on the stage in "What Price Glory," and in the moving pictures with "The Big Parade." He has been in Hollywood in connection with other pictures, but is now at his summer home in Westport. "Esprit de Corps" is one of the finest of the group of high moments of the war. Stallings was a captain in the Marine Corps and lost a leg at Belleau Wood. More of his work will appear in SCRIBNER'S

Stark Young was until a few months ago known chiefly as a drama critic. Since then his novel "The Torches Flare" has been published and much discussed. In it Mr. Young combines his intimate knowledge of the theatre and New York life with that of the South. He was born in Mississippi and after some years of teaching he became a critic of the theatre. He is now on the editorial staff of *The New Republic*. "The Torches Flare" is one of the most successful novels of the spring. "Beatus Rex" is one of the most unusual stories we have ever published.

Photo. by Pinchot.

Conrad Aiken.

Jesse Lynch Williams is now living in California, although he makes a pilgrimage to New York once a year. He was one of the playwrights who lectured at the University of Pennsylvania this year. An article of his on "Writing and Playwrighting" will appear in the next number. Mr. Williams is a native of Illinois and a graduate of Princeton. His play "Why Marry?" was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1917. He was president of the Author's League in 1921 and fellow in the creative arts at the University of Michigan 1925-26.



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Struthers Burt.

William T. Ellis is a well-known editor and writer. He is an author-

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ity on post-war conditions in the Near East, and this story of the "Y" secretary who acted like an admiral came from direct knowledge. Jennings himself says of the article: "It is a pretty good picture of a sap." Doctor Ellis was war correspondent on Persian, Caucasian, Roumanian, and French fronts and a special correspondent for the New York *Herald* in the Balkans, Turkey, and Egypt in 1919. He is the author of a recent book, "Bible Lands To-day," and the head of the Ellis Syndicate.

William Lyon Phelps was recently awarded an honorary degree by Tusculum College of Greenville, Tenn., where he made the commencement address. The Greeneville *Democrat-Sun* said of him:

"Prof. Phelps is universally known in the United States as the editor of those brilliant pages of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE called "As I Like It." His flashing wit and humor, the dignity and discrimination of his literary opinions and pronouncements, has made these pages of SCRIBNER'S the chief American authority on the topics he treats of.

Royal Cortissoz was made an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects at the convention of that body in St. Louis on May 18. This rare honor was conferred on the author of "The Field of Art" for "distinctive service to the fine arts."

Alexander Dana Noyes's article on the great stock-market speculation last month attracted wide attention. Mr. Noyes is one of the most accurate and authoritative writers on business and finance to-day.

Features in the September Scribner's

BORGIA

The second large instalment of the story of the beautiful, sinister Marfa Manchester

ZONA GALE'S NEW NOVEL

THE LOST NOVEL, by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

A new story by an American master of the form

THE VOTE—OUR FIRST COMEBACK, by ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING

WRITING AND PLAYWRIGHTING, by JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

DOCTOR HOWARD A. KELLY, by HARRY S. SHERWOOD

THE PRICE OF PROHIBITION IN FINLAND, by ALFRED P. DENNIS

RESEARCH—THE BUSINESS BUILDER, by SILAS BENT

PSYCHOPATHIC SOCIETY, by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

EDUCATIONAL FABLES, by EDWARD DURFEE

SHORT FICTION

THE DOWER CHEST, by McCREADY HUSTON

WHEN A PRINCESS COMMANDS, by THOMAS BOYD

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIVE FEATURE

COTE d'EMERAUDE, by EDWARD SHENTON

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What You Think About It

Are the Newspapers Guilty of Ballyhoo for Sports?—Objections to Rough-Neck Quality of SCRIBNER'S—Christian Scientist Replies to Divine—Other General Kicks and Disputes Which Lend this Department So Much Enjoyment

THE great American passion for sport has been viewed from many angles by writers for SCRIBNER'S. Some months ago an anonymous assistant professor wrote "As the Professor Sees the Game," which was included in the anthology "Essays of To-Day" compiled by Robert Hillyer and Odell Shepherd. The following month a sports writer, Francis Wallace, came back with "The Hypocrisy of Football Reform," alleging that the academic robes were not so clean where sport was concerned. In the July SCRIBNER'S, W. O. McGeehan, considered by many the best of sports writers, entered a defense of the newspaper and praise for the great changes in sport. George Brooks, in this number, takes a different attitude. Here is a letter from D. C. Anderson which bears upon all these pieces. He cites chapter and verse to support his claim that the newspapers are culpable:

I was impressed very deeply by a recent article on football reform with the fact that its author considered all too plainly that the infirmity was an internal disease to be cured only by treating the patients, the colleges and universities, if you will, internally. Quite possibly this viewpoint had its birth in the fact the writer of the article was a newspaper writer and consequently viewed the situation from that angle. If it is not an erroneous one, this viewpoint is certainly narrow and prejudiced and produces an outlook of which a newspaperman should be the last to complain.

It so happens that I live in a city where there is a large State university. Recently that State university built an enormous stadium. At the time it was built financial support was sought on the ground that it was to be used as a municipal edifice to provide adequate space for the staging of civic operas, spectacles and the like. In the two or three years of its existence it has only once been the scene of an event that even smacked of being civic. For the entire remainder of the time the university in question has sought to bring to the city football "attractions" of the first class in order to pay the interest on its bonded indebtedness. That, you will say, is good business, and it is. But the methods pursued in that business have produced exactly the evils at which the reform article was directed.

FIRST: GET THE TEAM

When the thousands did not flock to the stadium as thousands should, the football committee of the university met and discussed the matter. Things had to be done quickly and vehemently. The first need was for a good football team. That was comparatively easy for the entrance requirements of the university were lax and pliable and the territory from which it had to draw was broad. The second need, however, was not so easily taken care of. It was the need for publicity. However, after mature deliberation a publicity agent was secured and that agent through the subsidy of certain sports writers and constant devotion to them secured daily immoderately large amounts of space in all the city's newspapers. With that combination things began to move and the dividends were no longer in jeopardy. So far so good, and you will say, perfectly legitimate. But the net result is far from pleasant.

THE ALL-AMERICAN RACKET

The university team was fortunate during a recent campaign, as the sporting writers love to call a season, to have an exceptionally fine player whose football ability left little to be desired. From the very first day of the season he was touted and boomed as a sure All-American star. Never a day passed without personal mention being made of his prowess, never a week without a picture of him in action. The result, directly attributable to newspaper exploitation has been to completely ruin this young man's scholastic work, to undermine his real playing ability by constantly increasing his conceit and to so far affect his moral and mental attitude as to cause him to use his entire time and effort in an endeavor to capitalize his football ability. So far as the real purpose of an education was concerned he might have been written off as a complete loss. The university of course bears the burden of having supplied the opportunity, but the major portion of the blame must fall upon a purely outside factor; frenzied newspaper exploitation was responsible for his assured failure. He accepted a professional football contract and like a young gentleman from a Western State decided that it would be a waste of time and a neglect of opportunity for him to continue his college course after the conclusion of the football season.

IT'S UP TO THE PAPERS

I make the statement without qualification that if the newspapers themselves would modulate the sensationalism and exploitation of the stories written by their employees about college football to an actual reporting

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of the news there would never be any mention made of the need for football reform.

The moment this emphasis took form, shrewd publicity agents of even the smallest colleges in the land saw in it an admirable means of advertising their alma maters. The most famous example of this is too recent to need mention, but the utter absurdity of a football eleven from a college boasting an enrollment of only four hundred students touring the length and breadth of the country can only be explained by wild, heedless and quite asinine press-agenting. And I am quite as confident that the continuance of this press work is the fault not of the colleges but of the newspapers.

ROOM FOR DISSENT

A reader is glad there is somewhere to voice minority views.

Let me thank you for printing some comments in disfavor of certain matter in your columns. It is perhaps unfortunate that some of your would-be readers object to much of the contents of to-day's SCRIBNER'S. For, as your retorts indicate, the Magazine is all that it should be as a family periodical. It is obvious that commercial success depends on the majority patronage, hence the taste of a minority may not count. However, it is good for some of us to know that the minority exists, and it is grateful to you for noting it.

The present serial, with its most unpleasant title ("Seven Days Whipping"), to say nothing of its other qualities not likely to win admiration, is occupying space that the long-time readers of the old SCRIBNER'S would be glad to have better employed. Why the really fine contributions should be surrounded by those that offend reasonable restraint in the choice of topics is surprising. Yet, it is probably accounted for by the fact that you believe most of your readers like best what a few of them consider out of order.

JOHN HUTCHINSON, M.D.
441 Park Avenue, New York.

Cap'n Bob Richardson, whose age was about 110 at the time of his death, and who lived for nearly 100 years on the borders of the Congaree swamps. He is typical of the subjects in "Nigger to Nigger" by Ned Adams.

To Doctor Hutchinson our thanks for his courteous letter. We are always glad to print dissent when it is printable. Often, those who voice protest against what they term obscenity in the Magazine are so violent that their language really won't bear repetition. This raises an interesting question for discussion. Perhaps some of our readers have views.

NO FOREWORDS?

Carlton Wells, 1321 Wilmot Street, Ann Arbor, Mich., writes:

May I add that I hail with the utmost approval the type and make-up changes in SCRIBNER'S. It is all good—with one important exception: Why the sentence or two editor's "Foreword" to each article? So that he who runs may select what he most inclines to read? Personally, I prefer the implication of leisure and individual discernment in the reader which the "no preface" article gives.

We wish this were a leisurely world, but—Many people want to know more about an article than a short title can tell them before they read it. It is not compulsory reading, and no one will be marked off for failure to absorb the forewords. Do our readers approve of forewords?

BULLISH ON AMERICA

Robert Engler, New York, writes:

Thank you for the article on the Land of Machines by Michael Pupin. It thoroughly delights me in the face of so much perfect rot about American materialism to see some publication with the vision and courage to print a pro-American article.

That magazine which is "bullish" on the ultimate good, culture and civilization of America is sure to survive.

Cecile Trowbridge, also New York, says:

"Death on Carmine Street" is the finest thing I have ever seen in any magazine. It is truly great. . . .

Ansel F. Hall, Chief Naturalist of the National Park Service, says of the "remarkably interesting article 'Forest Windows' by Doctor John C. Merriam":

I feel that it is exceedingly unfortunate that a man of Doctor Merriam's literary talent cannot devote his entire time to the production of such fine things as this.

LEE NOT PRISONER

Is Virginia's Governor wrong?

In his article on Virginia in the June SCRIBNER'S Governor Harry F. Byrd says of Robert E. Lee that "he was denied the right to vote, . . . and died a prisoner on parole." Governor Byrd repeats a widespread and generally accepted misstatement. For, although General Lee might have claimed citizenship under President Johnson's Proclamation of July 4, 1868, his status was made absolutely clear by the presidential Proclamation of December 25, 1868, in which all persons "who,

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directly or indirectly, participated in the late insurrection or rebellion" were granted "a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States, . . . with restoration of all rights, privileges and immunities under the Constitution and the laws."

From the foregoing it will be seen that while General Lee may not have cared to exercise the functions of a citizen, nevertheless he did not "die a prisoner on parole" but a citizen of the United States.

L. SHELTON STEWART.

2110 Orrington Ave., Evanston, Ills.

ROUGH-NECK PROFANITY AND MURDER

I presume, instead of a good man gone wrong, it's another publisher. Since you are running to detective and murder stories, I have decided I am through with SCRIBNER'S (been in the family for years). I don't get that psychology of the common mind (very common) that has to be entertained with murder. I thought the age of the yellow back dime novel had passed, or since the advent of the boy scout, "to even intrude into our dreams." (The editor, May number.)

I know you claim that your specialties, the Canary murder; The Greene murder case, are perfectly nice murders inasmuch as they fill all the formal qualifications of fiction—emotion, lots of action, speed but very poor control etc., even publishing detective diagrams of a home, to stimulate the dormant mind to a thrill.

If you call this literature I'm through. And you are just starting another of attempted killing with such a sentence "God damn it, get out of here" (page 552), and in March number (page 335) you have the gem of literary construction, "And for my part I'll sure as hell never forget it." I am not a clergyman; I am not a member of a church and am only commenting on your editors publishing rough-neck profanity and selecting murder as medium for fiction. You say it brings in money for the publication, so I presume civilization is the high art of raising the dime to about four dollars.

Yours, not telling you how to run your business but why I am cancelling my subscription.

L. W. STIDHAM.

Here again is the question: What is grist for the mills of literature? What can be written about and what cannot? We are sorry for Mr. Stidham's cancellation, are glad that some thousands of new readers apparently feel differently.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST REPLIES

In the April "What You Think About It" appeared a letter from a Congregational minister commenting on Bishop Fiske's "Confessions" published in the Christmas SCRIBNER'S. This letter is one result:

In the article entitled "Another Parson Confesses," which appeared in your Magazine for April, there is a statement regarding Christian Science which should be clarified in the interest of accuracy. In his search for Truth the clergyman who wrote the article has not correctly informed himself regarding the religion of Christian Science for he infers that it must be "made rational and spiritual."

In order to clear up any confusion regarding Christian Science, resulting from the statement of the reverend gentleman, attention is called to the following facts. Christian Science is a Christian religion, based on the King James Version of the Bible, and more particularly upon the words and works of Christ Jesus. Mrs. Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of this religion, states definitely that the Bible is her only authority. The tenets of this denomination, found on page 497 of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, by Mrs. Eddy, emphasize other fundamentally Christian doctrines in the following words: "We acknowledge and adore one supreme and infinite God. We acknowledge His Son, one Christ; the Holy Ghost or divine Comforter; and man in God's image and likeness."

Then again on page 333 of the same book, Mrs. Eddy writes: "Christ expresses God's spiritual, eternal nature. The name is synonymous with Messiah, and alludes to the spirituality which is taught, illustrated, and demonstrated in the life of which Christ Jesus was the embodiment."

To be Christian is to believe in the words and works of Christ Jesus, to believe in his mission on earth, to accept him as the Son of God, the Savior, the Messiah, the atonement for the sins of the world; and then to accept his life and example as the ideal and model for all mankind. That is the teaching of Christian Science also. Christian Science teaches what real Christianity is; it seeks to re-establish the teachings and practice of Christ Jesus in all their Christ-like spirituality and comforting demonstration; it brings the real comfort, peace, healing and fatherly love of God, the tender promises of the Sermon on the Mount and the gentle obligation of the Golden Rule.

If fundamental Christianity is rational, then Christian Science is rational for it can be proved true on the undisputed basis of practical results. In one short half century, in the face of bitter persecution from without, Christian Science has put its teachings to the widest practical application. As a result it has established over two thousand prosperous and growing churches of this denomination in various parts of the world and is maintaining them without a single revival or evangelistic meeting, without membership drives or campaigns for money with which to finance the great enterprises of the movement or build church buildings. It draws its membership primarily from the ranks of those who have been healed by its means when all other remedies had failed, and numbers among them as many of the cultured and educated as it does of those less fortunately favored.

Christian Scientists are willing to have the rationality or reasonableness of this Christian religion tested on the basis of the actual results of its practical application.

ORWELL BRADLEY TOWNE,
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

Said the minister in his letter:

It is this, what seems to me, slap-stick theatricals in the church, that has driven many of the church's finest men and women into the ranks of Christian Science. Several churches as we know them must go and the future church will be either the Roman Catholic modified or the Christian Science Church made rational and spiritual.

THE OBSERVER.

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* The Club Corner *

THE programmes on the psychology of the modern novel and on contemporary poetry have just come from the press and are now available. They have been carefully prepared and have an extensive bibliography attached.

The suggestions on the study of the psychology of the novel have been made with the idea of presenting the novel in the light of modern criticism, of showing the point of view of the modern novelists. One of the most important of them, Sherwood Anderson, has the leading story in the September SCRIBNER'S. Note also the stories in the July and August SCRIBNER'S by Morley Callaghan. He will be one of the talked-of figures this fall when his novel "Strange Fugitive" appears.

Contemporary poetry can at best be studied with reference to the poets themselves, since American poets are not given to following schools.

Additional references for contemporary poetry are:

"The New Poetry," an anthology edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson (Macmillan).

"The Enjoyment of Poetry," by Max Eastman (Scribners).

"Poetry and Religion," by George Santayana (Scribners).

These programmes will be gladly sent on request.

The Eighty Questions on American Art will be reprinted in a pamphlet and will be available at a nominal charge on September 1. These questions, compiled by Mrs. Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the Art Division of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, form a comprehensive study of American art from the Revolutionary days to the present. It forms an excellent basis of study for clubs interested in American art and is replete with interesting suggestions for club programmes. A number of applications have already been received. All requests will be filled in the order of application.

NOTES FOR PROGRAMME MAKERS

The list of books mentioned by William Lyon Phelps in his discussion of summer reading has been reprinted and is available on request. It is an interesting compilation of the books of the year.

Struthers Burt's article on the moving pictures in this number will be interesting reading for those who are concerned with the quality of the current cinema output. Mr. Burt knows the game from two sides. He had the amazing and amusing experience of seeing his child which as a novel was named "The Interpreter's House" become in the movies a changeling called "I Want My Man."

Especially timely is Mrs. Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing's article in the next number, "The Vote—Our First Come-Back." It is a thought-provoking article, and worth the perusal of every woman who takes her right of franchise seriously.

And, as an interesting sidelight on this presidential campaign, read "The Price of Prohibition in Finland," by Alfred Pearce Dennis, well-known American economist.

Clubs studying contemporary drama, especially from a technical standpoint, will be much interested in "Writing and Playwrighting," by Jesse Lynch Williams, in the next number.

Many art clubs depend upon Royal Cortissoz's "The Field of Art." In addition, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE always contains other interesting art features. Note the etchings and drawings in color in this number. Soon will appear an article on the etchings of Childe Hassam by Carlo Beuf.

Mrs. John F. Sippel, of Baltimore, Md., newly elected president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, indicates in a recent statement that women's clubs will bend their energies toward enrichment of community life.

"We have learned," declares Mrs. Sippel, "not only that millions of American homes were under-equipped for the efficient performance of the women's world-old job by new world standards, but that at the base of these surprising defects lay an amazing and needless under-equipment of thousands upon thousands of American communities with facilities of efficient community life."

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Woman Reading.

From the painting by Corot formerly in the Senff Collection and now in the Metropolitan Museum.

—See "Field of Art," page 361.

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